

A COMPLETE NOVEL by CHRISTIAN REID  
NOVEMBER

VOL. 26 No. 3

1908

PRICE 25cts

# THE SMART SET

A  
MAG  
AZINE  
OF

C  
L  
E  
V  
E  
R  
N  
E  
S  
S

A dozen great stories by  
H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON  
TOM P. MORGAN  
ELLIS PARKER BUTLER  
and others -

Ringling Up on the Theatrical Season  
by CHANNING POLLOCK

LONDON

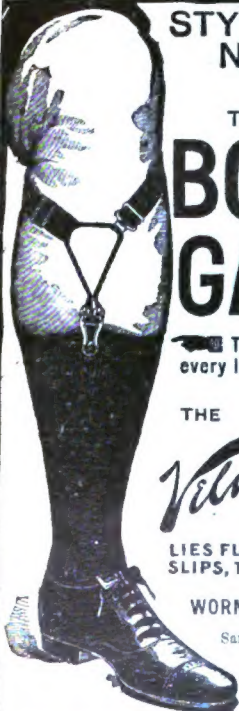
Digitized by Google

Ess Ess Publishing Company, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York

PARIS

# White Rock

*"The World's Best Table Water"*



STYLE  
NEATNESS  
COMFORT  
THE IMPROVED

## BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE  
*Velvet Grip*  
CUSHION  
BUTTON  
CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER  
SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

Sample pair, Silk 30c., Cotton 25c.  
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers  
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE  
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

## MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM  
TOILET POWDER



**"Baby's Best Friend"**

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chapped Hands and Chafing.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents.

*Sample free*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample Free.*

**GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.**

Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor } *No Samples*  
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper)

Specially prepared for the nursery. Sold only at Stores.

## FACING MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY MANHATTAN SQUARE HOTEL

50-58 West 77th Street

NEW YORK'S MOST SELECT FAMILY HOTEL

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF CONVENIENT TO EVERYWHERE

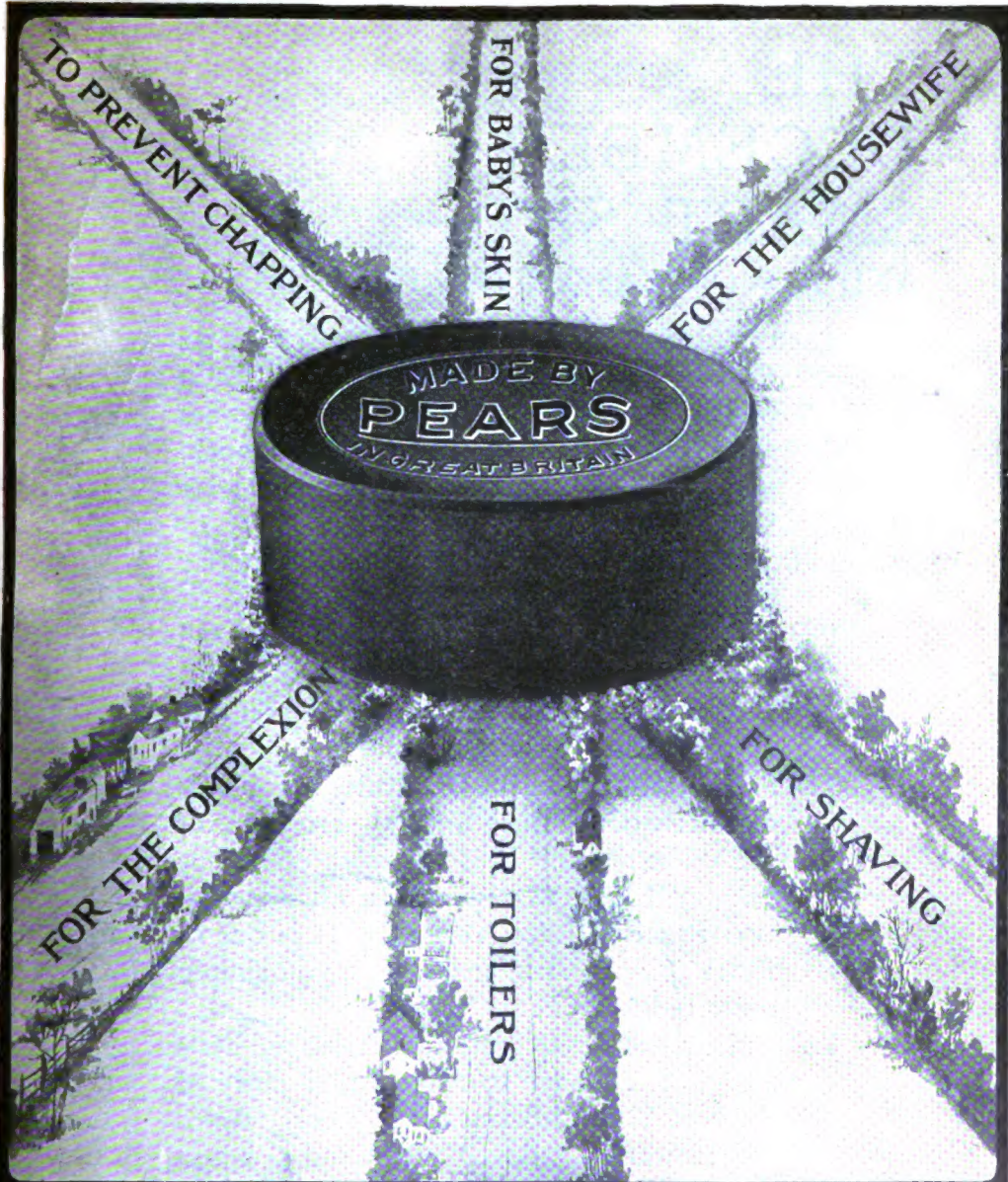
Modern in construction and up-to-date in appointment

SEND FOR BOOKLET AND MAP OF NEW YORK CITY

JOHN C. PLUMMER, MANAGER.

C. S. TAYLOR, ASSISTANT MANAGER.





ALL ROADS LEAD TO  
**Pears' Soap**

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.  
"All rights secured."

# THE DECEMBER SMART SET— AND A WORD AS TO THE FUTURE

The Circulation Manager has just reported that the October number of the SMART SET is practically sold out, although more copies were printed than in the previous month, and several thousands more than in October of last year.

Indications point to an even greater demand for the November Magazine.

For the December issue we have collected a group of stories of which we feel proud. They are just the kind of stories you will enjoy reading at this season.

The novel, complete in the Christmas number, is distinctly out of the ordinary—a romance of ten years hence. It is the work of Arthur Stanley Riggs, who possesses an imagination equal to Jules Verne's. It is one of those gripping romances—one you simply must finish at one sitting.

Kate Masterson contributes a charming little story, "A Message to Angelica," a story of the New York Christmastide. George Bronson-Howard's "Seventeen Candles" is a delicious eerie little thing to be told around an open fire-place with shaded lights. "The Love of Carminelle," a tale full of the glamour and romance of Creole life as Mary Fenollosa alone knows how to portray it, and "The Warrant," a grim but tense and gripping tale of the Canadian Northwest in which Emerson Hough unfolds the life



of that hard, unromantic region, are splendid stories. There are a dozen others just as good.

There is a short French story that will delight you, written with all the charm of which French writers are such masters. In addition there is also a little bit of French verse by one of their well-known poets.

You will find Channing Pollock's comments of the theater to be just what you want and written with his intimate breezy knowledge of doings "behind the scenes" that few critics possess.

What Mr. Pollock has done with the theater, Henry L. Mencken has done for the new books. Mr. Mencken is one of the best-known newspaper men in the country, and his judgment and criticisms of the various new books are well worth reading.

And here we might add just a word as to our plans for your pleasure during the coming year. We will publish stories, verse and satirical essays by such well-known writers as Jack London, Emerson Hough, Owen Oliver, Gellett Burgess, John Kendrick Bangs, Robert Herrick, Henry C. Rowland, Edwin L. Sabin, Ambrose Bierce, Lilian Bell, Mary Fenollosa, Beatrice Demarest Lloyd, Anne Warner, Constance Smedley and Kate Masterson.

We will continue the French story and the playlet each month, and the book and theater reviews will go on as long as there are books to read and plays to be seen.



Write for illustrated booklet, containing splendid description of Porto Rico, attractive pictures of the Island, and details of the Special Cruises. Prospective travelers will find this book most interesting.

## From Snow to Summer— from January to June

within three days, is the delightful experience of the winter tourist who embarks on one of the splendid modern steamships of the New York & Porto Rico Steamship Co. for the Special Cruise.

## Around PORTO RICO

Three weeks of ideal yachting in the American Tropics. Three thousand miles of delightful voyaging on summer seas. Passengers housed on the steamer during the entire cruise, with every facility afforded for sight-seeing trips ashore. Steamers specially built for tropical service—outside staterooms only, perfect ventilation, all modern improvements and conveniences; each steamer has "wireless" equipment. Special tourist rate of \$140 covers all expenses on board for the entire trip.

NEW YORK AND PORTO RICO STEAMSHIP COMPANY  
12 Broadway, New York  
or Raymond & Whitcomb Company, all principal cities

*The Only One of Its Kind : Humorous : Artistic : Satirical : Dainty : Literary*

# If You Are a Person

of culture, refinement or intelligence, or all three, you cannot afford not to know LIFE.

If you have a sense of humor, you should see it every week.

Perhaps you know LIFE slightly.

Perhaps you don't know LIFE at all.

To get acquainted all you have to do is remit one dollar to Life Publishing Company, 25 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. It will bring LIFE to you every week for three months and will cost you **Only One Dollar.**

The conditions of this SPECIAL OFFER are:

It is open only to *new* subscribers.

The subscription must come to us *direct*; not through an agent or dealer.

It must reach us before January, 1909.

No subscriptions will be *renewed* at this rate.

Foreign postage 26c., Canadian, 13c. additional.



*Five Dollars a Year : For Sale Everywhere : Ten Cents a Copy : The Best Artists : The Best Writers*



# CLOSING OUT

Recent business depression compels us to turn a part of our large stock into bills receivable without delay. To do this quickly we offer our fine sets of French romances, the **Crowned Gems of France**, in 15 Grand De Luxe Volumes, Royal Edition, bound in red leather backs and corners, gold veined marbled sides and linings, gold tops, full gold back stamping, beautifully and profusely illustrated, reproducing famous French paintings, famous caricatures, etc., at manufacturing cost and on small monthly payments. **SEND US NO MONEY** until after you have examined them in your own home. If you decide to keep them send us \$1.00 within 5 days and \$2.25 per month until you have paid us \$30.25 in full. To every purchaser we will send **absolutely free of charge** a set of the "**Leather-stocking Tales**," by J. Fenimore Cooper, in 5 handsome volumes, bound in full Library Cloth, full gold back stamping, gold tops, silk markers, etc. These are the most fascinating, interesting and instructive tales of pioneer days ever written. Crowned Gems of France are the real pictures of humanity in words—the real French life portrayed by the most famous members of the French Academy—translated into English—and unexpurgated.

**NO MONEY  
REQUIRED**

## CROWNED GEMS OF FRANCE

are the great masterpieces of French romance. Each volume the product of a master mind—the most original of geniuses. Admittedly the most brilliant and fascinating novels ever written; recognized as the masterpieces of all ages and as immortal. Startling in their vivid details.

### SENT ON APPROVAL—EXPRESS PREPAID

Translated into English by linguists of international reputation and edited by Edmund Gosse, LL.D. Read the titles of these great romances:

Captain Fracasse	by Theophile Gautier	The Downfall	by Emile Zola
The Nabob	by Alphonse Daudet	Mauprat	by George Sand
Colomba and Carmen	by Prosper Merimee	Renee Mauperrin	by Edward and Jules de Goncourt
The Chartreuse of Parma	by De Stendhal	Romance of a Poor Young Man	by Octave Feuillet
The King of the Mountains	by Edmond About	Mlle. de la Seragliere	by Jules Sandeau
The Lady of the Camellias	by Alexandre Dumas, Fils	An Iceland Fisherman	by Pierre Loti
Samuel Brohl & Co.	by Victor Cherbuliez	The Abbe Constantin	by Ludovic Halevy
Brigadier Frederick	by Erekmann-Chatrian	A Marriage for Love	
The Dean's Watch			



### THE GREATEST OF ALL THE FRENCH NOVELS

**EACH VOLUME PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED**, contains complete Biographical Sketches, Photogravure Portraits of Authors, and Caricatures explained by Octave Uzanne, the noted French literature and art critic.

**INTERPRETATIVE ESSAYS** and critical introductions by such eminent men of letters as His Excellency M. Jules Cambon, Booth Tarkington, the late Richard Mansfield, etc., etc.

**15 GRAND DE LUXE VOLUMES** Size 8½x5½ inches. Printed from new type, special paper, wide margins. Title pages printed in colors.

**READ THE COUPON—SIGN IT NOW**

**ASSOCIATED LIBRARIES PUB. CO.**

No. 1 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK CITY

### MAIL NOW

**Associated Libraries Pub. Co.**

Send me, charges prepaid, one set of Crowned Gems of France, in 15 volumes De Luxe Royal Edition, bound in three-quarter red morocco, and 1 set of "Leather-stocking Tales," in 5 volumes bound in full library cloth. If the books are satisfactory I will send you \$1.00 within 5 days after the books are received and \$2.25 each succeeding month until I have paid you \$30.25 in full. If I decide not to keep the books I will write you for shipping instructions and return both sets, charges collect. (SS 11-08)

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....



# Guy de Maupassant

## SUPREME MASTER of THE SHORT STORY

For the first time ever presented American readers the **ONLY COMPLETE** Edition, unexpurgated, in English of this great French writer, translated from the Original Manuscripts by linguists of literary distinction. Wonderful Critical Preface by **Paul Bourget**, of the French Academy.

## SENSATIONAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER (Limited) RESPOND TODAY.

De Maupassant wrote with the conviction that in life there could be no phase so noble or so mean, so honorable or so contemptible, so lofty or so low as to be unworthy of chronicling,—no groove of human virtue or fault, success or failure, wisdom or folly that did not possess its own peculiar psychological aspect and therefore demanded analysis. **Real Parisian Studies. More Realistic than Balzac. More Entertaining than the Arabian Nights.**

<b>327</b> Short Stories Dramas Comedies Novels Travels & Poems	<b>17</b> Handsome De Luxe Library Volumes	Less than <b>7 cents</b> per Story	The Complete Set yours for all time at less than <b>7 CENTS PER DAY</b>
---	---	--	--

## Read How Easy—If You Act Quickly, You Can Obtain a Set.

This is the first time it has ever been possible to secure this great author's works except at very high prices. The publishers have arranged for and just completed this wonderful edition, and for a limited time are going to make a **Special Introductory offer**—this New Library edition, \$51.00 value—\$24.00 now on small monthly payments. The right is reserved to withdraw this offer without notice.

Prompt return of coupon will bring the books direct to you for examination, **On Approval, all express charges prepaid. Don't Delay.**

**THE EDITION**—Seventeen volumes, actual size 8 x 5½, consisting of 5,500 pages, printed from a new cast of French Elzevir type—elegant and clear—on pure white antique egg-shell finished paper, made especially for this edition. Pages have deckled edges and liberal margins. There are 30 illustrations from original drawings. The books are exquisitely bound in Blue Vellum De Luxe Cloth, with distinctive brown and gold title labels, silk headbands and gold tops.

## SEVENTEEN ENTRANCING VOLUMES OF RARE FRENCH FICTION

### LEON TOLSTOI

Maupassant's "Une Vie" is to my mind the greatest novel produced in France since Victor Hugo wrote "Les Misérables." . . . I love his sincerity, his power, and the beauty of his style.



Sent on Approval—Express Prepaid

**THE WERNER COMPANY - Akron, Ohio**

THE WERNER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio.

Please send me, charges prepaid, for examination, the complete works of **GUY DE MAUPASSANT**, in seventeen (17) volumes, bound in Blue Vellum De Luxe Cloth. If satisfactory, I will remit you \$2.00 at once and \$2.00 per month for eleven (11) months. If not satisfactory, I will advise you within ten days.

Signature..... City.....

S. S. 11-08 Residence Address..... State.....



# THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

## CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1908

AN INTERNATIONAL DRAMA (A Novel) . . . . .	Christian Reid	1
THE FOOL (Verse) . . . . .	James William Callahan	43
GEORGE . . . . .	H. B. Marriott Watson	44
A VICTORIOUS SURRENDER (Verse) . . . . .	John Kendrick Bangs	52
A SULKING ACHILLES . . . . .	Wilson C. Missimer	53
THE PASSING (Verse) . . . . .	Theodosia Garrison	64
A WOMAN'S WAY . . . . .	Inez G. Thompson	65
THE PANTHERS OF THE PAST (A Fantasy) . . . . .	Tom P. Morgan	75
THE LEAVEN OF REGRET . . . . .	Helen Frances Huntington	76
LITTLE FABLES OF TRUTH . . . . .	Charlotte Baldwin	85
MEN NEVER KNOW (Verse) . . . . .	Helen Hamilton Dudley	87
SONGS FOR WANING AUTUMN (Verse) . . . . .	Clinton Scollard	88
THE HUB . . . . .	Minnie Barbour Adams	89
THE MORNING LIGHT . . . . .	Mary Olds	93
THE POET (Verse) . . . . .	John G. Neihardt	96
"ADVICE TO TIMID SUICIDES" . . . . .	Rita Graves	97
THE SOUL OF THE GONG . . . . .	Kate Craven Turner	104
A PRAYER (Verse) . . . . .	Blanche Fargo Griswold	107
LIFE'S AFTERNOON . . . . .	Arthur Reichman	108
A LITTLE WHILE (Verse) . . . . .	Nixon Waterman	117
THE HARVEST (A Play in One Act) . . . . .	T. W. Hanshew	118
TEARS (Verse) . . . . .	Elsa Barker	133
VIEILLE LISE (Verse) . . . . .	Jean Nesmy	133
AMIS? (In Original French) . . . . .	J. Marni	134
AN AUTOMOBILIST'S VOCABULARY . . . . .	Ellis Parker Butler	137
IN CAPTIVITY (Verse) . . . . .	Annie E. P. Searing	144
THE OLD GATE MADE OF PICKETS (Verse) . . . . .	Madison Cawein	145
"RINGING UP" ON THE THEATRICAL SEASON . . . . .	Channing Pollock	146
THE TRAITORS (Verse) . . . . .	George Vaux Bacon	154
THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE BEST SELLERS . . . . .	Henry L. Mencken	155

Yearly Subscription \$2.50

Single Copies 25 Cents

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted

Entered at New York Post Office as second-class mail matter

Issued monthly by Ess Ess Publishing Company

WILLIAM D. MANN, President

452 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

W. L. DANIELS, Sec. and Treas.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY ESS ESS PUBLISHING COMPANY

# \$250.00 CASH PRIZES "GEM" JUNIOR SAFETY RAZOR

## "Go-as-you-please" Contest

WE offer a novel prize contest open and *free to all*, with absolutely no consideration required of, or penalty imposed upon, anyone for the privilege of competing, with the exception of abiding by the following rules. Prizes will be in CASH, and the winners will be decided by impartial judges.

It's easy—this is all you have to do:

If you know the **Gem Junior Safety Razor**, give your honest opinion of it, whatever it may be; *or*,

Suggest some new way of advertising it; *or*,  
Some new method of increasing local sales; *or*,

Write *anything of interest* in prose or rhyme, so that it deals with the

## "GEM" JUNIOR Safety Razor

There are but two restrictions:

- 1st. That Postal Cards *only* shall be used, and
- 2d. That no communication shall exceed 50 words in length, exclusive of the name and address, which in every instance must be given.

Of course, whether wise, witty, useful or amusing, good taste must be observed.

### CASH PRIZES

First Prize . . .	\$10.00
Three Prizes of . . .	\$5.00 each
Five Prizes of . . .	\$3.00 each
Five Prizes of . . .	\$2.00 each, and
Two Hundred Dollars in Prizes of . . .	\$1.00 each

The decision of the judges will be based on:

- Merit of wording, *or*
- Interest of matter, *or*
- Usefulness of suggestion.

The Contest closes December 15th and prizes will be sent to fortunate winners promptly.

It has been our unvarying experience that any one of the thousands of users of the **Gem Junior Safety Razor** if asked, will testify that, wholly irrespective of cost, it is the best, no matter what others he may have tried.

### Complete Set, \$1.00

Silver-nickel-plated new bar frame, 3-section stropping and shaving handle, and 7 selected A. I. crucible razor steel blades in well-made plush-lined case—not a paper box imitation.

For fineness of temper and keenness of edge, the blades are absolutely unequalled. NEVER A DULL BLADE. See that the name is on each.

Special Holiday Sets, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50

The gift kind.



This is the  
Gem Junior  
\$1.00 Set  
with 7 blades

**SPECIAL.** Every **Gem Junior Safety Razor** is now fitted with the NEW BAR (Patent No. 686,143), which raises the hairs vertically just ahead of the blade, making the shave close, smooth and pleasant.

Separate Set of 7 **Gem Junior** blades, 50 cents. **New blades for old; 7 exchanged for 25 cents.**

The **Gem Junior** saves you money daily. "Cuts expenses but never cuts you."

The Storlette, "**The Gentle Art of Self-Shaving.**" Including a full course in shaving instructions, sent *free*.

### GEM CUTLERY COMPANY

34 Reade Street, New York, N. Y.

358 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

30 years in business, we are the original Modern Safety Razor Makers



# AN INTERNATIONAL DRAMA

By CHRISTIAN REID

## SCENE I

### IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE BLOOD OF CHRIST

SO splendid are their forms and so deep red the tint they wear that it is no wonder, as one who knows them well has written, that the Spaniards of old, reverently seeing God in all His works, gave to these red mountains so nobly beautiful the name of *El Sangre de Cristo*—the Blood of Christ. Nobly beautiful they truly are, as they stand with their castellated crests overlooking the great plains of New Mexico and the lovely valley down which the Rio Grande flows in shining current, their peaks, cañons and cliffs rent into strange fantastic forms, and their mighty flanks growing yet more ruddy in hue as the long shafts of westerling sunlight fall upon them. This sunlight was spread like a mantle of gold over their great slopes on an afternoon of early spring when a horseman who had been riding at a swift gallop across the *mesa* suddenly drew rein and paused, sending a sweeping glance around the wide circle of plain and heights.

A "horseman" has been written—in reality the figure was that of a young woman, although something more than a passing glance was necessary to discover the fact, since she not only rode a man's saddle in the manner of a man, but in her dress there was nothing distinctively feminine, except its neatness. Her loose knickerbockers were met at the knee by buttoned gaiters, and her upper garment was the short jacket of Mexican horsemen and cowboys, worn over a soft blouse, the low collar of which displayed a throat that in its rounded whiteness would have settled

the question of sex. The costume was completed by a hat of soft felt, the wide rim of which could be pulled up or turned down at pleasure, and which was picturesque enough to prove very becoming to a singularly beautiful face.

For, although darkened many shades by sun and wind, from which the hat had not sufficed to shield it, no other term could be applied to this face, with its clear-cut features, its creamy color-flushed skin, its brilliant hazel eyes, and its wealth of chestnut hair—that sun-kissed, irrepressibly curling hair which is indicative of the most vigorous and intense vitality. And even more striking than outline or coloring was the flashing warmth and force of expression which would alone have lifted the face into the order of positive beauty, had its details been less striking. Courage, intelligence and self-reliance were stamped upon it in characters that could be read at a glance by anyone possessing the least knowledge of physiognomy, so that its owner made a picture thoroughly harmonious and in accord with her surroundings, as she sat erect in her saddle, gazing across the plain covered with grama-grass, cactus clumps and here and there a few *mesquite* trees, toward the red mountains of the Blood of Christ.

Her horse, as spirited as herself, was of that breed found in Old Mexico, in which great slenderness and symmetry of proportion are united with an almost incredible power of endurance, proving the strain of Arabian blood derived from distant fleet-footed sons of

November, 1908—1

the desert, through the steeds of the *Conquistadores*. Lifting his head, this horse looked across the *mesa*, and it was his neigh which directed the rider's attention to a distant object rapidly drawing nearer, which she soon perceived to be a horseman.

"Now, who can that be, El Rey?" she said, speaking aloud. "It is not Miguel, for he would not be coming from that direction. It must be some cowboy looking for lost cattle, but he rides as if he were riding for his life."

It was in just such a manner that the advancing horseman rode. As he drew nearer, she could more clearly perceive this. The pace of his horse, galloping with outstretched neck, himself leaning forward in the saddle and now and then swaying from side to side, were all significant of a speed prolonged to exhausting degree.

"He is either riding on an errand of life and death, or he is drunk—or mad," said the girl, again speaking aloud, as she watched his approach. "He sees us, too, El Rey, and is heading for us."

El Rey responded by another low neigh, as if in assurance that he was aware of the fact which did not in the least discompose his mistress. As a measure of precaution, she loosened the small revolver which she carried at her belt, so that, if necessary, it might be drawn in a moment, but otherwise remained quietly awaiting the approach of the rider, whose pace did not slacken until he suddenly pulled up his horse a few yards from her, and at the same instant tumbled headlong from the saddle.

The girl uttered an exclamation, looked at him for a moment as he lay prostrate on the ground, and then, springing lightly from her own saddle, went to him. A single glance at the horse, which stood motionless where it had stopped, with drooping head, panting sides and heaving flanks, was enough to assure her that the ride just made had been long and terrible. She was not surprised, therefore, on stooping over the man to find him insensible. He had plainly fainted from exhaustion.

To revive a person in such condition

water is the first essential; but on the *mesas* water is often unattainable. The girl gave a comprehensive glance around, then returning to her horse gathered up the reins, swung herself into the saddle, and the next moment was galloping across the plain. She had not gone more than half a mile before she found what she was seeking, one of the cattle-holes where water is preserved for the use of stock in the dry season. She carried slung at the side of her saddle a small canteen, which she filled, and then returned as fast as El Rey's fleet legs could carry her to the man whom she had left.

She found him so far recovered that he had lifted himself into a sitting posture. As she approached, his eyes looked at her entreatingly out of a dust-grimed face, and after a vain effort to speak, he pointed to his parched mouth. She handed him the canteen, and he drank as only a man mad with thirst can drink.

The girl watching him felt at last constrained to utter a word of caution. "Take care," she said. "It is not safe to drink too much at once."

He drew the canteen reluctantly from his lips and again looked up at her.

"It's the first drop I've tasted to-day," he said hoarsely, "and I have been riding since morning."

She looked at the horse. "Hasn't he had any during all that time?" she asked.

"Yes, he drank several hours ago from a hole so low and muddy that I couldn't bring myself to touch the water. I would have given any price for some of it a little later, though."

"I'll take him to the pool where I got what you have there, and see that he doesn't drink too much," she said.

"Thanks, it's very good of you," replied his owner, again lifting the canteen to his lips.

She left him still drinking, when, leading the horse, she rode away toward the pool. As she went she had opportunity to regard the animal critically, and to observe that the brand on his flank was unknown to her; which, together with certain points in his



equipment, led her to two conclusions—first, that he came from a considerable distance, and secondly, that his rider was something more than an ordinary cowboy. She was assisted to the latter conclusion by that indefinable tone of an educated voice which cannot be mistaken; and as she noted again all the signs of terrible speed on the animal, she could not but wonder what was the cause of this wild ride. Of one thing her knowledge of the country assured her—it meant danger, pressing, imminent danger, to the man who had fallen from his saddle before her. He had been riding for his life. Nothing else would account for his condition and that of his horse. The only question was what crime he had committed to render such flight necessary. She shook her head as she considered this. She knew her West too well to think that it had been for a trifle.

The horse having been allowed to refresh himself with as much water as was good for him, she turned to lead him back to the place where she had left his rider, when she perceived the latter coming slowly toward her. Taken on the surface now, he certainly appeared no other than an ordinary cowboy. His broad felt hat, with whip-cord band, his high riding-boots and long spurs, all marked him as that omnipresent personality so familiar to Western sight. When they met he halted and, lifting his hat, raised toward the girl a pale, drawn face out of which a pair of clear gray eyes looked with almost startling effect.

"I hope you are feeling better," she said. "Here is your horse. But unless you want to kill him, you'll find there's not much more to be got out of him until he has had food and rest."

"I don't want to kill him, poor old fellow!" answered the man, as he took the reins from her. "I was awfully sorry to ride him so hard, but it was death for me if I didn't."

"So I supposed," she said briefly. "Had you no chance to fight?" she added with a glance that said much.

"Fight!" he echoed. "Do you think I would be here now if I had?" Even

through the grime of dust upon his face it was to be seen that he flushed. "But then, of course, you don't know. I might be the worst of cowards for all you can tell. This looks like it, I'll admit"—he nodded toward the horse—"but I'm not a coward, unless one man could make a success of fighting fifty. And if it had only been shooting!—but it was worse than that. They wanted to hang me."

"For what?"

The question was short, sharp, incisive.

"For a crime I did not commit—on a false accusation which every man who made it knew to be false. I was at Dos Rios—you've probably heard of the place?"

"I've heard of it," she answered. "No man in his senses—no honest man, that is—would expect to come out of Dos Rios alive, if he had any difficulty there."

"Perhaps I wasn't in my senses," the man admitted—apparently not caring to assert that he was an honest man—"perhaps, I haven't been in them for a long time. But I was there, and I drank and played. Well, I was cheated—that was to be anticipated of course. The only sensible thing would have been to submit to the cheating, being in such a hole of scoundrels; but I made a row, charged foul play and there was a narrow escape from a shooting scrape then. But others interfered and things were quieted. A few hours later, the man with whom I had had the row was killed, shot from behind on the street. Unfortunately, I was out of sight at the time and could bring no witness to the fact that I had gone into an inner room and lain down to sleep. The whole thing was 'put up.' I was a good scapegoat to enable the real murderer of Shepherd—"

"Dick Shepherd?" she interposed quickly.

"Yes, Dick Shepherd. You've heard of him, I see."

"Is there anyone in New Mexico who hasn't heard of him? His death is a good thing for the country, whoever killed him."

"Very true. But *I* didn't kill him. Yet I was accused of having done so, given no hearing, and threatened with hanging. My recollection of what happened then is rather vague. I only know that I emptied every chamber of my revolver. That enabled me to get away, and the rest I owe to him—" he patted his horse. "I made a wide circuit around Dos Rios, rode for hours and here I am."

"Yes, here you are," said the girl. For a moment she made no other comment on his story, but sat in her saddle regarding him with a strange aspect of judicial severity. Then she asked curtly, "What object have you had in view during your ride?"

"To reach the nearest place—Free-mantle, isn't it?—where the law is in force, and claim its protection," he replied.

She shrugged her shoulders. "How can any law protect you against the Dos Rios gang? It's wonderful that you ever escaped from them—one man alone! Did you kill any of them?"

"I didn't stop to inquire," he replied drily. "Two or three who laid hands on me dropped—so much I know. There wasn't time to tell whether they were dead or not."

"Ah!" she said quietly. "I am afraid New Mexico will not be a very healthy place for you for some time to come. Any of the gang will shoot you on sight, and in a trial for murder you haven't a chance. They will swear anything to convict you."

"I know that," he replied. "But what little I possess in the world is in New Mexico, and I don't intend to be frightened away from it; they haven't a particle of evidence that I killed Shepherd."

"I don't agree with you," she returned. "They have the evidence of your quarrel, which you can't deny. Of course the jury might acquit you on the ground that the man who killed Shepherd is a public benefactor—if they didn't take the view that being at Dos Rios identified you so far with the gang that it would be a good thing to

get rid of you also—whether you were guilty or not."

She had not intended to be amusing. She was in all seriousness putting the case as her knowledge of the country told her it would be regarded; and she was not at all prepared for the laugh which her last words drew from the man before her. It was genuine mirth, too, if a little reckless. Evidently something in the situation struck him as highly humorous—perhaps the suggestion that he might be put out of the way on abstract grounds as a good rid-dance; and it was only after a minute or two that he recovered his composure sufficiently to speak.

"Excuse me," he said then, "but you must own that it is a little absurd that a man flying from false accusation and violence should be told that his danger will be as great from the law as from the desperadoes he has escaped."

"I don't see the absurdity," she answered coldly. "It can't be a new idea to you that a man is judged by the company he keeps."

"No," he answered—gravely enough now—"that is not a new idea to me. I know it well."

"You can guess, then, how a jury will be likely to regard you in the light of your own statement that you were playing and quarreling with Shepherd shortly before he was killed. And I heard my father say the other day that the new judge who has lately come into the Territory is determined to enforce the punishment of crime and put down lawlessness."

"So, taking all these things into consideration, you think that the tender mercies of the law will be worse than those of the Shepherd gang?"

"I think that if you are wise you'll not ask its interference. You can defend yourself from the Shepherd gang; but the law is another matter."

"No doubt you are right," said he, regarding her with a surprise excited by her language and manner. "At least, I will wait a little before running my head into the noose. And, indeed, just at present, all I care for is some quiet place where I can obtain food for myself

and my horse and a night's rest. I'm pretty well used up."

Not only the haggard, dust-covered face, but all the relaxed muscles of the man's frame said this more plainly than words. Blood-stained though he might be, he was in sore need as well as in sore peril, and the woman's heart was touched by both.

"I don't know where you will find such a place, unless it be at our ranch."

He shook his head. "No; even if your father were willing to take me in, a man of whom he knows nothing except that he is charged with crime, I wouldn't expose him to the danger he would incur. If the Shepherd gang should be on my track, and if they came and demanded that I should be surrendered to them, why—"

"We would give them an answer," said the girl. She spoke with the utmost composure, but there was a flash in her eyes which indicated what that answer would be.

He shook his head again. "It's out of the question," he said. "I'll bring no other man into danger, and certainly no woman. Those are devils back yonder. They would burn your house over your head without a moment's hesitation. No, that's not to be thought of. But if there were any place where I might stay tonight and no one be the wiser, and you could give me a bit of food—"

"You can come with me," she said decidedly, as if she had made up her mind. "When my father has heard your story I am sure he will protect you. And he is—"

"No," the man interposed clearly and sharply; "I'll ask no man to risk life and property for my sake. All that I want is a little food."

"In that case," said the girl, "your best hiding-place is yonder." She pointed to the hills before them. "I can show you a cove where there is grass and water, and which is entered by a defile so narrow that one man could hold it against fifty. Will you come?"

He answered by mounting his horse.

"I'll go wherever you lead," he said, "except to your own house."

## II

THEY rode very slowly toward the hills. It was a striking illustration of the perfect fearlessness which was the dominant expression of the girl's countenance that she did not appear to give a thought to the fact that she was alone with a man who was by his own confession the companion of desperadoes, and how desperate himself, how deeply stained with or capable of crime, she had no means of knowing.

That is, no means intelligible to whoever did not comprehend the signs by which a man is read and judged in this region, where the complexities of life are unknown and human nature exhibits a certain elemental simplicity, in which the two qualities recognized as primarily requisite for manhood are courage and truthfulness. And these being the foundation, if not the essence, of all excellence in character—for what hope is there in either the moral or physical order for one who is a coward or a liar?—who shall say that the standard is not well taken? At all events the fact remains that on the plains of the West a man is judged by the possession of these qualities, all others being held of minor importance. And this girl with the dauntless face and the brilliant glance had decided that the man beside her possessed them. She believed his story, and her sympathy was stirred by the imminence of his danger. But even had it been otherwise, she would not have feared him. It hardly needed the revolver at her belt, or El Rey's fleet legs beneath her to give her this feeling of security, for she had never known fear of living creature, and had he been her friend or her servant she could not have ridden more composedly by his side.

They had abandoned the trail which he was following when they met, and under her guidance were riding over the *mesa* directly toward the hills, when he presently said:



"I'm afraid you are going very much out of your way on my account."

"Not very much," she answered. "In general direction my face is turned homeward, and a mile or two out of the way doesn't matter either to me or to my horse. You see, I mustn't put you very far off or you would starve. Hasn't it occurred to you to wonder how you are to be fed?"

He smiled. It struck her that for a man who had not tasted food all day, that smile indicated a good deal of indifference.

"I have always found," he said, "that if one trusts a woman at all, one can trust her thoroughly. I don't doubt that having already relieved my worst suffering, thirst, you will find a means to give me food."

"The means, I'm sorry to say, involves some delay. After I have shown you the place of which I have spoken, I must go home and send a man whom I can trust to you with provisions. Don't be surprised that he is a Mexican."

"Why should I be surprised? There are a number of them in this country."

"Yes—its best inhabitants, in my opinion. But that is not the opinion of men like you, I know. You look down on 'greasers'—God only knows why!" There was significance in her tone. "Therefore you never discover their good qualities. Now, I know them, and if my life were at stake I would sooner trust one of my Mexicans than any white man on the Rio Grande."

"She speaks as if she had a regiment of them," was the mental comment of the listener. "Very likely you're right," he said aloud. "I don't know a great deal about them, but I have never agreed in the general border opinion of 'greasers.' It's the instinct of the dominant race, I suppose, which makes the most rough and illiterate American despise them."

"The more rough and the more illiterate, the more certain to do so," she said, with a curling lip. Then, suddenly struck by the language of her companion, she looked at him keenly. "You don't belong to that

class," she said, "and I think you are not an American."

"Why do you think so? I believed that by this time I was Western to my finger-tips."

"To your finger-tips perhaps, but not to the end of your tongue. You have an English accent."

"I am an Englishman."

"I thought so."

She made no other remark nor added any question. It was not uncommon to find Englishmen of education as sheepmen and cattlemen in this frontier land. Some came from love of adventure or desire of fortune, the greater number driven by necessity. A few prospered; many failed and went down into the depths, or else were rescued in time by their friends at home, and on the strength of some tardy remittance, disappeared. To which class this present waif of civilization belonged his rescuer did not trouble herself to wonder, but had she been obliged to formulate an opinion of his probable future it would not have been hopeful. She knew the conditions of life around him too well to forecast it optimistically.

They rode in silence for a mile or so, and now the red flanks of the hills were close at hand. Arid, sun-parched, broken here and there by scarred masses of rock, they looked wildly desolate and forbidding; but the girl who had taken upon herself the office of guide never hesitated for a moment. Straight on she rode, and presently the tired horseman found himself following her through a narrow defile between the heights, where, as she had said, one man might hold fifty at bay, up a rocky *arroyo*, down which a shrunken stream came trickling with a delicious sound, around a jutting shoulder of the hills towering above, and finally into a beautiful nook, cliff-enclosed, and like a garden to the sight from the green grass which covered it, thanks to the saving water flowing here in a shallow brook.

After his long and desperate ride across leagues of sun-scorched plain, this verdant spot with its grass and water and shade was a delightful vision to the man on whom it suddenly burst.

He said not a word at first, but drew a long, deep breath, more eloquent than many words, dropped from his horse, slipped the saddle and bridle from the tired animal and then turned with a grateful look to his companion.

"It's a paradise!" he said. "How can I thank you enough for bringing me here? I should never have found it."

"No," she answered, "I am sure you never would. I half believe that I am its discoverer. At least nobody else knows of it now—except a Mexican in our service, who is called Miguel. It is he whom I shall send to you. And that you may be quite sure who it is, he will whistle 'La Paloma' as he comes up the *arroyo*."

"But I don't know 'La Paloma.'"

"Don't you? This is it"—very sweetly and softly she whistled the charming strain. "Now I will leave you and ride home fast, in order to send you some food as soon as possible. You must be starving."

"I would be willing to starve much longer if I could only say how deeply I feel your kindness, how grateful I am for the service you have rendered me."

"It is surely little," she replied, "to show you a mountain cove where you must sleep on the ground with the sky for your roof. Miguel will be here within two hours. Good-night."

A touch to the rein of her eager horse and she was off. For a moment she filled his eye—a perfect picture of grace as she rode away; then the jutting cliff hid her from sight, he heard the rapid clatter of her horse's feet on the rocky *arroyo*, and then silence fell—the deep silence of the great hills.

It was within the two hours of which she had spoken that a horseman, carrying a large basket on his arm and whistling "La Paloma" rode up the defile and into the sheltered nook, folded in the deep recess of the heights. Twilight had now fallen over the earth after a resplendent sunset, the red and golden glory of which had all faded away, save only in the far east some faint, soft shreds of color still floated like a dream of past splendor over the mountain top.

In the little cove all was quiet. The horse at the farther end was grazing on the short grass, while beside the stream his master lay stretched out, face turned upward to the sky, as if asleep or dead.

But he was neither. He had only fallen into that state of utter collapse which is the natural result of severe and prolonged exertion. It is possible that for a time his senses may have floated away from him, as when he fell headlong from his saddle at the feet of the girl who afterward brought him to this place of safety. But if so, they returned, and he was now conscious, but wrapped, as it were, in a weariness so intense, a relaxation so complete, that it is doubtful if he would have raised his head had the horseman who rode into the cove been one of his foes instead of the messenger of help. Even the thought that he brought food, which exhausted nature now insistently demanded, was not a sufficient inducement to stir.

Miguel, a tall, bronzed Mexican, lean and wiry as a greyhound, approached with the bridle of his horse over his arm, and looking down at the recumbent figure met, somewhat to his surprise, the steady, gray eyes looking upward.

"Ah!" he said to himself. His respect at this moment was great for the man who might naturally have been on the alert for any approach of the danger which menaced him, yet who did not stir hand or foot as a stranger drew near. "I have brought you food and drink, señor," he said quietly.

"Thanks," responded the other, rising to a sitting posture and putting out his hand toward the basket which the Mexican placed beside him on the ground. His apathy of exhaustion began to yield now to a sudden craving for food.

Miguel, kneeling on one knee, began to take out the articles which the basket contained. They were of a description rather surprising to come from a ranch on the plains of New Mexico. A roast fowl, a game *pâté*, a roll of fine light bread, an Edam cheese

and a bottle of claret of good vintage. The eyes of the tired and hungry man opened wide as these things were spread before him.

"You have provided well for me, *amigo*," he said. "I did not expect such food as this."

The other made a slight motion of the shoulders. "Why not?" he said. "The señorita sends you part of her own dinner."

"It is very kind of her—but not many señoritas in this country have such dinners."

"Whatever the señorita wishes she has," was the quiet reply. "Here is a glass, señor—you will take some of the wine?"

A quarter of an hour later it was another man who accepted the *cigarrillo* which Miguel offered him. Good food had strengthened, good wine had revived him, another heart was in his body, and his brain was clear and active. It was with an air of content that he sat in the fading dusk, watching the Mexican prepare to depart.

"Tomorrow, señor," said the latter, hanging the now empty basket on his arm, "I will return with more food. The señorita bade me say that it is well for you to remain here for a time."

"You will find me here if you come tomorrow morning—beyond that I make no promise," said the other. "Take to the señorita my thanks for her great kindness, and—ah—what is her name?"

The Mexican put his foot in the stirrup and mounted his horse. Then he looked around.

"If the señorita wishes you to know her name, she will tell it to you herself," he said gravely. "*Adios, señor.*"

And in the deepening twilight he rode away.

### III

WHEN the clink of a horse's iron-shod hoof on the rock-strewn *arroyo* came next morning to the quick ear of the occupant of the cove, he turned his head to listen, and then smiled as he

caught the sound of "La Paloma" delicately and sweetly whistled, not as Miguel had whistled it, but as he had heard it first from the lips of the fair horsewoman who had guided him to this place of refuge. He sprang to his feet, and when a minute later she rode into the cove the man who advanced to meet her was a very different person from the dust-grimed fugitive from whom she had parted the evening before. Indeed, for a moment she had difficulty in believing that it was the same man. The fact that he had washed his face, that he had eaten and that he had slept, seemed to have transformed him; or rather had restored his natural aspect, of which the terrible experience of the day before had deprived him. And now she saw beyond doubt that he was a gentleman, let the roughness of his attire be what it might. However recklessly he had cast aside his inheritance of education and refinement, the signs of it were ineffaceably stamped upon him. Generations of men who had thought, as well as acted, had bequeathed to him the look of race—that unmistakable, clean-bred look—evident in his whole appearance. Except for this there was nothing very striking about him, unless it was the frankness of his gray eyes, the eyes which had struck her the day before as so incongruous with the rest of his appearance. Meeting them, she was conscious even before he spoke of a revival of faith in his innocence—a faith which had somewhat faltered during the hours since she had seen him last. For what murderer ever faced the world with such clear eyes as these?

"This is very good of you," he said before she could speak. "I feared that I might not see you again."

"I thought it best to come," she answered, "because Miguel told me that you would make no promise of staying here longer than this morning, and I wanted to tell you that it is necessary, if you value your life, to remain quiet. This morning two men called at the ranch and asked some of our *vaqueros* if they had seen or heard of anyone answering your description. The *vaque-*



ros mentioned the inquiry to Miguel, and he brought the news to me. So I have come to warn you."

"It is very good of you," he repeated. "But only two—I think I could manage to give an account of two."

"I haven't told you all. They said they had a warrant for your arrest. That may be true."

"It's very likely that it is true, and the best thing I can do is to give myself up. I don't like the idea of hiding from the law."

"Do you like that of hanging better?" she asked incisively. "If it is true that a warrant has been issued for your arrest, it means that at the inquest it was positively sworn that you were the murderer of Shepherd."

"But I am innocent," said he indignantly; "and being innocent, I must come forward and clear my name of a false accusation. I murder Shepherd! I should have been justified in shooting the scoundrel when he cheated me at cards. But I didn't do so. I only told him and his whole gang what they were, and that I intended to help the law-abiding citizens of the country to wipe them out."

There was a half-ironical, half-amused look on her face as she regarded him. "I think," she said, "that you are certainly a brave man, as well as a very foolish one. To tell the Dos Rios gang in their own stronghold that you would help in wiping them out, and then lie down to sleep—you said you went to sleep, didn't you?—the only wonder is that you were ever allowed to awake! For the fact that you were, there is only one explanation—that the plan arranged for your removal was an improvement on simply killing you."

"I suppose I was a fool," he admitted, "and a very reckless one besides. But it would be rather strange if I lacked courage; and courage soon degenerates into recklessness when life is of no value. What is called in this country a shooting match would not have troubled me at all—in fact, I hadn't the least doubt of its coming off when I talked to them, and I was ready

for it. But hanging was another matter. I could not submit to that, you know, especially at the hands of such scoundrels."

"Will it be better," she asked sarcastically, "at the hands of the sheriff? It will be the Dos Rios gang after all that will hang you by their testimony."

"What do you advise me to do then?" he asked, as he looked up at her. She was still sitting on her horse, and he, standing beside her with his hand on the neck of the beautiful animal, thought that he had never seen a more spirited creature than she appeared, her figure instinct in every line with energy, her full hazel eyes expressing all possible potentialities of resolution and daring.

"I advise you to remain where you are for the present," she answered. "I have sent Miguel to Dos Rios to learn what the situation really is as far as you are concerned. Until we have his report you should not stir. Had my father been at home when I returned yesterday evening, I should have asked his advice, for no one knows this country more thoroughly than he does, and he would have said at once what you had better do. But unfortunately he had been called away during my absence, and the note he left for me says he may not return for a week, so I can only offer you my own opinion and that of Miguel—neither of which is to be despised."

"I am sure of that," he said very sincerely. "And I am deeply obliged to you for sending Miguel to Dos Rios. He looks thoroughly trustworthy."

"He is trustworthy," she replied. "I have known Miguel from my earliest childhood, and I have put your life in his hand as unhesitatingly as I would put my own. There is no bribe on earth that would induce him to betray you. And then he is intelligent. He will see, hear, learn a hundred things which would escape a stupid American of his class."

It was impossible not to smile. "Who would fancy that you were a Western girl talking of a greaser!" said the listener.

"I am half a greaser myself," she replied calmly. "My mother was a Mexican, and Miguel is the son of an old servant of her family. So I have reason to know him well."

"And your father is an American?"

"Yes," she answered briefly. Then, evidently wishing to avoid any further personal details, she unfastened a basket tied to the pommel of her saddle and gave it to him. "I have brought you," she said, "some food. There is, I think, enough to last twenty-four hours, by which time Miguel will have returned."

"If the provision is as abundant as that which you sent me last night," he said, taking the basket, "it will last more than that time. The remains of my supper furnished me with an excellent breakfast."

"I am glad of that. I was afraid you were fasting."

He laughed. "What an idea you must have of the extent of my appetite! There was only one thing my breakfast lacked—"

"And that was a cup of tea," she interposed quickly.

"How did you guess? A frontier woman should naturally have said a mug of coffee."

"Oh, you are not the first Englishman I have ever met," she replied, "and I know the passion all Englishmen have for tea. I did not think of putting up any last night, but I repaired the omission this morning. You will find tea and the means of making it there." She pointed to the basket.

"How thoughtful you are!" he said. "And since I know very well how to make tea, may I not offer you some refreshment after your ride?"

"It is not a favorite refreshment of mine," she answered, "and the ride is nothing."

"But won't you at least dismount and rest a little?" he urged. "I should regard it"—the blood mounted suddenly to his brow—"as a proof that you believe me to be not only a man falsely accused of a crime, but that you

recognize me as a gentleman—if I may venture to use a word so little understood in this country."

"I understand it," she said quietly; "and I recognized yesterday that it might be applied to you."

"Then if it is not altogether absurd to mention conventionality in a cañon of New Mexico, will you not be sufficiently unconventional to drink a cup of tea with the fugitive who owes his life to you?"

The girl, whose social knowledge and experience were far wider than he had the least conception of, thought that it was not possible for the grace with which he uttered these words to be surpassed. Yet they appealed so strongly to her sense of the ridiculous that throwing back her head she burst into a peal of laughter so merry, so ringing, that the cliffs echoed it back, as if with a chorus of elfin mirth.

"Pray excuse me," she said as soon as she could speak. "But the idea of invoking the shade of conventionality here was overpowering. I assure you Mrs. Grundy has never set up her rule in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. I don't care very much for tea, but I will make a cup for you, just to see if the apparatus works properly."

He started quickly forward to assist her to dismount, but she was on the ground before he reached her. Putting her bridle in his hand, "You may fasten El Rey to one of those *mesquite* bushes," she said. "He generally waits for me like a dog, but it is not well to trust him too far."

When her order had been obeyed and El Rey was securely fastened, the man returned to her side as she was in the act of drawing from the basket a small teapot, a package of tea, and a vessel for boiling water.

"Now," she said, "how soon you will have a cup of tea depends exactly on how long it will take to make a fire. Have you matches?"

"A smoker is not likely to be without them," he answered, producing as he spoke a jeweled match-box, which struck her eye as a trifle in strong contrast to his rough attire, and a verifica-

tion of the claim to refinement which his manner and personal appearance made.

## IV

THE fire of dry *mesquite* twigs was soon burning brightly by the side of the stream and the vessel filled with water placed upon it. Then, while waiting for the water to boil, those two so strangely brought together looked at each other with the same thought—the singularity of their association—in the mind of each.

"I wonder," said the man meditatively, "if we could have met in another state of existence, you and I—if somewhere, in another planet, I once before tumbled senseless at your feet and owed my safety to you—for I seem to know you strangely well."

"That's rather fanciful, isn't it?" asked the girl, watching the gentle simmering of the water. "I have on my side a very decided impression that I never saw you until you fell at my feet yesterday."

He laughed. "I suppose it is rather fanciful," he said. "The fact is, no doubt, that I seem to know you because you remind me of other conditions of life than are around us here. And—forgive me—my curiosity is exceedingly roused to know how you come to be in these wilds of New Mexico."

"Why should your curiosity be roused?" she asked quietly. "Why should you think it remarkable my being here?"

"Because there are things about you that suggest another life altogether—the life of civilization, of society," he answered.

It was now her turn to laugh. "And why not?" she asked. "Why should I not know something of civilization, of society? Have I not been as far as St. Louis on one side and San Francisco on the other? Even you must acknowledge that they are civilized places."

"Yes," he said a little doubtfully. The doubt was for her seriousness rather than for the civilization of St.

Louis and San Francisco; for it seemed to him that he caught a mocking tone in her voice, a laughing light in her eyes.

"Those are no doubt civilized places," said he, "but I fancied something in you—however, I have to beg your pardon for my extremely personal remarks. Only permit me one more question—do you live in this country?"

"It appears so, does it not?" she asked. "Neither El Rey nor I have dropped from the clouds. And could I have guided you to this place if I did not know—yes, and love, strange as it may seem to you—every fold of these mountains of the Blood of Christ?"

She glanced up at them, the great red heights towering against a sky that burned like a jewel with the blue intensity of its color. That she spoke truly, that she was at home among these hills and loved them, he could not doubt, nor that the lithe grace of her form, the frank sun-kissed beauty of her face, were in thorough harmony with their wild majesty. A daughter of the mountains and of the plains she looked; and yet—what haunting suggestion was there in her of phases of civilization older and higher than any known to the New World even in its most favored region?

"It must be her mother's blood," he thought. Then aloud: "My question may seem to you foolish, but I am constrained to wonder—do you like to live here?"

"Why not?" she asked again; and he could not resist the impression that she found much amusement in thus parrying his questions and baffling his curiosity. "It is my own country—the old country of New Spain—which my forefathers discovered, where they planted their flag and their cross before the American, as we know him now, was in existence, and which even he has not entirely spoiled."

"But—ah—didn't you say that your father is an American?"

"Yes, he is an American," she answered, "but not of the usual type, as you may imagine from the fact that my mother married him. But look—the



water boils at last. Give me the teapot."

The tea was made, its fragrant aroma conveyed a sense of its quality to the nostrils, and the man who received the cup prepared for him by the slender, sunburned hand which offered it, expressed his appreciation gratefully.

"Such tea!" he said. "I have tasted nothing like it since I left England."

The girl watched him, smiling. It was plain that his enjoyment of the drink gave her much pleasure. Looking up presently, he caught her glance and recognized its kindness.

"If I read your thoughts right," he said, "you are regarding me with the same sentiments of benevolence with which you would contemplate a fugitive dog whom you had befriended. The dog would lick your hand after you had served and fed him and be your faithful servant and defender the rest of his life. A man's gratitude is, of course, of a secondary quality. All that he can offer in token of it is his confidence. Would it bore you to listen to my story?"

"In New Mexico," replied the girl gravely, "one does not know the meaning of the word 'bore.' You have surely not been here long, or you would never think of using such an expression. But, adopting your phrase, I assure you that it will not bore me to hear your story, although I must add that you need not feel the least necessity to tell it unless you desire to do so."

"I desire to do so," he answered, "because perfect frankness is the only return I can make for your kindness. I presume that you heard the name under which those men who called at your ranch this morning were inquiring for me?"

She shook her head. "If they mentioned it, the *vaqueros* had forgotten, or Miguel failed to mention it to me."

"It was John Caryl. That is the name by which I am known here, and in a sense it is my real, that is, my baptismal name—Caryl, I mean, as well as John. The family name I paid my family the compliment of drop-

ping when I became a ranchman in New Mexico."

The girl as she listened thought how much it was the old story—the story familiar to all the Western country, of black sheep shipped away for their country's and their families' good, and of well-born good-for-naughts cast off by a civilization which has no place for them. Plainly here was another, either black sheep or good-for-naught, whose end it was not difficult to foresee.

And yet—what was there about him, what saving grace of straightforwardness, which made her, against her judgment and experience, feel as if other possibilities might exist for him?

"You are all alike," she said with a severity which was apparently tempered by this feeling. "You all have a story to tell, you Englishmen of good family, of how you have thrown away the opportunities to which you were born. Frankly, it does not seem to me very much of an achievement to throw away opportunities. Anyone can do that. But to make them, to create them in the face of the greatest difficulties, the most overwhelming obstacles, as so many of our men who are born to nothing do—that is an achievement of which a man may be proud."

"Of course it is," he answered humbly. "But I am not defending myself, you know. I am only telling you facts. Well, never mind my name. That is a detail of no importance—"

"None at all," she agreed.

"I was a younger son—you know enough of Englishmen, perhaps, to understand what that means?"—she nodded assent—"but I was my father's favorite, and his patience with me was great, in spite of the fact that I did a great deal to exhaust it. He paid my debts again and again—I was in the army and leading a very extravagant life—but he warned me that I had lessened his power to leave me much at his death, and I had nothing to expect from my elder brother, I well knew. He and I had never agreed, and he resented deeply my father's indulgence to me, and the fact that he made sacri-

fices which would cripple the estate in order to raise money for me."

"What a very selfish person you must have been," said the girl in a tone of comment.

He flushed, but answered quietly, "There isn't a shadow of doubt of it. I deserve all I have suffered since, and it has been enough to point any moral desired. When my father died I found the change he had foretold. What he was able to leave me was comparatively a trifle, and my brother absolutely refused to have anything to do with me. There was nothing for it but to leave the service and then leave England. So I brought my little inheritance out here, dropped my name, tried to drop all recollection of my past life, and for five years have lived as a sheepman in New Mexico, going to the devil through utter recklessness and wretchedness of soul. And there is my whole story."

"Oh, it is just such a story as I expected," said his auditor calmly. "There are a great many like you in this country. Well, you came very near the end of it in Dos Rios yesterday, and you may find that end yet if you do not heed my advice and keep yourself carefully concealed until we learn what can be done for you."

"And that will be?"

"When Miguel returns from Dos Rios, and when my father comes home. He will know exactly what it is best for you to do. Meanwhile, if you value your safety, you will not leave this place."

"It gives a man a very ignominious feeling to stay in hiding like a criminal."

"Then a man should not incur the possibility of being placed in the position of a criminal," she replied severely. "That is what you have done, and you must bear the consequences of it."

"Who sows must reap," he said. "There is certainly no escape from that law of life."

"None at all," the girl agreed. She rose as she spoke and walked toward her horse. "But to render your present reaping a little easier," she added, after El Rey had been unfastened and she was ready to mount, "I will make some

other arrangement for you as soon as I possibly can, and will not keep you in suspense any longer than is necessary. Meanwhile, to help you to pass the time, I have brought you some newspapers."

"How good you are!" he said gratefully. "You think of everything. What should I have done had I not met you yesterday?"

"You would have done very badly," she answered. "And unless you obey me you will do badly yet."

"I promise that I will not stir from here until you give me leave," he said. "When will you come again?"

"I will come, or send Miguel—"

"Pray come!" he interrupted eagerly. "I am selfish to beg it, I suppose, but then, as you have said, I am a selfish fellow, and if I were to try for a month I could not tell you what this visit has been to me. Do come yourself if you possibly can!"

"Very well," she answered; "I will come. Do you think you have food enough to last until tomorrow?"

"I am sure of it."

"Then until tomorrow, good-bye."

She nodded, touched El Rey with the spur, and was gone.

## V

LEFT alone, the man known in the Territory of New Mexico as John Caryl lighted a pipe and walking to and fro proceeded to smoke and meditate.

His own situation, with its outlook of danger and difficulty, might well have absorbed his attention; but instead, his thoughts were persistently occupied with the girl who had just left him. Dwelling upon the picture of her which filled his mental vision, he found himself wondering greatly who and what she could be. In a certain degree, everything about her bore the stamp of the country, and confirmed her assertion that she belonged to it. Yet how was it possible to believe that any ordinary ranchman's daughter would have the habits of speech and show the familiarity which she exhibited, with the usages and modes of expression of an-

other and very different order of life? How reconcile the aroma of refinement which breathed around her with the manner in which she rode, armed and unattended in her semi-masculine dress, over the wild plains?

"There is something mysterious about her," he said, speaking aloud in the security of the great mountain silence which surrounded him. "Why does she conceal her name? No ordinary Western girl would think of such a thing. Who can she be? That taciturn Mexican says 'the señorita' as if he were saying 'Her Royal Highness.' And where has she acquired the qualities which make her so remarkable and so—irresistible?"

For irresistible he acknowledged to himself that she was. A man in peril of his life, worn, exhausted, half-dead with fatigue and the terrible thirst of the desert, is not likely to have eyes or heed for Aphrodite herself, did she rise before him. And yet, even the day before, she had impressed herself upon his dull senses as a creature apart from any other he had ever seen; and her energy and resource had acted upon him as a stimulant which made exertion possible to him. So much for yesterday. But today? Could he ever forget today? Perhaps it was his long sojourn among rough associations, his long absence from the society of women of culture and refinement, which made the hour she had spent with him so delightful, so exhilarating, and so refreshing. He felt like one who had drunk deeply of some divine nectar, giving new life to body and mind and quickening into fresh activity all his faculties. Looking at the spot where she had sat in her picturesque, Rosalind-like dress, and recalling the brilliant, changeful loveliness of her face, he fell to analyzing the impression which she had made upon him.

Like herself, it was at once simple and complex. Whoever looked on her countenance read her character—its courage, its daring, its frankness and its generosity—and yet the suggestions of her manner and bearing were so widely at variance with what she seemed to be.

As he had sat talking to her, a strange fancy came to him that she was accustomed to things of which the rude world around them knew little and cared less. He could have laughed at this fancy, but it was insistent. Like a vividly recalled dream, the recollection had been awakened in him of women with just such proudly borne heads, such imperious eyes, and such an air of the unconscious expectation of deference. They were women of a kind as far removed from this daughter of the plains as he, in his cowboy guise, was unlike the men who received their smiles and shared the silken luxury in which they lived and moved. But a vision of them had passed before him as he looked at the girl who made his tea here in this wild glen of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

"It's an odd situation," he said, speaking aloud again, as he sat down on the bank of the stream, near the spot where the fire still smoldered. "I would not have believed that there was a man in the world, far less a woman, in whose hands I would have placed myself so unreservedly—I, who never before have been led by anyone! But there is something about her that inspires the most absolute confidence, not only in her trustworthiness, but in her ability and power. What an extraordinary thing our meeting was, and what a lucky thing for me! If I ever come out of this with an unstretched neck, it will be thanks entirely to her. And what can I do to prove my gratitude? I know well what I should like to do. I should like to enter her service like the Mexican whom she trusts so unreservedly, to do her bidding, to serve her, to work for her, and finally—what?" He broke off with a bitter laugh. "That would be a return indeed!" he said. "Truly magnificent, John Caryl, truly magnificent! Think of the contempt in her eyes when you told your story, and own that it was justified. For a contemptible story indeed it must have seemed to this superb creature—a story of a life wasted, of opportunities thrown away, of recklessness and folly, which have not

had even insanity to excuse them. No, you are not fit to be her servant; you are only a poor hunted wretch whom she regards with pity and so shelters and saves. If life held a possible chance for me—but who knows better than I that it holds none, that I have placed my last stake on the green table of fortune and lost? So, whether the Dos Rios gang succeed in putting a noose around my neck, or whether by a woman's aid I get away, with an accusation of murder which I cannot disprove hanging over me, what does it matter? There's no light for me in the future; and the noose or a bullet might be the best, as it certainly would be the quickest and most appropriate end for it all."

He ceased speaking, and sat for some time smoking with a certain degree of vehemence, his brows the while drawn into a frown. Then with the air of one who endeavors to throw off thought which is at once painful and useless, he put out his hand and took up the newspapers which lay beside the basket of food. They were, he found, San Francisco papers, together with one or two published in the Territory. As he unfolded them and thought of the relief they afforded from bitter reflections and the weariness of enforced waiting, he was filled with a sense of wondering gratitude toward the girl who had remembered to provide this apparently small yet really great alleviation of his situation. Who could she be? What influences had molded and made her what she was? He shrugged his shoulders at the insistent questions, and leaning back against the short, rough trunk of a *mesquite* tree, began to read.

So in profound quiet several hours passed, during which the pipe was more than once refilled, and the newspapers were studied with a thoroughness which is only accorded these publications under such circumstances. From important news and editorial comments he passed to news of lesser importance, then to local and society items, and finally to the advertisements. Idly his gaze passed over column after column of these, until suddenly under the head of "Personal" a name caught his eye—

caught and held it as if printed in letters of fire. "My God!" he said quickly under his breath—and then again, after he had read the three or four lines which followed the name, he repeated the words. Then he sat motionless for several minutes, staring at the paper which he held in a tense, rigid grasp.

Suddenly the hands began to shake and the words danced before his gaze. He looked up with the expression of one who wishes to assure himself that he is not dreaming, and glanced around at the red heights enclosing him, at the burning, sapphire sky above, at the stream rippling over its stones, at his horse quietly grazing. His eyes swept the scene already so familiar, and then as they fell again on the printed words before him, he shivered from head to foot, as one might shiver who stood on the brink of a precipice and looked over into the abyss he had narrowly escaped—or perhaps even yet might not escape.

## VI

It was still three hours before the first flush of dawn would redden the eastern sky when in the light of a waning moon two horsemen rode over the wide solitude of the *mesa* toward the hills. Their pace was rapid, and they did not lessen it until they entered the rocky *arroyo* leading into the heart of the heights. Then they drew rein, and the one in advance began to whistle clearly and sweetly "La Paloma." But when they rode a few minutes later into the glen where John Caryl lay sleeping soundly they found that the musical signal had been wholly unperceived. The man stretched out on the ground, with his saddle for a pillow, did not stir until Miguel, dismounting, laid a hand on his shoulder, when he suddenly sprang to a sitting posture, saying quickly, "Who is here?"

"*Amigos*," replied the Mexican, while a soft laugh from the other figure was even more reassuring than the words.

"You are a good sleeper, señor," the Mexican added, "but it is not always



well to sleep so well when those who are not friends may be about."

"Not even though it proves that your conscience is clear and your nerves in good order," added the other voice.

Caryl rose to his feet. He knew in an instant that this strange coming in the midst of the night meant danger.

"What is it?" he asked. "Something has happened?"

"Saddle his horse, Miguel, while I tell him," said the feminine voice. "The coroner's jury at Dos Rios has found that Shepherd came to his death by your hand, and a warrant has been issued for your arrest for murder."

"But how is it possible? There's not a shadow of proof to connect me with his death."

"Did I not tell you that if Dos Rios meant to hang a man, proof in abundance would be forthcoming? They couldn't lay hands on you to hang you at once, so they intend now to hang you by means of the law."

"What infernal lying there must have been!"

"Without doubt. Did you expect anything else? I'm afraid you have never fully grasped the character of your friends at Dos Rios. And it is evident that you have not endeared yourself to them. Miguel says that they have sworn your death by one means or another."

"Damnab!e scoundrels and cowards!"

"Scoundrels, yes; but cowards, no. The air of New Mexico is not healthy for cowards. But that is no matter. What we are here for, Miguel and I, is to send you out of New Mexico as speedily as possible."

"But that will be to run away from a false accusation. Should an innocent man do that?"

"A wise man should," she replied tersely. "Have you a single witness to produce in your own defense? You know that you have not. And yet you talk of staying. You must have a fancy for hanging, after all."

"God knows I have not," he answered earnestly. "Even yesterday, as you know, I had no fancy for hanging, al-

though I felt that a bullet would have been welcome to end such a ruined, worthless life as mine. But since I saw you a few hours ago, a great change has come to me, or at least the knowledge of a great change. By a strange chance, I found in one of those papers which you brought me an advertisement calling upon me to communicate with my family lawyers. My brother is dead."

"And that means—"

"That the world opens before me again. Can you imagine what I felt when I read this and thought what an irony of fate it would have been if with such fortune awaiting me, I had been hanged in that den of outlaws over yonder?—or what it will be even yet if I have to stand in a criminal dock to answer for a crime I never committed, and hear my reckless story told to all the world?"

It was not possible to see more than the mere outline of his face as he stood beside her, but the vibration of his tones spoke plainly of deep, though controlled emotion, to the vivid consciousness of the woman listening to him.

"I can fancy what you felt," she answered. "But there is no necessity for your standing in a criminal dock. Miguel's report of the affairs at Dos Rios confirms my own belief that you would have no chance of justice in a trial. So there is but one thing for you to do, and that you are going to do at once."

"Am I?" he said, with a note of hesitation in his voice. "You may judge whether or not I am anxious to die a shameful death, or even to incur the danger of so dying. But yet, to run away—as if I were guilty! That hardly seems worthy of a man who was born a gentleman and has been a soldier."

There was silence for a moment while he stood looking up into her face as one who asks counsel and help in some strait touching deeper issues than even those of life and death. And in the darkness and the stillness, the ineffable stillness of Nature's wild solitudes, something like an electric spark of

comprehension passed between those two, so strangely brought together.

"Are there not occasions when soldiers—even the bravest—run away from odds too great to overcome?" she asked after a moment. "And by running away do they not sometimes make victory possible? What will you gain by facing a certain and ignominious death? It would only be an act of supreme folly; for your justification is impossible as matters stand now. But if you go away, you may some day be able to prove your innocence. You will, I presume, have means; and money can do much—especially at Dos Rios."

"That is true," he said eagerly. "I can send agents, I can bribe, I can buy testimony—why didn't I think of that? I am a fool indeed."

"I cannot flatter you with regard to your wisdom," said she—and by her tone he knew that she smiled. "But we have not a moment to lose, for you must meet the northbound express within two hours, and that means hard riding. Ah, here is Miguel with your horse—now I shall ride slowly on, while you change your clothing for some which he has brought you. Everything which you could serve to identify you must be discarded."

Adding a few words in Spanish to Miguel, she turned and rode out of the glen and down the *arroyo*.

When the two men rejoined her a few minutes later, it was evident by the clearer light on the *mesa* that a great change had taken place in the appearance of the fugitive. The cowboy dress and appearance were gone. Dressed in simple but well-cut garments the aspect of the gentleman had become apparent even to the most superficial observation. She looked at him critically and nodded approval.

"What a fortunate thing that you are so nearly my father's size," she said. "His clothes fit you as if they were your own. With sufficient assurance—and that I've no doubt you possess—there is no reason why you should not pass out of the country without a shadow of suspicion. Now we must ride."

November, 1908—2

And they rode. Never, John Caryl felt, as long as life remained with him, would he forget that long, sweeping gallop in the clear, mournful light of the waning moon, the vast expanse of the mighty plain, the vaster encompassing silence, broken only by the sound of their horses' feet beating in rhythmic accord on the hard ground, and the inexpressible freshness and sweetness of the wind which fanned their faces. All sense of peril was forgotten; all fear of any possibilities of danger seemed left behind. It was simply a passionate delight, a very intoxication of the senses, this wild ride through the night across wide leagues of silent space, where their flying figures passed like the shadows which raced beside them.

Scarcely a word was spoken. Indeed their speed made talk impossible, and from the manner in which the pace was held, the horses pressed if they but flagged a moment, Caryl knew that time was precious. But he asked no questions. He only glanced now and then at the girl who rode beside him. Was it the moonlight which gave her face a new and almost unearthly beauty? He did not know; he only knew that it was burning itself into his memory, this face, pale just now as the marvelous flower which her people call *la reina de la noche*, set as if carved in marble, and with eyes shining like jewels as she gazed straight before her while they rode on, the horses stretching their fleet legs to the utmost, and the only sign of life in all the vast solitude some startled cattle which now and again rose up and rushed away at their approach.

Suddenly Miguel, who rode in advance, halted and turned around. "Yonder is the light of the station, señorita," he said, pointing ahead.

Caryl's glance followed the gesture, and far across the plain he saw a light, somewhat larger than a star, steadily shining on the verge of the horizon. So that was the objective point of their ride! It required a moment for him to remember what it meant, and that he was to take a northbound express.

"Yes," said the clear voice of his

companion; "I saw it before you spoke. Now we can slacken our pace a little, while you ride on and have everything ready, so that the señor need not appear until the train arrives. See him safely off, and immediately afterward rejoin me outside the station—you know where."

"*Si, señorita,*" the man replied. And putting spurs to his horse he galloped away.

The other two slackened their pace as the girl had said, dropping from the long, sweeping gallop with which they had covered so much distance into the easy trot familiar to the horse of the plains. And as they did so, Caryl spoke:

"You see how implicitly I place myself in your hands. I have not yet asked a question regarding your plan, or what I am to do."

"The plan is very simple," she answered. "You will take the train for St. Louis, which is due in about half an hour at the station yonder, and since there is nothing in your appearance to suggest a man flying for his life, I see no reason why you should not go through absolutely unsuspected. At St. Louis I advise you to make no stop, and also endeavor to leave no clue behind. You will do well to get to New York as speedily as possible, and there take still further precautions against identification before sailing for England—as I suppose you will immediately."

"Be sure of that," he replied earnestly. "But—all this requires money, and I have none." He drew a handful of loose silver from his pocket. "As matters stand, this is all I possess in the world," he said.

"Of course I knew you would need money," the girl observed quietly. "Miguel will hand your ticket to you when you arrive at the station, and with it a pocketbook containing five hundred dollars. That will be sufficient to take you to England."

"But, good heavens!" he cried. "How can I accept such generous aid?"

"It is part of the situation," she said. "What I have already done for you is

useless, unless I send you out of the country—and to send you out of the country without money would be impossible. So this money must be given on my side and taken on yours. It is as simple as taking my food when you were starving. There are occasions in human life—and surely this is one of them—when conventionalities are as absurd as they would be between shipwrecked people on a raft at sea, and when money becomes no more than any other form of human help."

"It is not that," he said in the tone of one deeply moved. "I would take any form of help from you, for nothing can increase the debt I already owe you, which is the debt of my life; but have you the power, the means to do so much? Remember, it will be some time before I can reach England and repay this money. Meanwhile your father—"

She interrupted him with a laugh. "My father will neither know nor care anything about the matter," she said. "The money is my own, and as for some time elapsing before you can repay it—well, when I decided to send you off tonight, I cannot say that the thought of repayment occurred to me at all."

"I suppose not," he replied. "And that makes what I owe you all the greater. In fact it is so great that I cannot hope that life will ever give me any opportunity to repay such a debt. But one thing I must know before we part, and that is your name. Surely you will not withhold it longer from the man you have saved?"

"In the pocketbook which Miguel will give you," she answered, "you will find a card on which is written an address to which you can, when you are able to do so, return the money. I thought you would like to do this some day, although I did not imagine it would be in your power so soon."

"Thank you for doing me so much justice," he returned gratefully. "But is that address your name?"

"Does it matter?"

"To me it matters everything. What do you think I am made of, that

I do not wish to know the name of the woman to whom I owe my freedom and my life?"

"The woman," she said softly, "is very glad to have been able to help you in so sore a strait as yours was when we met. But the help has been given, and now we part. In the future it is not likely that we shall ever meet again; for our paths in life are very far apart—as far as the Sangre de Cristo Mountains from the streets of London—and therefore why should it matter to you by what name I am known?"

"There is nothing on earth matters to me more—there is nothing that matters half so much!" he replied passionately, pulling up his horse and putting out his hand to touch El Rey's arching neck. "Do you not understand? I would rather stay and face the worst that can befall me here than go away with no hope of finding you again. Tell me your name or I swear that I will not go!"

For a breathless moment they gazed at each other silently. Then the woman's voice spoke—and cut like the stroke of a whip.

"So this is the gratitude of which you have just been talking!—this your requital for my efforts to save you! You would force me to tell you a thing which does not concern you in the least, by an unmanly threat. And I fancied you a gentleman!"

His eyes fell before her; his hand dropped from El Rey's neck.

"You are right," he said. "I am an ungrateful cur to attempt to force from you anything which you do not wish to give. But will you not believe that it is maddening to think of leaving you, having no clue by which to find you again? And if you believe this, will you not tell me by what name I may seek you? Why will you not trust me? Outlaw though I am, you were right when you recognized me to be a gentleman."

The pleading of his tone carried a power with it, born perhaps of the wild loneliness of the scene, of the mournful light by which they saw each other, and of the keen sense of possible danger,

which touched with a strange, unexpected poignancy the girl who listened. Her eyes softened as they looked at him and her lips parted as if she might be about to give what he asked, when suddenly she threw up her head like a startled deer.

"The train!" she cried. "I hear it. We have not a moment to lose if we are to reach the station. Come! Come!"

With a single touch of the spur, El Rey was off again on his long, stretching gallop, and as Caryl followed, his ear, too, caught the sound which had so startled her, the faint, distant but unmistakable sound of a coming train. It was to be a race between time and steam for the winning post—that light of the station growing steadily larger and brighter before them!

And as they rode, some instinct seemed to tell the horses that everything depended on their speed, for exhausted as they might have been supposed to be after their former wild gallop, they needed little urging, but with necks outstretched, raced side by side, as if they also heard that roar and rattle, now growing momentarily louder. Sound, however, travels far on the plains, and though rapidly approaching, the train was still several miles distant, while the station light seemed now very near at hand. Would it be possible with their utmost speed to reach it in time? This was the question which the riders asked themselves as the hoofbeats of their horses sounded like thunder in their ears, yet could not drown that other sound which the wind brought to them.

But nearer, yet nearer, they drew toward the light, and now the station stood clearly before them in the moonlight—a wooden building of the ordinary Western type, with one or two houses clustered around it. At the back of the houses stood a group of cottonwoods, the only trees anywhere in sight. It was toward these that Caryl found his companion directing their course, and into their shadow the two horses dashed, just as the express drew into the station.

"Go!" the girl gasped, as Caryl leaped



to the ground. "Go straight to the train—Miguel will meet you there. No, no—don't lose a moment!"—this

as he seized her hand and kissed it—"Good-bye—oh, good-bye. And God protect you!"

## SCENE II

### IN THE HEATHER

IN a pleasant room filled with misty English sunshine, where every article seemed to bear token of the mellowing touch of time, and where the windows overlooked velvet lawns blazing with flower-beds and soft woods of true English greenness, two persons sat at breakfast on an August morning. To speak with entire correctness, one person sat at breakfast, while the other lounged in a chair somewhat withdrawn from the table and idly pulled the ears of a handsome dog, which submitted to the liberty with an air of dignified protest.

The first was a lady, stately, middle-aged, with the indefinable air of one who had always lain on silken cushions and rolled over life's highways on easy springs. A woman of the world, it was easy to see at a glance, a woman accustomed to deference and a woman who from her temperament and disposition was likely to attempt, and probably to succeed, in managing and directing the affairs of others.

The second person was a man whom it was somewhat difficult to believe to be her son, since he looked as much older than his years as she looked younger than hers. His sun-tanned face bore lines which spoke of strenuous living in the past, but at present it was languid and indifferent in the extreme. Even the gray eyes which were gazing absently out of the window were full of the same listlessness and apparent lack of interest in all that lay before their physical and mental vision.

It was evident that this expression was not lost upon his companion, who glanced at him now and again with a certain impatience as she read her letters and took her breakfast, the first

with great interest and the latter with excellent appetite. Presently she looked up from one of the letters with an exclamation.

"Didn't I hear you say that you had promised the Granthams to go to them for the twelfth?" she asked.

The gray eyes turned from the outside prospect with a look of surprise.

"Yes," their owner replied. "I told Grantham that he might expect me, unless I decided to go to Norway, as I half promised Ralph Saville to do."

"Why on earth should you wish to go to Norway—and at this season of all times? Besides, the Granthams positively expect you. I have a letter here from Alicia, who has seen them since their arrival in Scotland, and she says that they told her so."

"Ah!—you have a letter from Alicia! And what else does she say, and why is she interested in my visit to the Granthams?"

"Why shouldn't she be interested?—especially since she says that she hopes to see you at Strathairn, although she adds, 'Of course we have no such shooting as the Granthams to offer.'"

"Of course they have not, since Strathairn thriftily lets all his best shooting. A man can't enjoy his moors and make money out of them at the same time. But I'll look in on them if I go to Scotland—which is, however, exceedingly doubtful."

"It ought not to be doubtful," said the lady with emphasis. "I'm sure from what Alicia says that the Granthams are confidently looking for you and it will be inexcusable to disappoint them."

"I beg to know better than Alicia

on that point. But what makes you so keen all at once about my going to Scotland?"

"Because I am sure it will be so much better for you than cruising on Ralph Saville's yacht about Norway," was the quick response.

A gleam of amusement came into the gray eyes. "Better for me in what respect? Don't be so mysterious, but confess what plot you and Alicia have arranged for my benefit, in which the visit to Scotland plays a part."

"There is no plot, but Alicia merely mentions—"

"I felt sure that Alicia mentioned something. Go on!—what is it?"

"If you must know, it is only that the Granthams have an American heiress with them, and she thinks it might be an excellent chance for you."

"Who thinks so—the American heiress?"

"How absurd! Alicia, of course. And you must own that it is a chance you ought not to neglect. I cannot say that I have any fancy for these American women who have invaded society of late—I have never been able to perceive their beauty, and I consider their manners very bad and their accent atrocious. But they are, without doubt, I suppose, immensely rich. And that is something to be considered."

"Yes," was the dry assent. "It is something one does not fail to consider in this admirable world of ours. We tolerate—and we marry—the American woman because she is so immensely rich. Otherwise one wonders what her success, matrimonial and otherwise, would be among us!"

"There is not the least need to wonder," said the lady briskly. "She would have no success; she would not exist at all. Can one doubt that? But taking things as they are, the money these Americans bring is very desirable, and I know of nobody to whom it should be more desirable than to yourself."

Lord Eversleigh—he who had once been John Caryl, ranchman, of New Mexico—looked again meditatively out

of the window. Perhaps he was thinking of an embarrassed estate, which had never recovered from the demands a selfish scapegrace had made, and to which a too indulgent father had responded; and it may have seemed to him that it would be a fit atonement if the same scapegrace, even at the cost of a personal sacrifice, should restore that which had been lost through his fault.

His mother glanced at him keenly, and, since he did not reply, went on after a moment.

"I am the last person, I am sure you will acknowledge, to desire to recall unpleasant things, but I feel that it is my duty to remind you that you have a special obligation to relieve the estate to which you have succeeded of its burdens. Had your brother lived, he would have done so—for there was nothing his heart was more set upon—but he did not live; and so the opportunity has fallen to you."

"To whom it should fitly fall," was the quiet reply. "Don't think that I forget that. Don't think that I need to be reminded that it is largely my fault that the estate is burdened. I have never forgotten it; and since my return I have given much thought to the ways and means by which it may possibly recover what has been lost."

Lady Eversleigh shook her head. "You can never accomplish it with the means you are employing," she said, with the decision of a woman of affairs. "In justice to yourself you must remember that the estate was embarrassed before your father raised money to pay your debts. Affairs have been going from bad to worse for a long time. Your brother recognized clearly that halfway measures would not do, and, as you have heard, he was about to marry a great fortune—it was made in soap, but one cannot help those things in these days—when, unfortunately, he died. So now that you have succeeded to his place, you should feel bound to take his duty and fulfil it."

"Even to the point of marrying a fortune made in soap?" asked her son, with a somewhat painful smile.

He rose and walked to the window, where he stood, his hands in his pockets, staring out at the brilliant flower-beds near-by and the distant, shadowy trees of the park. It was a typical English scene, even to the pale blue sky with its soft white clouds, and there was certainly nothing in it to recall another and widely different scene—a sky of burning sapphire looking down on wide leagues of sun-parched plain and blood-red heights rising against it in broken, castellated shapes. Yet it was the latter picture which he saw more clearly than that which was before his eyes, and with it a form—a face—But were they not vanished out of his lifelike a dream, that form, that face, and had he a right to allow such a dream to interfere with his duty to his name and his race? He knew that his mother was right, that heroic measures alone could restore what had been lost and relieve the family estates of the heavy burdens they were carrying. And was it for him, the black sheep, who had by his inexcusable folly created some of the heaviest of these burdens, to refuse to do this? He turned and walked back to his chair.

"If you are writing to Alicia," he said, "you may tell her that I shall certainly be in Scotland by the twelfth. As for the American heiress, I promise nothing—but there is no harm in seeing her."

"No harm at all," said Lady Eversleigh in a tone of great complacency.

## II

"I AM sure you will be glad to hear that Lord Eversleigh has positively promised to be with us tomorrow," said Lady Grantham to Lady Alicia Erskine.

Lady Alicia, a small, golden-haired, rather pretty woman, looked at her hostess with a smile. It was in the hope of hearing this welcome intelligence that she had driven half a dozen Highland miles, and sat now, teacup in hand, in the black-raftered hall, hung with trophies of game and ancient armor, but brightened with modern

touches in the form of soft rugs, of cushion-strewn seats and a tea-table placed in the neighborhood of the great fireplace, where a cheerful blaze of fragrant peat was pleasant as well as pretty.

"I'm delighted," she replied. "For I may confess to you honestly that I have been very doubtful of his coming. He is so changed, so averse to society, altogether so strange since his return home, that one can't count on him at all. He seems to care for nothing except wandering about in all manner of out-of-the-way places, although one would think that he had surely had enough of that kind of thing during his period of exile in some barbarous region of America."

"He is very much changed," Lady Grantham agreed. "I suppose it is impossible for a man to have passed through the experience he did and remain unchanged. But there is no reason why he shouldn't be as interesting as ever—indeed, more interesting—to women, if he would only take the trouble to exert himself. And it is with the hope that he will take the trouble that I am glad he is coming to us."

Lady Alicia nodded. "I wrote to mamma of the American heiress," she said, "and I think she must have brought some pressure to bear on Eversleigh which for once had an effect. She writes me that he has promised to take the heiress into consideration. It is the first time that he has promised even so much."

"If he has promised that, I think you may almost regard the thing as accomplished," said Lady Grantham, "for the heiress, I assure you, is very charming—but perhaps you met her in town? She made the most distinct success of the season, and was so much in demand that I felt greatly elated at securing her for a visit here."

"No," said Lady Alicia, "I was in town only for a short time, and although I heard of her I didn't see her. She is quite a beauty, I understand, besides being fabulously rich."

"Oh, a striking beauty, and as for

riches—well, she is the only child of a man who has one of those colossal fortunes that they make in America. So you may imagine whether or not she has suitors and to spare. Lord Eversleigh really owes me a great deal of gratitude for the chance I have afforded him."

"I hope he will prove his gratitude by taking advantage of it," said Lord Eversleigh's sister devoutly. "It is really most necessary that he should marry an heiress, and it is not at all likely that he will find one more desirable. You are sure that she is still disengaged?"

"Perfectly sure. She has evidently a very high idea of her own value—all these rich American women have, you know—and is waiting to secure the best possible match. Now, since there are very few unmarried peers at present, she cannot hope to do better than marry Lord Eversleigh."

"If only he will take advantage of the opportunity!" said Lady Alicia again.

"I think you may set your mind at rest," said Lady Grantham cheerfully. "She is really a fascinating person, and it would be quite possible to fall in love with her, apart from her millions. My boys are devoted to her, and I only wish one of them were old enough to try for the prize. She tells them the most wonderful stories of life in America—what a strange, wild life, by the by, people seem to lead over there! And yet when they come here they appear quite civilized and presentable. It is most remarkable!"

"Very," said Lady Alicia absently. "But there isn't the least hope of Eversleigh's falling in love with her," she added, answering the first part of the other's speech. "He has changed in that respect more than in any other. Women no longer seem to have any power to attract him. It is very unfortunate, because when a man is indifferent it is hard for him to conceal the fact from a woman. The only hope that this girl—what is her name?"

"Miss Harrington—Beatrix Harrington."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. Well, the only hope is that she will be thinking so much of his rank and title that she will not perceive his lack of ardor. By the way, whom have you with you?"

"At present only a few people"—she ran over several names. "We expect the remainder of the party, including your brother, tomorrow. Now, what day can you and Mr. Erskine dine with us?"

Lady Alicia was still considering this point, when through the open hall door, with its view of a fir-set lawn at hand and purple hills rising beyond, came a group of half a dozen persons, men and women, bringing with them a breath of the freshness of the outer air and the heather-clad slopes. In a moment all was gay talk and laughter, as they greeted Lady Alicia and gathered about Lady Grantham's tea-table, and it was some time before the hostess, looking around, missed an expected face.

"Where is Miss Harrington?" she asked, addressing the company generally. "I thought she was with you."

"Oh, no," replied a tall man in rather an injured tone. "Miss Harrington deserted us before we started—said she had letters to write, or something of the kind."

"Which produced quite a depressing effect upon Captain Denby," added an auburn-haired girl, glancing mockingly at the speaker. "One felt inclined to recommend a course of epistolary effort to him likewise."

"Never write a letter if I can possibly avoid it," observed that gentleman. "Can't understand how anyone could remain indoors such a day as this for such a purpose. Do you mean to say that you could, Miss Maynard?"

"Not unless I had something of a very special nature which I wished to do—or to avoid," answered Miss Maynard demurely. "'Letters to write' comes in capitally sometimes in an emergency of that kind."

"As a matter of fact, it is impossible to see how we could accommodate ourselves to the exigencies of modern life without them," gravely observed a man with a keen, dark face, who



was Mr. Thorndyke, M.P., a rising politician, of whom much was expected by his party and his friends. "But as far as Miss Harrington's labors in that line are concerned, I am glad to be able to report that they are over, for as we approached the house I caught a glimpse of her in the act of leaving it."

"How very unkind of you not to have mentioned the fact a little earlier!" said Miss Maynard. "Now it is rather late for pursuit."

"A stout heart for a steep braise," quoted another man laughing. "To follow Miss Harrington calls for a stout heart in more than one respect. Also for good lungs. No hill is too steep for her, and she never rests until she has reached the top. She says that she can only breathe freely when there is a wide prospect around her."

"She strikes me as being fitted by nature 'to sit upon an alp as on a throne,'" said Mr. Thorndyke. "The question is whether the British Isles can furnish any alp high enough for her, and any prospect wide enough."

A handsome woman, who had not spoken before, looked at him and shrugged her shoulders with a sarcastic expression.

"The question is usually answered in just one way," she said, "and I presume we needn't expect a different answer in this instance."

"Time will show," replied Thorndyke. "For some reason, which I am not altogether able to define, I shall not be surprised if in this instance there is a different answer."

"You mean—?"

"I mean that we may not be able to offer a sufficient inducement in the way of a high alp or a wide prospect to tempt Miss Harrington to remain with us."

"Bah!" was the quick and scornful rejoinder. "When has the inducement offered in such cases ever failed?"

"Not often, I grant," replied Thorndyke, regarding her meditatively and wondering that she would thus recall the recollection that an American heiress was now wearing a coronet which it had been supposed would be

offered to herself—before the heiress appeared. "But the unexpected does occur sometimes, my dear Mrs. St. John, and it is my impression that Miss Harrington belongs to the order of persons from whom one may expect it. Who lives will see."

Mrs. St. John shrugged her shoulders again, if possible more sarcastically than before.

"Yes, who lives will see," she said, "and very soon, I fancy. I believe Lord Eversleigh is expected tomorrow."

### III

A DRIVE from the station in the gathering shades of evening and the penetrating dampness of a Highland mist made arrival at the Lodge and a glimpse of the cheerful fire in the spacious hall very welcome to the party of men whom a wagonette deposited at the door on the eve of the twelfth.

But, owing to delay in their arrival, they found no gay company gathered about the fire. Only Lady Grantham remained to bid them welcome and offer a cup of tea, while explaining that the other guests had dispersed to dress for dinner.

"I shall expect every man to do his duty, and more than his duty, in being as agreeable as possible this evening," she presently remarked, laughingly, "for I know how little in that respect is to be looked for from any of you after you have been out all day on the moors. Indeed, experience has almost driven me to think that anything except purely bachelor house-parties are a mistake at this season."

"Your experience isn't very flattering," one of the men returned. "But I fancy we all have a guilty consciousness that you are justified in your opinion. After a day of hard tramping in the heather one is tired and stupid in the evening and not exactly prepared to be agreeable and entertaining in the drawing-room."

"In the drawing-room, no," her ladyship rejoined; "but how about the smoking-room? From certain sig-

nificant sounds and signs you seem to find no difficulty in being entertaining there."

"Ah, you see we are then engaged in killing all our birds over again," another man answered. "I am sure you don't need to be told how interesting it is to talk over a day's sport."

"No," said she, "I don't need to be told. That is a masculine characteristic with which I am well acquainted. After tonight I know that there is nothing much to be expected of any of you; so I repeat that I expect every man to be at his best this evening. Lord Eversleigh, do you hear me?"

Lord Eversleigh, from the other side of the fireplace, looked at her smilingly.

"I hear and obey," he replied, "presuming always that one may be excused for the stupidity which is one's natural condition, rather than the result of a day's shooting."

"Stupidity which springs from indifference is never excusable," she returned with emphasis. "Don't forget that."

There was apparently much danger of his forgetting it, however, for not even this significant admonition was sufficient to keep from his face and manner the indifference she had deprecated when an hour later he made his appearance in the drawing-room. It was a late appearance, and with an imperative gesture Lady Grantham immediately summoned him to her side.

"You don't deserve the reward I have kept waiting for you," she said. "For once I have set the laws of precedence at defiance. Instead of taking me in to dinner, you are to take in the charming American heiress, Miss Harrington."

"You can't expect me to profess delight at surrendering the privilege of taking you in," he replied, "I can only say that, as in duty bound, I am in your hands."

"And later you will be more grateful to me than you are now," she said.

Then she led him across the room toward a lady, the back of whose tall, slender figure, its beautiful lines set off

by a gown such as can be fashioned only in Paris, was turned toward them as she stood talking to two or three men who were grouped around her. Lady Grantham touched her arm. "Miss Harrington," she said, "let me introduce Lord Eversleigh."

Miss Harrington turned, Lord Eversleigh bowed, and the next moment they were looking at each other with something like an electric shock of mutual, instantaneous recognition.

That it should have been instantaneous was matter for astonishment. For what had these people in common with the two who had once met face to face on the plains of New Mexico? Save a pair of gray eyes, what was there to connect this man in his careful evening dress and air of distinction with the dust-stained fugitive who had there dropped senseless from his horse? And the girl, with her striking beauty, her perfect toilette, her aspect of highest fashion, what had she in common with that Amazon-like daughter of the ranges who had saved and protected him? Yet there was not an instant's hesitation in the recognition on either side.

But neither uttered a word. It may have been that the shock of the surprise was too overwhelming, or it may have been an instinct of caution which held them silent. For a moment glance spoke to glance in a manner not to be mistaken. Then, before the pause became so marked as to be perceptible to others, dinner was announced, and Lord Eversleigh offered his arm.

It struck him afterward that this fact was the strongest conceivable proof that man acts in an automaton-like manner by the controlling force of habit. As he led his companion into the dining-room, her hand on his arm, her silken skirts rustling softly beside him, he had all the sensations of one who moved in a dream. It was only as they sat down to table that he looked at her again and knew that it was no dream, but that the girl at whose feet he fell fainting out on the desert, the girl who made tea for him in the mountains of the Blood of Christ, the

girl who kept gallant pace with him in that wild night ride for liberty and perhaps for life across the *mesa*, whose hand he kissed in the moonlight under the cottonwoods, was indeed beside him. A thrill of happiness ran through him like strong wine. He leaned toward her, the gray eyes no longer listless but glowing.

"What a wonderful fortune is this!" he said in a low tone. "I never thought to find you again."

The brilliant hazel eyes regarded him steadily for a moment before Miss Harrington replied.

"I am afraid," she said quietly, "that you are making a mistake. I have never before had the pleasure of meeting—Lord Eversleigh."

"Lord Eversleigh, no," he answered quickly. "But you have not forgotten John Caryl, sheepman and rancher out in New Mexico—of that I am sure. And you will not say that you have not met *him*?"

"One meets so many people," she answered in the same cool, quiet tone. "And New Mexico—why should you imagine that I know anything of New Mexico?"

He stared at her a moment in astonishment.

"Why should I imagine that you know anything of New Mexico?" he echoed. "Good heavens! Do you think I don't know you?—do you think I have ever for a moment forgotten you?"

"No?" she said interrogatively. And suddenly in her gaze he caught a mocking gleam which told him that, for some reason of her own, she was holding him at arm's length. "In that case," she went on, "you can tell me who I was—in New Mexico?"

"You know I cannot tell you that, and why I cannot," he answered reproachfully. "You know that the woman who did so much for me, refused to do the little more of trusting me with her name. Had she told me who she was it is certain that we should not now meet for the first time since the night when we parted out on the *mesa*—"

He paused abruptly, for surely it was

a flash of positive anger which shone now in those splendid eyes.

"I think," she said—and her tone was as cutting as it was cold—"that your New Mexican acquaintance; whoever she may have been, was wise in refusing to give her name to one whose gratitude appears to take the form of speaking publicly of the things which a gentleman should have discretion enough to forget."

And then, before he could recover himself sufficiently to reply, she turned her white shoulder toward him and began to talk to the man on her other side.

Lord Eversleigh leaned back in his chair, stunned. Here was a situation for which he was wholly unprepared. That he should find her—this woman whose face had never left his memory, and who had so fascinated and dominated his imagination that all other women had since seemed to him tame, colorless and lifeless—and having found her, that she should disown and ignore their past association, was something of which he could never have dreamed! And yet, after a moment or two he asked himself by what experience of that past he could possibly have expected her to do the ordinary and easily foreseen thing, or to act as other women whom he knew would probably act under such circumstances? She would not be herself if she had not surprised him; while he had taken everything for granted like a presumptuous fool, and deserved the rebuke which he had received. Well, at least he had learned his lesson. Hereafter he would be careful to claim nothing which she was not ready to allow, and he would leave her to settle as pleased her the ground on which they should meet. For him it was enough that they met at all.

It was in this properly humbled frame of mind that Miss Harrington found him when she presently turned toward him again.

"I do not think," she said in the most careless tone imaginable, "that I saw you in London last spring, Lord Eversleigh."

"No," he answered, in a tone which was a very good imitation of her own. "The London season is an old story to me. I have grown weary of it, and generally avoid it. Last winter I spent rambling about in Morocco and Algiers, and in the spring I passed over to Spain, and thence to Paris."

"Ah," she said involuntarily, "I also was in Paris in the early spring."

"Were you indeed?" he exclaimed. "Then we might possibly have met there—had fate been kind."

"For the matter of that," she answered lightly, "we might have met almost anywhere, since it seems that we are both globe-wanderers. Papa and I were in Egypt last winter—for although he is an American man of business, he absolutely took a holiday for the benefit of his health—and I planned a delightful summer with him in Switzerland. But his affairs called him back to America, and so chance has brought me to the Highlands."

"I hope," he said, endeavoring in fulfilment of his resolution to keep the conversation on the plane where she placed it, "that you like the Highlands?"

"I should like it better if, being the land of mist and romance, the mist did not so much predominate over the romance. I am a child of the sun, and have a weakness for sunshine."

A child of the sun! Well did he know that. What a vision of sun-bathed plains and heights rose before him as she spoke; and what memory of a girl who, as she rode into his mountain hiding-place, seemed an incarnation of that sunshine! He could not prevent his glance from speaking these thoughts, though his lips were under control.

"We have not a great deal of sunshine in the Highlands," he admitted; "but we have many other beautiful things which I think you must admire. Our mountains are not so great as yours but they have their aspects of grandeur, and our lochs and glens are picturesque, as well as full of romantic associations."

"Frankly," she said, in the same light and careless tone, "I have been disappointed in the picturesqueness of the

country. What I admire most is the heather. I never see a great sweep of purple-clad moor or hill without recalling that expression—which long ago struck my fancy strongly—with regard to outlawed men, that they had 'taken to the heather.'"

It was with a sudden and very significant smile that Lord Eversleigh looked at her.

"I am sure you have always felt a great sympathy for outlawed men," he said. "Had you been near at hand, Alan Breck and David Balfour—to mention the latest examples of outlaws 'in the heather'—would not have fared so hardly."

For the first time she blushed. Perhaps her conscience whispered to her that never had hint been taken more quickly, nor rebuff repaid by more graceful acknowledgment of past benefit than by this man whom she had so severely rebuked.

"I should certainly have liked to aid them," she returned quickly, as if to prevent anything more personal being said. "Do you remember Alan's cross, which was fashioned so that the Highlander who received it should say to himself, 'The son of Duncan is in the heather and has need of me'? If I had found that cross on my window—"

"If you had found it," said he quietly, as she paused, "I can fancy what you would have done. You would have mounted a trusted messenger on a horse, and on his arm he would have carried a basket, and in that basket—well, I think I could tell you item by item all that there would have been in that basket. And what would he have whistled to let them know that it was a friend who came? There is a sweet air called 'La Paloma,' but they would not have known that in the Highlands a hundred and fifty years ago."

"What are you saying about 'La Paloma,' Lord Eversleigh?" asked Lady Grantham, whose ear had caught those words in a lull of the general conversation around her. "Do you know the song? Miss Harrington sings it delightfully, and many other charming



Mexican and Spanish airs. You will fancy yourself back in—Mexico, wasn't it?—when you hear her."

#### IV

IF Lord Eversleigh entertained any hope that "La Paloma" might prove a talisman to melt the strange reserve which it pleased the fair American to place as a barrier between them, he found himself mistaken. When in the course of the evening Miss Harrington at her hostess's request sang that song, he looked in vain for some sign, no matter how slight, not of her remembrance—for that he could not doubt—but of her recognition of the past. None came. On the contrary, as her glance met his own he read in it the positive assurance that her determination to ignore all knowledge of John Caryl of New Mexico was unchanged and that any attempt on his part to force such recognition, for the present at least, would end in absolute failure.

And as that evening, so the days that followed. Lady Grantham's good-natured intention of constantly arranging things so as to throw the two together was plain to everyone at the Lodge; and it was equally plain that Miss Harrington made no effort to defeat these arrangements. It could not be said—not even by Mrs. St. John—that she encouraged them; but she was as gracious to Lord Eversleigh as could have been desired, whenever he approached her. It is true that she was equally gracious to anyone and everyone else, so that had he been disposed to build any hopes upon her manner, he could hardly have done so. Others might be deceived by this bright friendliness, but he knew how, in his regard at least, it was purely of the surface, and that he had but to make the faintest allusion to the forbidden subject of their former knowledge of each other to change that friendly graciousness to icy coldness.

Therefore, as time went on, Lady Grantham was disappointed to observe that matters did not advance as she

wished, and that it was Lord Eversleigh who seemed drawing back. The indifference from which he had for a time appeared to rouse again fell over him. He suffered other men to take the place which should have been his by Miss Harrington's side; and was altogether culpably remiss in properly seizing the chances offered him. Lady Alicia Erskine perceived this state of affairs when she came over to dine, and remonstrated with him in vain.

"It is quite hopeless," she confided to Lady Grantham. "He agrees with me that this American girl is all that he could possibly expect—beautiful, charming, immensely rich—but he will make no promise about her at all. I cannot draw anything from him. He does not positively say that he will make no effort—"

"But he makes none," interrupted Lady Grantham. "Frankly, my dear, I am out of patience with him. I have given him every opportunity, and he does nothing. If he fancies that it is only necessary for him to throw the handkerchief after a while, and that Miss Harrington will gladly pick it up, I can only say that he will be likely to find himself greatly mistaken. These American women are very exacting—they demand more homage and more of that old-fashioned thing called courtship than our girls do."

"I reminded him of that," said Lady Alicia, "and he replied that he is well aware of it. The only hope is in the fact that he has not said positively that he will not consider the matter—and I really think he admires her."

"I am glad you find hope in that," answered Lady Grantham a little sarcastically. "But there is a very strong chance that while he is making up his mind to 'consider the matter,' someone else will bear off the prize. I need not tell you that there are many men quite ready to do so—without requiring time for consideration."

A glance across the room toward the spot where Miss Harrington was holding her usual court—a man on each side of her, and one leaning over the back of the couch on which she sat—pointed

this remark, and caused Lady Alicia to shake her head mournfully.

"I have said everything to him that I possibly could," she declared with a sigh. "He is hopeless—quite hopeless!"

As an accurate statement of his personal feelings, Lord Eversleigh would have agreed heartily in his sister's descriptive term. He was quite hopeless—hopeless of ever approaching an inch nearer to the strange girl whom he had lost and found again, and who at once bewitched and repelled him. At first he had thought that it was only a question of time when she would cease to hold him at arm's length, when she would acknowledge the past and let him speak to her openly, not only of that past, but also of all that he had thought and felt since they parted. But as the days passed and there was no change in her manner, as he read in her glance whenever it met his own the same denial of recognition, his pride rose to resent a treatment which he felt to be both unkind and unjust; and with a sense of the uselessness of further effort he drew back and left other men to fill the much coveted place by the heiress's side.

Whether or not Miss Harrington herself was conscious of this desertion no one could say. Her brilliant glances never wandered in search of Lord Eversleigh, and the frank, beautiful face certainly knew no cloud on account of his absence. So matters went on for a week—and then something occurred.

It seemed a very slight occurrence at the beginning. Only that, coming into the drawing-room a little in advance of the other masculine contingent one evening, Lord Eversleigh found Miss Harrington seated alone at the piano, and went at once to her side. The instrument was in the corner of the large room, remote from the group around the fire chattering their social gossip, and the shaded candles upon it did little toward dissipating the shadows which gathered about it. The dim light lent a poetic charm to the graceful figure and to the white hands wandering over the ivory keys. She was

not playing, but only modulating soft chords of strange, unfamiliar airs—airs which had in them something of the wildness and pathos of primitive passion. Perhaps her mind was filled with recollections which the music suggested—recollections of a life so different from the ordered existence in which she now found herself that even imagination was scarcely able to bridge the wide gulf between them—for as she turned her face toward him at his approach he seemed to see in it an expression which recalled the girl who had ridden with him over the plains and sat with him in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. This gave him courage to say as he sat down beside her:

"I am glad to find you here, for I have come to beg that you will sing 'La Paloma' for me once more."

"Once more!" she repeated, smiling a little. "Does that mean that you do not wish to hear it more than once more?"

"It means exactly that," he answered. "The song has associations for me which after tonight I do not care to recall. But once more—just once more—I should like to hear it. And so if you will sing it for me I shall be very grateful."

Without replying she began to modulate the air, but she did not sing. On the contrary, after a moment she spoke again, although without turning her head.

"And if one may ask, why should tonight be the special occasion after which you do not wish to recall those—associations?"

"Because," he replied, "I am going away tomorrow. And after I have gone I never wish to hear the song again, nor, if I can avoid it—although I own that will be difficult—to think of the things which it recalls."

"Ah, you are going away tomorrow," she said, while her hands still wandered lightly over the keys. "But how is that? I thought I heard you discussing with Lord Grantham at dinner the shooting for tomorrow."

"So you did. We are to shoot tomorrow over a moor adjoining the

lands of Strathairn. My brother-in-law is to join us there, and I shall return home with him. My visit here is ended."

"Ah!" she said again, and for a moment made no further comment or remark. Only the soft modulations of "La Paloma" filled the silence, and carried the thoughts of the listener back to the time and place which were for him associated with that melody. He had no desire to break the spell which the familiar strains evoked, and it was the sweet voice with the foreign accent which presently spoke again:

"So you will not return! That is a pity, for I had fancied that some day—out in the heather—I might tell you one or two things which possibly might interest you."

He started—scarcely able to believe that he heard aright.

"There is nothing you could tell me which would not interest me," he replied quickly. "But why is it necessary that the things of which you speak should be told in the heather?"

"Because there is a certain fitness in matter and place," she answered with a laugh. "Did we not agree about the association of the heather with outlawed men? And if it were necessary to talk of one who was once an outlaw, would not the heather be an appropriate as well as a safe place? It is at least free from curious eyes and ears."

He caught his breath. At last then the barrier which her will, or her caprice, had erected between them was to be broken down! At last he was to be allowed to speak of the past which was constantly in his thoughts, and perhaps of the future, concerning which he did not dare to hope. He looked at her eagerly.

"Do you not know," he said in a low voice, "that I would go much farther than the heather to hear anything which you might wish to say to me? Only tell me when and where I may meet you, and be sure that nothing shall stand in the way of my keeping such an appointment. But I must remind you, as David Balfour reminded Alan Breck, that 'there is a good deal of

heather between here and the Forth,' so it is necessary to be exact."

She laughed again—a soft sound which chimed well with the rippling music her fingers were still drawing from the ivory keys.

"I am very fond of walking," she said, "and since there is no one here who cares either to walk as far or climb as high as I do, I often take my walks alone. In the course of them I have found a pretty place. Shall I describe it to you? It is distant perhaps two or three miles toward the southeast. There is first a romantic glen which opens among the hills, with a lovely stream leaping through it and falling into clear brown pools—"

He nodded assent.

"I know it," he said. "There is fine fishing in those pools, and many a trout I have drawn out of them."

"Well, at the head of this glen there rises a hill—they would call it a mountain here—which is not very difficult to climb, and from its summit one looks out over a noble view of hills and glens and moors, and a blue loch which lies like a jewel on the farther side. If I were an outlaw—if I were forced to cry, 'forth fortune! and take a cast among the heather'—it is there that I would go, for I have found many excellent hiding places on that hill."

"You are surely a good judge of what constitutes an excellent hiding place," he permitted himself to say. "I cannot do better than rely upon your judgment, and since I have a fancy for playing the part of an outlaw, I will betake myself tomorrow to Ben Rannoch—that is the name of the hill—and perhaps I may find there the same presence which once cheered a hunted man in other and more distant mountains."

For the first time his boldness brought no rebuke upon him. Still playing softly and still without looking at him, she only said:

But tomorrow you are to shoot—where? At a long distance from Ben Rannoch, is it not so?"

"No. As it chances, the glen and hill are almost midway between this

house and the moors where we are to shoot. After luncheon I shall simply walk away from the party. It is easily done if—if I may hope to find—”

He paused, for at that moment she began to sing “*La Paloma*.”

## V

It was the same air, whistled soft and low as he had heard it before in the distant mountains of the Blood of Christ, which guided the steps of a man who breasted the steep slopes of Ben Rannoch the next afternoon and reaching the wind-swept summit looked eagerly around him.

At first he could not tell from what point the fairylike strain proceeded, for there was no sign of human figure in sight; but after a minute his quick ear told him that the sound issued from an outcropping mass of rocks—a great boulder partly surrounded by smaller stones—on the side of the mountain overlooking the loch. Thither he quickly turned his steps, and when he came in front of the sheltered spot thus formed, who was it that looked up from the heather to greet him? Not the American heiress with her fashionable toilets and her air of carelessly accepting all homage rendered her, but that fair, frank daughter of the plains, who had once been to him in his utmost need all that comrade or friend could be. It was she who, as he appeared before her, said with a smile: “This is harder to find than the hiding-place of the *Sangre de Cristo* Mountains.”

“Ah!” he exclaimed, with a cry of absolute joyousness, “so you acknowledge at last the *Sangre de Cristo* Mountains! It would be worth climbing the highest hill in Scotland to hear that. And John Caryl—do you remember John Caryl, too?”

“Yes,” she replied, “I remember John Caryl. Almost anyone who was in New Mexico two years ago would remember his name at least.”

“No doubt you think it a childish caprice to have given you the trouble

of meeting me here only in order that I might say a few words which it would seem might as well have been said in the drawing-room of the Lodge,” Miss Harrington went on. “But I am a creature swayed by imagination and I felt it impossible to talk of such things in the midst of other things so alien. If we could not have the plains of New Mexico or the *Sangre de Cristo* Mountains about us, we could at least have air and space, the wide sky above and Highland heather around.”

“Don’t think it necessary to explain anything,” said the man. “You could have named no place in the British Isles—or out of them—where I should not have been glad to meet you. That you will at last allow me to speak openly of those past events, which are in my thoughts constantly, is a privilege for which I am very grateful. But first, let me ask, why you have so positively and persistently refused to know me?”

“I have not refused to know you,” she replied with the utmost calmness. “How can you say so? I have been very sensible of the honor of forming the acquaintance of Lord Eversleigh.”

He made an impatient gesture.

“We are in the heather,” he said. “Let us leave social pretenses and unkind sarcasms for more appropriate places. For you there is no Lord Eversleigh. It has been John Caryl, the man whom you once helped in his sore strait, who has hoped and waited and if he had dared would have prayed for a sign, a word of remembrance. Why did you refuse to remember him? What had he done or left undone to deserve such treatment?”

She made no answer for a moment. Then she said with the same calmness: “John Caryl did nothing. I had no fault to find with him. But he passed out of my existence when we parted in New Mexico—”

“But why?” was the quick interruption. “Why did he pass out of your existence, except for the reason that you would give him no clue by which to find you again? And that could only have been because—”

It was her turn now to interrupt.

"Let me tell you the news which I came here to tell. Do you know that the murderer of Shepherd has been found?"

"No," he answered. "Can it possibly be true?"

"It seems to be undoubtedly true. I received yesterday a paper which gives all the details. Do you remember a man named Crosby—one of the notorious Dos Rios gang?"

"Very well. He was one of the leaders, not only of the gang, but of the assault on me. Do you mean that *he* killed Shepherd?"

"Exactly. It seems that he had reasons for wanting Shepherd out of the way, and you obligingly gave him the opportunity to accomplish his object without suspicion."

"But how has the truth come to light? For two years I have kept an agent in that country, paid to search for the murderer, and promised a large reward if he were found."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I fancy that you might have had an agent there for ten—twenty—years without discovering anything. These desperadoes know how to keep their secrets well—as long as it is worth while to so do. But when that is no longer the case, they will often talk openly of their crimes and boast of the manner in which they have defied detection. That is how it was with Crosby. When he spoke, he had nothing more to lose or gain."

"He is dead then?—how?"

"By means of what is called in that country 'a little difficulty' with the officers of the law. He was wanted for train robbery, and, resisting arrest, was shot by the sheriff. He did not die immediately, and before his death he confessed to various crimes—the killing of Shepherd among the rest."

There was a moment's silence, and then the man uncovered his head. His face was pale with the force of strong emotion, but there was an expression on it such as had not been there since the day he rode out of Dos Rios, flying for his life with the brand of Cain fastened upon him.

"Thank God!" he said. "And thank *you*. It is fitting that this news should come to me from your lips—the news which restores me to life, which puts another face upon the world." He drew a deep breath, as one who throws off a crushing weight. "I had begun to despair of relief," he said. "And now it has come, all in a moment, and from you—as if you had crossed the world to bring it to me!"

"Only I did not," she said, laughing a little. "But I am glad that by a mere chance it has fallen to me to give you the news. To be a messenger of good tidings is always pleasant."

"To call it good tidings is to express but slightly what it is to me," he said. "It is freedom. You can guess what these two years have been to me, with this shadow hanging over me, this nightmare always in my thoughts, when I tell you that again and again I have been tempted to return to New Mexico and give myself up for trial. Once my passage for America was taken—and do you know what restrained me from going at the last moment?"

"A timely consideration of the folly of such an action, I presume," she replied. "It would have been sheer folly, unless there had been some fresh light upon the killing of Shepherd, and up to the time of this confession of Crosby there was none."

"A consideration of you," he answered boldly. "I said to myself, 'If I do this thing, it will be to render of no account all that she did for me; and if I cannot prove my innocence, I may have to die an ignominious death and never see her again.'"

"They were very sensible reflections," Miss Harrington returned coolly. "I should certainly have felt such a course a very ungrateful return for my efforts in your behalf; and it was undoubtedly much better to remain in England as Lord Eversleigh than to run the risk of being hanged as John Caryl in New Mexico. But have you no curiosity to know how your escape was regarded there?"

"A very great curiosity to know



anything and everything that you will tell me."

She drew from the pocket of her jacket a folded newspaper and handed it to him.

"There," she said, "you will find a full account of the confession and death of Crosby, and also of the mysterious disappearance of one John Caryl who was accused of the murder of Shepherd at the time the crime occurred. It has always remained, the writer says, a great mystery how the latter so completely and mysteriously disappeared. The general impression, it is added, was that in his flight he wandered into the mountains and probably perished, for not even his horse was ever found."

"Do you know, I thought of the horse after we parted," he said quickly. "I was afraid his possession might cause you trouble."

"Our stables were not likely to be searched for the horses of fugitives from justice," she replied. "But we were cautious, Miguel and I. As soon as possible he was sent across the border into Mexico."

"And you never cared to know anything more of the man you had rescued and befriended?" he asked with passionate earnestness. "It has often seemed to me in thinking of the matter that had I been an even more wretched fugitive than I was, you might have felt a little interest in learning how I fared after we parted, whether I reached safety, how the world went with me—"

"Oh, but you forget," she said quietly, "that I did know that you reached safety, because had you not done so the money which I gave you would not have been promptly paid into the bank in Santa Fé—"

"To the order of John Smith, or some equivalent name," he interposed indignantly.

"And as for how the world went with you," she continued without noticing this interruption, "why should I not have supposed that it would go well, since you told me that your brother's death restored you to all and more than all that you had lost?"

"But had you no desire for any personal knowledge of me?" he persisted. "Perhaps I am presumptuous in suggesting such a thing, but when I recall how I hungered for knowledge of you, it seems incredible that you cared nothing—absolutely nothing—for any news of me!"

There was for a moment no reply, as Miss Harrington looked out over the wide prospect of mountain and glen and moorland, all dappled with flying shadows and gleams of sunlight, and crushed in her hand a bit of the sweet bog-myrtle growing among the heather near her. He waited for her answer.

## VI

"It seems to me," said Miss Harrington presently, "that you could not have cared very much for news of me or you would have made some effort to obtain it."

Lord Eversleigh started.

"Good heavens!" he gasped. "By refusing to give me your name or any clue by which I might discover it—did you not put it out of my power to make any effort to obtain news of you, however much I might have desired to do so?"

"There were reasons why it would have been very imprudent to have given you my name," she replied. "Has it never occurred to you to think of them?"

"I have thought of only one reason," he said, "and that is that you distrusted me—you did not believe my story—"

"On the contrary," she interposed, "I did believe your story—though I confess I had very little reason for doing so. You will not misunderstand my saying that, I hope?"

"No," he answered. "You knew nothing of me—in fact, there was nothing creditable to know—except that I was flying from violence and perhaps from justice. It would not have been surprising, I could not have complained, if you had entirely disbelieved me."

"But for some reason, or from some cause—a woman's instinct, perhaps—

"I believed you," she repeated. "I did not think that you had killed Shepherd, and so I helped you to escape. But what did I know of you? And—as you have acknowledged, what was there creditable that I could have known?"

"Nothing," said he, "absolutely nothing. Why do you force me to acknowledge it again?"

"Only that you may understand what seems at present a mystery to you. Remembering these facts, then, remember, also, that my father and myself were well-known people—especially my father. Now, if you had known my name, and if you had been—let us say—not quite so much of a gentleman as every well-born man should be, but as many well-born men are not, fancy what a story might by a little indiscretion on your part have found its way into that irresponsible thing, the American press! I was obliged to think of that. I was obliged to think of my father, for I had acted in his absence in a manner he would have been very likely to disapprove. Would it not have been hard on him if every newspaper from New York to San Francisco had published the story of how his daughter helped a man under indictment for crime to escape the law? Yet that is what might have happened had I told you my name, and had you been—what many men are."

He looked at her for a moment, confounded by this plain presentation of the case. It was a view which had never occurred to him, and yet he could not but perceive its force. He saw the situation as she had seen it at the time and as in fact it had existed. Here was the daughter of one of those men who fill in America the place which princes hold in Europe, whose movements are chronicled, whose private affairs are matters of public interest, and whose domestic privacy is on any and every pretext ruthlessly invaded by the inventive reporter. Might not this man's daughter—herself, of course, a social celebrity—have well hesitated to trust a name so well known as hers, to the doubtful discretion of a man of whom

she knew no more than that he was by his own confession a hopeless black sheep, cast off by his family, exiled from his country, and by the verdict of a coroner's jury accused of murder?

"I don't know what you will think of me," he said at last, "of my obtuseness and stupidity, when I tell you that this view of the case never occurred to me. But then I did not imagine you to be a distinguished person. I was puzzled by the things which seemed out of keeping with what you appeared; and yet you were so familiar with the country and the life where I found you that I could not doubt your belonging to them."

"And so I did," she answered. "I told you the truth when I assured you of that. I was born in New Mexico, and my first recollections are of the wide plains and the red mountains of the Sangre de Cristo; for in my childhood we lived on the ranch where we were staying—my father and I—when I met you. I learned to love the country then, and the love has never died in me. My father shares it, for there was the scene of his first successes in life—there he laid the foundation of his fortune—and there, over the border in Old Mexico, he met, loved and married my mother. So he, too, likes to return now and then to the ranch where we lived until her death, and I always insist upon going with him. He has many interests in that country—mines, railroads, lands—investments of all kinds; so he has much to occupy him, while I ride over the plains, and now and then—"

"Find a flying, desperate man and give him aid and succor."

She shook her head.

"No. That incident was never repeated. Indeed, I have only been to the ranch once, and that for a short time, since it occurred."

"How I can fancy you there!" he said. "And El Rey, and Miguel! And did you go to the little glen in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains where you made tea for me on that never-to-be-forgotten day? Ah, how much kinder you were to me then than you have ever been since!"

"You were in need of kindness then," she observed. "I do not perceive that you are in need of it now."

"Don't you? I wish I could convince you how much in need of it I am. I wish I were indeed an outlaw 'in the heather' that you might come and comfort and cheer me as you comforted and cheered me then."

"I consider that you are very ungrateful," she returned. "Have I not come to one who is, as a matter of fact, really an outlaw, to give him the best of comfort and cheer in the news I have brought?"

"It is true," he replied humbly, "and, as I have told you, the news is of double worth to me because you have brought it. And yet—ungrateful I may be, but there is something lacking. The lady of the Sangre de Cristo is not here in the heather."

"Why should she be? It is a far cry from here to the Sangre de Cristo, and distance, as well as time, obliterates much."

"Neither distance nor time has obliterated anything for me," he said. "It seems that you do not believe this, but I should like to know how you could possibly have expected me to make any attempt to find you when you had deliberately rendered it impossible for me to do so?"

"I did not expect anything," she replied, in a tone which went well with a haughty uplifting of the head. "But tasks which are easy are not very well worth doing, are they? And difficulty, which sometimes acts as a spur, serves also, if overcome, as a proof of what is otherwise easily professed."

There was a brief pause, during which the man, his eyes bent upon the heather, seemed pondering this enigmatical sentence. Presently he lifted his glance to hers.

"If you mean," he said, "that you doubt my having cared for tidings of you because I was deterred by difficulty from seeking them, I can only reply that you do me injustice, and that you very much underrate the nature of the difficulty. If I could have returned to New Mexico myself, I should never

have rested until I had found you. But I could not return without running a risk which it seemed madness to dare. I constantly hoped that the agent whom I sent there might discover something which would clear my name of the charge that stood against me and enable me to go back. Meanwhile, if I had been willing to repay your great kindness by putting a detective to discover what you had refused to tell me, how could I have described you, what clue could I have given; or, since it seems that you have been out of the Territory ever since that time, how could he have found you?"

"You misunderstand me entirely," she said, with a flush of color mounting to her face. "I desire no apologies, no reasons why you did not do something which there was not the least obligation upon you to do—"

"Pardon me," he interrupted, "but I hardly think I misunderstood your meaning. You can only mean that I profess what I have not proved when I say that since we parted my chief desire in life has been to find you again, that I have never forgotten you for an hour, and that your face has come between me and all other women—"

He broke off—for she turned upon him with a flash of absolute indignation in her eyes.

"How do you venture to speak to me in this manner?" she demanded. "Do you fancy that I am so foolish as not to know that you are talking not to the girl whom you met on the plains of New Mexico and forgot for two years, but to the American heiress whom you came to Scotland to see and 'consider'? You wonder, perhaps, how I learned this. It was in a manner as accidental as it was simple. I was writing a letter in the library when I chanced to overhear your sister talking to Lady Grant-ham. That was before you came. 'Lord Eversleigh' was no more than a name to me, and I merely smiled at the assumption that he had but to come and signify his pleasure to find me ready to exchange my money for his title, in the approved fashion of international marriages. But when you came—when

I found who you were—then I determined that at least you should make no capital out of that past acquaintance of ours. The woman whom John Caryl had forgotten and ignored would not allow Lord Eversleigh to remember her."

"So that was what it meant!"—the man said at length. "How I have puzzled over it—your strange refusal to acknowledge our past association—but such an explanation as this never for one moment occurred to me. Well, it is true enough that I came here to meet the American heiress. I would not hesitate to acknowledge that, even if you had not overheard Alicia's foolish chatter. But shall I tell you how it happened that I did so?"

"I have not the least interest in hearing," she answered coldly. "and moreover, what is there to tell? Your sister was sufficiently explicit. It was the old story—a burdened estate, an indifferent, reluctant suitor yielding to the pressure of his family and seeking the American millions which are understood to exist for such purposes of rehabilitation."

"Be as sarcastic as you like, and on general principles I admit that you have a right to be," he replied calmly, "but be just, also, and hear my story. If you remember, I told you a part of this story when we sat together in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. It was, as you have already said, not very creditable—the story of a prodigal son, who had not only wasted his own substance, but in great measure that of his family also. In other words, my father had allowed my extravagance to add to the burdens of an already overburdened estate. My brother, in the brief time in which he held possession, was unable to lift these burdens. And so they have passed to me. Now, is it not right that I, who helped to make, should do my part toward lifting them? For two years I have resisted all the entreaties and representations of my mother on the subject of a possible marriage, because my thoughts and my heart were in New Mexico—and I have

hoped, ever hoped, that I might yet be able to return there and find the girl whom I left. But at last I yielded so far as to say that I would accept the invitation of the Granthams, and—"

"Take into consideration' the American heiress. Those were your sister's words."

"It is possible that they were my own. Certainly I made no positive promise of any kind, and I had little idea that anything would result from my meeting the heiress. My intention was merely to gratify my mother by coming here, and also to test myself—to see if it were possible for me to forget the past sufficiently to think of what was perhaps in my case a plain duty. When I found *you*—well, believe me or not, from that hour until this the thought that you are an heiress has never occurred to me. It is a fact which is of no importance to me now. I wish to God that you had not a penny that I might prove to you that it is yourself and yourself only that I love!"

Miss Harrington rose to her feet. He rose also, and for a moment they faced each other. Then she said with the same clear coldness:

"I am not able to divest myself of my fortune in order to test your disinterestedness, and fortunately it is not a matter of the least importance that it should be tested. The information which I came here this afternoon to give you has been given, and we may now part. I hope that at least you will feel yourself after this a free and happier man."

"A free man, thanks to you, I certainly am," he answered. "But a happier man—that hope is a mockery, unless I may see you and endeavor to prove to you that the devotion of my whole life is yours."

She smiled—but it was not an encouraging smile.

"I am afraid," she said, "that faith—or shall we say credulity?—is not my strong point. There are many women who accept with great equanimity such assurances, but I fear I should remember that they would not be of-

ferred if there were not burdened estates on the one hand and American millions on the other. Pardon me if I say that I have no desire to regild a coronet in order that I may wear it."

"You are cruelly unjust!" he replied losing his composure at last. "I do not deserve that you should disbelieve me in this manner. It would have been less cruel if you had believed that I killed Shepherd. But you trusted me then—and distrust me now!"

"I do not distrust you," she said gently but still coldly. "I think I understand exactly. You had no doubt a tender remembrance of the woman who helped you in New Mexico, and finding her here, under such circumstances, all that you felt for her has revived and perhaps intensified—"

"No," he interrupted, "it has not intensified. It is not possible that what I felt for her could intensify. Believe me or not, that is the truth."

She made a gesture of indifference.

"It does not matter," she said. "It is all over—the episode in New Mexico, as well as this, its sequel. The good wishes which I once gave John Caryl I now repeat to Lord Eversleigh. When you have found your heiress and relieved your estate—"

"You are cruel!" he repeated again—"cruel!"

"I have no intention of being so," she answered. "It seems to me that there might be found a better and more manly way of relieving them. That, no doubt, is the result of my different training, and I have no right and no desire to criticize the methods of what is called a higher civilization. So find your heiress, Lord Eversleigh; be happy with her ever after, and forget the *Sangre de Cristo Mountains*."

She waved her hand as she turned away, and he—stung, angered, wounded to the quick—remained motionless, watching her until she disappeared from his sight. Then he flung himself down again among the heather, like a man who has received a blow which, for the time at least, has ended all hope and all interest in life.

## VII

"AFTER all," said Lady Alicia Erskine, "even our disappointments are sometimes providential."

To this pious utterance her brother made no response. It was a day of steady, pouring rain, and the mail, somewhat delayed, had just been brought into the library at Strathairn. He was looking over his correspondence with an air of hardly expecting to find anything of interest in it, while Lady Alicia, having despatched hers, had opened a newspaper. Suddenly, with a subdued exclamation, she laid it down and made the remark recorded above.

"Distinctly providential," she repeated with additional emphasis after a moment.

The additional emphasis roused Lord Eversleigh's attention.

"What is it that you find distinctly providential?" he asked carelessly.

"Why, this," she answered, and taking up the newspaper again, she read aloud:

"The death of Harrington, the noted American railway and mining magnate, has been followed by very sensational developments with regard to his fortune. This was supposed to be one of the largest in the country, but it is now discovered that owing to bad investments, costly speculations, and various other causes—chief of which must be counted the sudden death of Harrington himself, causing the collapse of many important enterprises which he was promoting—it has been so reduced as to amount to little, if indeed the whole estate is not swept away by the vast claims accumulating against it!"

The reading was interrupted by an exclamation from the listener, whom astonishment had held silent up to this point.

"When did his death occur?" he asked sharply. "I have seen nothing of it."

"Neither have I," replied Lady Alicia. "But I confess that I read the newspapers inattentively. It must have occurred very lately, however, for I saw Lady Grantham about a fort-



night ago, and although we spoke of Miss Harrington, nothing was said of her father's death."

"Where was Miss Harrington then?"

"In London, probably, but I am not sure. She left the Lodge, you know, a few days after you did. How little one can tell what to wish for in this world!" the speaker went on fervently. "Could anything be more fortunate than that you didn't offer yourself to her, as we so much wished you to do!"

Instead of replying to this remark, Lord Eversleigh held out his hand for the paper. Pointing with her finger to the paragraph which she had read, Lady Alicia handed it to him. It might have been written in Sanscrit, instead of in plain English, from the length of time that he remained silent with his eyes bent upon it, while she kept up a running monologue of congratulation.

"To think how disappointed I was that you would not follow our advice!" she exclaimed. "And now—one really can't be thankful enough for such an escape! How dreadful the situation would be if you had offered yourself to the girl!"

Her brother looked up. His face was pale, but there was an expression on it which startled her—an expression of something strangely like unexpected joy.

"You might as well know all the ground that you have for thankfulness," he said quietly. "I did offer myself to Miss Harrington—and she refused me."

"You did!" Lady Alicia gasped. "Then there is even more cause for thankfulness than I thought. But I never imagined—"

"No, I suppose not—no more than you imagined that we had known each other in America, and that I owed my life to her there."

"Owed your life to her! Are you in earnest?"

"Entirely so. As a result of my own recklessness and folly I was accused of murder and likely to be hanged without process of law. I was flying for my life when I met her on the plains, and she took me to a hiding-

place, fed me, cared for me, and finally helped me to escape from the country."

"Good heavens!" Lady Alicia sank back in her chair overcome. "How perfectly dreadful! And you knew her—and she knew you—and yet—"

"We met as strangers. Yes, such was her pleasure, and I had no alternative but to submit."

"But why should it have been her pleasure? One would have thought that, on the contrary—"

"She would have properly appreciated the privilege of saving the life of an English peer, even though he had been at that time a very disreputable person? One might think so, but her view was that John Caryl, of New Mexico, was one person and Lord Eversleigh quite another; and that the last should not be permitted to profit by the fortunate chances of the first."

"Fortunate chances! Didn't you say that you were accused of murder, that you were flying for your life and—likely to be—"

"Hanged. You need not hesitate over the word, for I assure you the fact came unpleasantly near accomplishment. Our much detested cousin, Archie Romney, will never know how very close he was that day to being Lord Eversleigh. Yes, all those things were so, and I count them all fortunate chances, because they cast me at Beatrix Harrington's feet."

"Jack!"

"It is quite true. I did not know even so much as her name. I knew absolutely nothing about her, but I left my heart with her when I left New Mexico. And the only reason why I did not return there at once to seek her was because I was under indictment for murder"—Lady Alicia threw up her hands in horror—"and to return to the Territory would have been to have run the risk of being hanged by the law, instead of by violence."

"To hear you talk is—perfectly awful!" murmured her ladyship. "And are you still under—whatever you call it?"

"No. The only time that Miss Harrington condescended to acknowl-

edge that I was John Caryl and to talk of our New Mexican acquaintance was when she told me that a man had been lately killed out there who before he died confessed to having committed the murder of which I was accused, and for which I was indicted."

"Thank heaven for so much!—for I suppose that if the authorities there had found out that you were John Caryl they would have made it disagreeable for you even here?"

"Rather—since murder is an extraditable offense," he replied drily. "This has been the shadow which has been hanging over me for two years, taking the savor out of life and making me, as you and mother have often remarked, a changed man. Perhaps you will now wonder less that I had little mind for pleasure and still less for marrying."

"I no longer wonder at anything," she said earnestly. "It is perfectly dreadful to think of your carrying such a frightful knowledge about with you—expecting, no doubt, that a detective might pounce on you at any time for a crime you never committed."

"I did not give much thought to the detective—for nobody in New Mexico cared particularly whether Shepherd's murderer was ever arrested or not—but of course I knew that the accusation might find me out at any time, and that I could not disprove it. That was the worst point—I could not disprove it. And since nothing in this world remains hidden for always, it was likely to transpire at any time—and if after I was dead, so much the worse!—that Lord Eversleigh was one person with John Caryl, 'wanted' for murder in New Mexico."

"It was perfectly dreadful!" Lady Alicia repeated with a shudder. "And you have never said a word to anyone?"

"Why should I? The less such things are talked of the better. And it was all from start to finish my own fault."

"I am sure that did not make it any better! But how thankful I am that the wretch who really committed the

crime confessed it before he died. I suppose he might have died without confessing."

"He certainly might. There wasn't the least compulsion upon him to confess. I, too, am infinitely obliged to him that he did so."

"And Miss Harrington! It was really very good of Miss Harrington not to tell the story to anyone."

"Good of Miss Harrington!" He stared and then laughed. "Miss Harrington would have been quite as likely to lodge the information at Scotland Yard as to convert the story into social gossip," he said. "You don't know her at all."

"I know that she must be a very remarkable girl," said Lady Alicia. "One would naturally think that when she had found whom she had saved she would have been inclined to take advantage of such a romantic claim upon you. But to be silent—to ignore it—even to refuse you—"

"Certainly proved a wonderful degree of indifference to chances that others would have appreciated. Perhaps—although she did not say so—the fact that she had so great a claim upon me made her resolute to ignore the past, as well as her knowledge that I had come to Scotland to meet 'the American heiress.'"

"How did she learn that?"

"From yourself. It seems that you were discussing the matter very frankly one day with Lady Grantham, and she—chancing to be in the library writing letters—overheard you."

Lady Alicia looked a little confused.

"It was unfortunate," she said, "but if people listen to things not intended for them they must expect to hear what perhaps they will not like. And, after all, how absurd for these Americans to pretend to believe that it is anything but their money which causes them to be received here! What possible chance for recognition would any of them have without it! But 'all's well that ends well' for if she had not overheard me, she might not have refused you—and in that case

what an awkward position you would be in!"

"Very," he assented in a tone which she did not understand. "I agree with you that it is well she refused me, for now—if what is said in that paper is true—I have an opportunity to seek, not the heiress, but the woman I love. And, whether she refuses me again or not, she can at least no longer decline to

believe that it is herself I desire and not her fortune."

"What do you mean to do?" Lady Alicia asked in a tone of acute apprehension and dismay.

He rose to his feet.

"I mean," he replied, "to start at once for America. And when I reach there I mean to find Miss Harrington and offer myself to her again."

### SCENE III

#### IN THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

WESTWARD, from the city of Durango, with its flowery plazas, its richly sculptured buildings and its Old World picturesqueness and charm, the plateau of Mexico extends in a vast region of fertile plains to the foot of the great *sierra*, which is preëminently and above all others the Sierra Madre, or Mother Range. It is a country which carries the imagination back to the primitive life of the world—the agricultural and pastoral life which underlies all other forms of existence, and remains now, as in the earliest days of history, at once the most free and the most happy life known to man.

Across these elevated *mesas*, bounded ever by blue heights, with lovely lakes shining now and then in the distance, and white towns studded here and there, the railway from Durango passes. But when the little city of Santiago Papasquiaro, which lies like a pearl on the banks of the river of the same name, is reached, the traveler who would go farther must take to the saddle. All traffic with the towns, *haciendas* and mining camps westward of this point is accomplished by means of pack-trains, hundreds of which fill the highway that leads up the valley of the Santiago to the wall of the great heights which are but stepping-stones to the greater heights, sisters of the sky and the clouds beyond.

This noble valley, a very Arcadia of beauty and fertility, is divided into

immense estates, one of which, the *hacienda* of Las Delicias, distant a day's journey from Santiago, spreads its rich, cultivated levels for many leagues on both sides of the crystal river, and from one to the other of the mountain walls—spurs of the great *sierra*—that from five to twenty miles apart bound the valley down all its length. The village of several hundred inhabitants lies on the immediate bank of the stream, while a league or so distant the white arches of the *casa grande*, the residence of the owner, shine amid embowering trees against a dream-like background of azure hills.

A traveler who had been on the road all day—a horseman, excellently mounted and followed by an attendant—drew rein one evening at this point on the eastern bank of the river, just as the sun was sinking with a great resplendency of color toward the distant purple range. Across a stretch of white sand and stones between the village and the river processions of women were passing to fill their water-jars at the stream, the draped figures, balancing the vessels on one shoulder, looking as if they had stepped out of a biblical frieze. A group of burros came down to the water to drink, a soft wind breathed out of the west, fresh from the great world of Alpine heights, and over the whole scene was spread an ineffable charm of idyllic repose, remoteness and space.

The traveler who had drawn up on the bank now rode into the river, and as he stopped to allow his horse to drink he turned to his attendant.

"So this is Las Delicias," he said.

"Yes, señor," the man replied; "this is Las Delicias. Shall we stop in the village, or go to the *casa grande*? The señor can see it yonder across the plain."

The traveler looked in the direction indicated at the picturesque arches.

"No. For the night," he said, "we will stop in the village. I suppose there will be no difficulty in finding accommodation there."

"There will be no difficulty in finding some kind of accommodation," the Mexican rather reluctantly replied, "for many people stop here. But the accommodation will be much better at the *casa grande*."

The stranger laughed as he gathered up his rein.

"Of that I suppose there is no doubt," he said, "but nevertheless—"

Here he paused, and instead of riding out of the water, remained motionless, gazing at a figure which at this instant appeared on the opposite side of the river—emerging from the town and advancing rapidly over the stretch of white sand toward the stream. It was a somewhat unusual figure for Mexico—that of a woman on horseback, who did not present the appearance of a bale of merchandise which a Mexican woman so mounted usually presents, but rode with admirable erectness, grace and spirit, and wore a close-fitting, black habit.

The man who gazed with such eager intentness had seen this horsewoman before, somewhat differently attired and mounted indeed, but riding with the same matchless ease and grace over plains wilder and less beautiful than these. Once he had fallen at her feet and as she rode now down into the water he felt as if, but for the bath which would have been inevitable, he might have repeated history so far.

For surely it was a gracious vision this, which came as if to meet and welcome him. As she entered the stream

he touched his horse with the spur and rode forward, so that they met in mid-current.

"Miss Harrington!" he said, with an outward composure which betrayed nothing of his inward emotion, "this is a very great pleasure."

Beatrix Harrington gave a gasp. For once her own composure deserted her in the shock of her great surprise.

"Lord Eversleigh!" she exclaimed.

"No," he answered; "Lord Eversleigh was left in England. This is John Caryl, who has come to offer his services to the lady of Las Delicias in any capacity in which she may be pleased to use him."

"How did you know that I was here?" she asked wonderingly. "And how have you found your way to such a remote place?"

"To me no place is remote when I wish to go to it," he replied; "and certainly no place which contains yourself could be so, were it in Thibet instead of Mexico—although I must confess that Las Delicias has been hard to find. But the long quest is over now. In meeting you I find all that I have sought."

It seemed to the girl who sat on her horse in the midst of the shining river, regarding him with astonished eye, that a great change had come over this man since she saw him last. Gloom, indifference, self-distrust, seemed to have dropped from him like a garment, leaving in their place courage, assurance and self-confidence. It was another man than the fugitive of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, or than the Lord Eversleigh whom she had so remorselessly refused to remember in the Highlands of Scotland, who looked at her now with such a glowing and almost triumphant air.

On his part, he too saw a change in the face before him. As frank and beautiful as ever, it was nevertheless paler and thinner, much of its radiance had vanished, and in the eyes was the look of one who has been made acquainted with grief and perhaps with care. Suddenly these eyes filled with tears.

"You have heard," she said, "of my great sorrow?"

"It was when I heard of it that I started for America," he answered; "I have crossed half the world to tell you how deeply I feel for you."

"It is more than an ordinary loss to me," she went on. "We were such friends, my father and I. You have also heard, perhaps, that all the labor of his life has been swept away. I am no longer a great heiress—nor indeed an heiress at all."

The man's eyes met hers full; and there was no mistaking their expression.

"Again, it was because I heard that you were no longer an heiress that I have come," he said. "And I should have been here months ago, had I been able to find where you were. But I could only learn that you were 'somewhere' in Mexico—which offered a wide field for search. But at last there came a day when I found a man—a priest in Santa Fé—who could give me your exact address. Since then I have lost no time—and here I am!"

She leaned forward in her saddle and with a charming gesture held out her hand to him.

"Let me bid you welcome," she said, "to Mexico and to Las Delicias. This was my mother's *hacienda*. It is therefore mine in my own right, and I have come here to spend my life among her people, who are also mine, and whom I love. Come and see how I reign over them."

"That I can well believe without seeing," he said, "for you were born to reign by right divine. And I have come to join the ranks of your subjects. Can you not at least give me the place of a *vaquero*?"

"I remember that you ride well, which is the chief qualification of one," she replied with a smile. "But what will become of Lord Eversleigh while John Caryl plays such a part in Mexico?"

"Lord Eversleigh has definitely retired from the world; and if he ever should reappear, it will only be when John Caryl has made the fortune which is needed to relieve the estates he

helped to burden. That is his secondary motive in seeking the New World. Don't you think it a good one?"

"Very good—but not perhaps so certain as the more approved method of marrying an heiress."

"That is a method of which I never thought but once and, thank God, the heiress who scorned me then can no longer refuse to believe—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Harrington quickly—her horse, having finished drinking, had grown restless. "Don't you know your old friend, El Rey?" she asked. "He wonders why we are standing here, and indeed I wonder too. Yonder is my house, to which I shall be glad to take you. Once before, when I suggested that you should accompany me home, you refused to do so. But circumstances have changed, and perhaps you will be less obdurate this evening."

"You know," he answered, "that I would follow anywhere on earth that you led, and especially across your own threshold. But I had intended to spend tonight in the village and tomorrow present myself at your castle."

"That is not Mexican hospitality," she interposed. "We do not leave our friends to rest in a *pueblito* while we have space for them in our homes. You will come with me. My excellent *administrador*, Don Gilberto Vallejo, and his wife will be glad to receive you, for I do not live alone."

"I begin to fear," he said, as they rode together out of the sparkling water, "that you are yet very much of a princess. All of this looks exceedingly like it. And I had thought—perhaps selfishly hoped—"

"To find a dispossessed princess, in poverty and distress?" she said as he paused. "But for this Mexican inheritance your hope would have been fully realized. While my father lived I scarcely gave a thought to the *hacienda* far away under the shadow of the Sierra Madre, which was mine through my mother. But when all else vanished like fairy gold, I was glad to turn my face hither. And when I first came to the bank of the river we



have just left, and saw the beauty and the extent of my heritage, wonder was lost in gratitude. 'It is a paradise!' I cried—and every day that I have lived since that day, I have grown more certain of the fact. It is a paradise of beauty, as you see; and it is also a paradise of simplicity and healthfulness, of many opportunities to better the lives of others—these people who already love me very much—and to leave this corner of the world a little better than I found it. So I have bidden farewell to the world of pleasures and vanities out yonder"—she waved her hand eastward—"and settled myself to do the work set before me here."

They were riding now close together, and turning, he laid his hand on the horn of her saddle.

"It is a noble ambition," he said in a low tone full of feeling; "but is there no place in it for another, who also would fain find worthy work with which to redeem what was in his case an unworthy past? Will you not give him something to do for you and with

you, if it is only that place of a *vaquero* of which we have spoken?"

Meeting his gaze, she laughed softly, although her eyes were shining with suspicious moisture.

"We will see what Don Gilberto will think of you as a *vaquero*," she said. "Meanwhile, I will show you my kingdom, of which I am very proud; and you can decide which is best—a life in the shadow of the Sangre de Cristo, or the Sierra Madre."

"There is no room for decision," he returned quickly. "The Sangre de Cristo is written on my heart, but the Sierra Madre is your home, and where you are I ask no better fortune than to abide, for there alone on earth for me is the Land of Heart's Desire."

She did not answer; but her silence had in it the spirit of sweet acquiescence. And so with the sunset light in their faces, and the fresh breeze from the great mountains fanning them, they rode across the beautiful plain toward the white arches of the *casa grande*.

THE END

## THE FOOL

By JAMES WILLIAM CALLAHAN

THERE lived a fool once, so the story goes,  
 Who drew distorted pictures of mankind—  
 Made people laugh—and said that in the mind  
 Alone existed more than half the woes  
 Of mortals here on earth, and so he chose  
 To see the funny side. He left behind,  
 Where'er he went, a lighter heart—a smile  
 Instead of frowns, or sobs, or sighs, or tears;  
 Wearing a cheerful countenance the while  
 He jested—heeding not the fleeting years  
 As they flew merrily—and when he slept  
 The last long sleep, true friends there were who wept.

# GEORGE

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

I MADE my entrance into the ball-room in the distinguished company of a blazing Mephistopheles whose glory was, I felt with a certain elation, reflected upon me. I had no idea who he was, but he was a notable figure throughout the evening, easily conspicuous, a bright and shining star—Lucifer; in fact, that proud-stomached Prince of the Morning. As a humble Macedonian brigand I naturally could not expect to rank with him, but from time to time during that eventful evening I followed his career with interest.

The dazzling scene, as the newspapers spoke of it next day, slowly rolled itself out before my eyes; and I stood watching the throng with admiration. If I could not see faces, I could at least give my fancy rein and conjure up beneath those masks the loveliness of all romance. There it moved by me, incarnate, I would swear. I was in a tide of it that swept and fluttered about me to the swirl of skirts, the clatter of voices and the rhythm of the fiddles. It was wholly charming in effect, and though I was not a dancing man I declared to myself that as a picture alone the fête was worth the money, to say nothing of that exquisite promise of romance that wakes in middle-aged hearts. Ah, it signifies much, it is worth much, to stir thrills in the heart of forty. Well, I stood there, tickled to the finger-tips with the sensations, my long-lost vanity flooding anew the old and empty chambers. I could have blushed that night like a boy of twenty.

I was aware of a sudden light blow on my face that stung faintly, but not unpleasantly, and I turned sharply.

There by my side was a short and somewhat thick-set clown in cap and bells, a black mask across a face that was obviously beaming, and a tossing bladder in one hand.

"Got you, George!" he remarked complacently. "Got you, first shot. I spotted you directly you came in with old Nick."

"I'm very glad to learn that I am so recognizable," I said, with a civil laugh. "But really I haven't been so successful with you. If I might make a guess—"

"Oh, don't bother with guesses," said Cap and Bells good-humoredly. "Wait a bit. You'll find it easy presently. There's someone been looking out for you anxiously the last half-hour. I promised to tell her. Come along." With a certain lack of decision, and wonder in my mind, I followed him, prepared to draw back in case of an emergency; but he rattled on, as became his costume. "This masked business is a silly sort of fraud really. Anyone can make out who you are, if he wants to. People only pretend not to know," he said complacently.

"I suppose that is so," said I thoughtfully, "in many cases."

"Good Lord, you couldn't have deceived a grocer, George," remarked my affable companion. He glanced at me. "It's the nose," he observed. "You can't get over that nose."

I had no wish at the moment to get over it, but I did wish that I could put a name on my friend. I turned over in my mind all the little short men I knew, without result. Besides, he called me George when my name was something else. Was—but at this

point in my speculations I was brought to an abrupt pause.

"I've got him," said my companion triumphantly to a pair of ladies who were seated near us. "Tried to wriggle out of it and pretend he didn't know me, but it won't do, George, my boy; it won't do. So I fetched him along. George, here's the Begum of Poonah. Suppose you exercise your wits on her identity."

I bowed silently to the stout lady in the dress of an Oriental princess, and my eyes wandered to her companion, a much younger woman, slim, supple and breathing an aroma of attraction. Her glances darted like bees about the ball-room, but she paid me little heed. That was how I came to examine her so attentively.

"La Cigale, George," said Yorick, with a mock pompous air of introduction.

La Cigale's eyes came back from one of her sallies, and she laughed pleasantly. I felt her eyes quizzed me through their mask. Was it a practical joke they were bent on playing? Why was I being fooled in this manner? People *do* give themselves excessive liberties at fancy-dress balls, safe in the security of their disguise. I was in two minds whether to go or stay, when La Cigale addressed me.

"When did you leave Marchland?" she asked with sweet familiarity.

"Marchland!" said I, wondering. Oh, I had got to the bottom of it now! It was not a joke. "Marchland!" I echoed, "I—I was never there."

"Never there!" she cried in astonishment. "But you wrote—I understood—"

"You see," I said, feebly apologetic of tone, "I'm not George."

For answer the bladder cracked upon my shoulder.

"It won't wash, old chap. Can't carry it off here. He thinks he can play his tricks unbeknownst to us, as the saying is," continued Yorick, addressing the ladies.

"I assure you—" I began, but Yorick gave me a friendly push.

"I knew him—how would you guess?"

he asked cheerfully of the Begum. The Begum searched me for evidences of my identity.

"By his nose," she decided at last.

"Right—you've hit the bell first shot," said Yorick heartily.

"George's nose couldn't be mistaken half a mile away, even under a mask. George's nose stands out like a great rock in a lonely land. George's nose—"

"I really wish you would drop George's nose," I said with some impatience.

"All right, old chap. Don't get crusty," urged Yorick with continued cheerfulness. La Cigale laughed; the bodice rustled over her pretty figure. I should like to have seen behind that mask. It was not so bad being George, if they would only leave George's (or my) nose alone.

"Poor George!" said La Cigale prettily. Well, I didn't mind being pitied by her.

"I wish I could see Enid," suddenly remarked the Begum, who had been staring into the dancing throng.

"Enid—oh, Enid's far too busy. It's her field day," said my amiable clown, flapping his bladder idly. "I dare say it will be all right now George's come. You got my letter about it, George?"

"Oh, yes," said I desperately. They were determined I should be George, and what was I to do?

"Wait a bit, I believe that's Agatha," continued Yorick.

Well, it really did not matter to me who it was now. I felt in the state of mind of the gentleman who invited them all to come.

"Aren't you going to dance, George?" inquired the Begum.

"If he doesn't I'll dance with him myself," said La Cigale with indifference.

"Oh, come, that wouldn't be proper—we couldn't allow that," said Yorick.

Why wouldn't it? Why couldn't they? I confess I should have dearly liked it, though I am not a dancing man. "I think I'll take my time," said I hesitatingly.

"Always accustomed to look before

you leap, aren't you, George?" said Yorick.

I positively began to dislike Yorick. He was so familiar.

"I wasn't quite certain if you'd arrive in time," remarked La Cigale unexpectedly to me, but without any particular interest in her remark. "Marchland all right?" She seemed to have forgotten I had denied knowledge of Marchland. Oh, of course, she had thought that a pretense. I was being plunged deeper in misrepresentation.

"Beautiful," I declared. She sighed.

"Ah, this wonderful June weather! I think I must go down. You wouldn't mind?" She was looking at me with new interest now. I would have minded nothing where she was concerned, and I said so with warmth. She laughed and tapped me on the arm after a momentary pause.

"Thank you, George," said she in a lower voice.

Who the mischief was I? I would have given much to know, but as yet there seemed no chance to discover. Just at that moment a pretty little Nautch girl who had been engaged in conversation close by with Yorick turned and almost bounced into my arms.

"Oh, George, I'm so glad!" she cried.

So was I. I had begun to like being George.

"Poor Enid would like to see you, I know. We must find her. I'm sure she's about somewhere, only this is such a large place." She put her arm confidently in mine.

I was glad it was a large place. There is more liberty in a large place . . . particularly if you are masked. But who was Enid? I don't know that I specially wanted any more friends on such familiar terms. I was almost content with those I had already acquired . . . particularly La Cigale.

"Yes, we're sure to make out Enid," I assured her.

"There's Enid, dancing with that Mephistopheles," suddenly almost shouted the Begum. "You must see

her, George. It all depends on you. She knows."

Enid, it seemed, was the pivot of this scene, and incidentally was likely to be the pivot of my adventure. I carefully studied Enid. It was too late now to draw back. I was committed to the deception which they had unwittingly but obstinately thrust upon me. I only prayed now for address and tact.

When I identified Enid I was not so sure that I didn't want to extend my circle. Enid was a divine Dresden shepherdess, and I hated to see her in the grasp of Mephistopheles. Innocence dancing with the Devil! The tune of that absurd song relating how the "Deil's awa' with the exciseman" ran into my head and sang in my ears.

"Oh, they've gone. They'll be back again," said the Nautch girl, whose arm was still in mine. "I'll find her." She dropped me suddenly and darted away.

"Agatha!" called the Begum, but Agatha was gone. I wanted to know who Agatha was very much.

"Tired, George?" inquired La Cigale politely. "Sit down."

I sat down. "Why aren't you dancing?" I asked weakly.

She looked at me. "Well, you ought to know," she said in her soft voice, and said no more. If I had had a thousand guesses I could not have told. It was exasperating.

"There's Enid again," called out the Begum, "there—with that Faust or whatever he is."

"I don't like that Mephistopheles," I ventured flatly.

La Cigale regarded me with interest. "He won't eat you, George," she said mildly.

"No, but he might dance away with Enid," I said, faintly feeling my way.

"Oh, Enid can take care of herself," she averred.

"I believe it's the Duke," said Yorick, who had just returned for a partner. "You came in with him, George. Isn't he the Duke?"

I hesitated. He might have been

the Duke, and I did not care if he were a dozen dukes.

"Possibly," I said warily.

"Oh, you know a thing or two, George," said he admiringly and also, I fear, facetiously. George was evidently a good-natured butt. I did not like being George with the clown.

Agatha at this point made a graceful dash at me from the whirling crowd.

"Enid says you're to go to her, George," she panted. "She says George is the only one who can do it."

This was all very well. I had no objection in the world to going to Enid, but what was I to do? What was this that I alone was equal to? But hesitation was out of the question. The Begum nodded at me kindly.

"Make it all right," she said. "There's really not much in it."

Wasn't there? It was satisfactory to know that. I marched off with the best intentions, the blessings of Yorick ringing in my ear.

"Good luck, old man. You'll pull it off."

If he had only explained what I should pull off I should have been better pleased. But still there was Enid!

At the second tour of the hall I caught sight of her on the arm of that abominable Mephistopheles. He leaned toward her familiarly; and I could have sworn there was a leer on his face. He was obviously bent on acting his part. The waltz had ceased, and they were making for some seats. I had no scruples; they vanished into thin air at the sight if I had retained the shreds of any. I advanced swiftly and boldly. Lucifer, now I looked on him closer, lacked definition; he was not wicked enough of aspect. I suspected him of any easy-going, conscientious mind. Moreover, he was too fat. I bowed before the Dresden Shepherdess.

"I think this is mine," I said firmly. She came to a pause, hesitated, and then suddenly,

"George!" she cried. Mephistopheles looked round sharply.

"Mine, I think," I repeated. She dropped the Devil and put her arm in

mine. She squeezed me gently, as if she would express her gratitude. I was glad to think she was relieved at this discharge of Mephistopheles, and I was certainly glad to be George. We left him abruptly and sought some chairs.

"Well!" said I, when we were established; for I meant to gather all I could from the shepherdess.

She made imaginary patterns on the floor with her little crook, and sat with visible embarrassment.

"Well, of course, you know," she said reluctantly, "it wasn't really my fault, but Edward—well, you can't think how— But you know him, George, and I'm sure you understand."

I was sure I didn't, but I made no confession of ignorance.

"In a way, yes," I assented. "But in a way, no."

Enid looked surprised. "But you surely don't think I was in the wrong about Lord Glover?" she remarked in a cold, reproachful tone. "How could I help his sending me those things?"

I began to see light. I began to be more deeply interested if possible. But who was Edward? Misgivings seized on me. I contemplated her fresh beauty. Beneath our masks were we not all safe? And I did not know her name, for there were thousands of Enids in the world. We were ships that pass in the night, and why should we not greet each other? If I had to help Enid out of the scrape I would do it, even if Edward—

"Edward is absurd," she said, seeing I did not speak. He was worse than absurd; he was a nuisance. I wished him—well, along with Mephistopheles, in his proper home.

"I know he is," I said soothingly.

"So now you see how things are, you can see just what you think ought to be done," said Enid with a certain sweetness of indifference, as though I were responsible for the situation. I really wasn't responsible for any situation; if anyone was it was Yorick and—and La Cigale. After all, La Cigale was perhaps more interesting than Enid, who



was, however, sufficiently fascinating. I hovered in my fancy between them.

"I think something ought to be done," I remarked.

"Edward thinks such a lot of you," said Enid casually, and added, "how nice you look in that dress! It becomes you awfully, George. Didn't Marcella admire it?"

"She didn't say so," said I, wondering who Marcella was. Was she the Begum, or was she—?

The Dresden Shepherdess startled me by putting her hand affectionately on my arm. "George, I wish you would, like a dear old fellow. I've been so wretched—you can't think."

I tried to examine her hands. Was she wedded to Edward? But the Shepherdess wore gloves. I felt emotional and sad. Perhaps it had not gone so far. Edward should tell me.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"He's Haroun-al-Raschid," said Enid eagerly, "and he was dancing just now with a nun, quite a plain thing with really the worst figure you ever saw. But, of course, he may have left her now," she added plaintively. "I don't think he knew who I was, though I coughed loudly."

"Haroun-al-Raschid!" I murmured, wondering how I should identify the character.

"With the yellow sashes and things, and those awful baggy trousers, you know, like the harem ladies," explained Enid glibly. She glanced down at her own slender proportions, as if making a mental comparison. I had had the job thrust upon me, and now I was committed to throwing her into Edward's arms. I disliked the idea of Edward distinctly, but I went in search of him. I felt like the god Cupid.

I caught Edward engaged in an altercation with a headman, and apparently getting warm over it. At least he accidentally turned out to be Edward, for he said a monosyllable when I trod on his long, turned-up slippers, and I recognized the description in that instant.

"I want to see you," said I.

"Hulloa!" said he. "Who's that?"

"Well, can't you guess?" I asked.

"Hanged if I can," said he.

Was George's nose going to fail me at last? And just when I was most in need of it?

"I've just seen Enid," I ventured at random.

"Oh, George—you, is it?" he said heartily. "Come along, old man. Didn't recognize your voice under that tomfoolery. How are you? When did you get up from Marchland?"

Evidently I lived at Marchland, but that did not get me much farther.

"I'm tolerably thirsty," said Edward, with a sigh. "Let's get at some refreshment." We went in the necessary direction. He drank a glass of champagne, and lolled.

"So Enid's here?" he observed casually.

"Yes," said I pointedly, "in a very pretty costume."

"Oh!" he said indifferently, and added: "I thought she might be coming."

"You didn't know what she was coming as?" I inquired.

He shook his head. "Haven't seen her for some time," he said, and whistled softly, indicating thereby complete complacency.

"That's bad," said I. "How long?"

"Oh, now you're going to talk at me," said he with resignation. "Talk away. Enid's given me the mitten, you know quite well. There's nothing more to be said."

"It happens that there is," I returned. "I suppose you're thinking of Lord Glover?"

"Oh, there was Glover and young Huxtable and—hang it all, George, it won't do."

Enid had clearly been "going it," so to speak. I said nothing, and he went on with his studied carelessness. "She's a bit too steep. It won't do, you know."

"But she means nothing," I protested.

He was silent, and then, "She didn't tell me so."

"Oh, you know what girls are," I answered. "They like admiration;

they've giddy heads. Besides, are you yourself free from suspicion?" I continued, warming to my work.

"You old humbug, George," he said. "You know it's not the same thing. One would think you were a prim Puritan—you!" He nudged me meaningfully.

Was George then a—? I began to feel doubtful as to my reputation, and I wished I knew more about myself. But Enid's business was pressing, and I was at least a man of my word, whatever George was.

"Well, you know quite well that Enid does care for you and doesn't care for those other people," I said.

"Hum!" said Edward meditatively, and sipped his glass. "I won't say you are not right, old chap," he said at last. "But hang it, she's—well, she's—oh, women are the devil sometimes."

I agreed, for I seemed to have won my case, and I would have agreed to anything on the top of victory. Besides, some women *are* the—well, at any rate they are sometimes trying.

"Where is she?" he asked, and now there was obviously some anxiety that spoke in his voice. I believe his indifference had been assumed.

"I'll find her for you," said I, and left him. I took Enid from a gentleman in a turban who kept stumbling over his scimitar, and she breathed her gratitude into my ear.

"He's been awful," said she. "He nearly tore my frock once."

"Well, there's not very much to tear, is there?" I ventured, with a glance at it.

"George, don't be rude," said the Dresden Shepherdess, threatening me with her crook. "But do tell me what you've done. Is Edward there?"

"He is repentant," I said. "He wants forgiveness."

"I don't know that I really ought to forgive him," said she, advancing with me all the same. "His conduct was abominable, and he really broke it off himself. Think of it, George. He practically jilted me."

"He's wallowing now," I said. "He's groveling."

Enid smoothed something out of her

dress. "Lord Glover has ruffled me," she remarked.

"Lord Glover!" said I, aghast. "Was that blundering cutthroat Glover?"

"Yes, didn't you know?" said Enid complacently. "Oh, there's Edward." She advanced without paying the faintest attention to him, and I stopped.

"Now then," I called to him, and he displayed a certain nervousness as he met her.

"Well, Enid," he observed originally.

"Oh, is it Sir Edward Marley?" said the Dresden Shepherdess with polite coldness.

"Hang it, Enid," remarked the gentleman.

"Rather close, don't you think?" said the Shepherdess with chilling courtesy.

"Enid, look here, let's live and let live," said Edward. "I'm sorry for losing my temper and—" It was really time I turned away out of hearing, and I did my duty nobly. When I came back Enid was seated, champagne glass in hand, and they were talking cheerfully.

"Here's George," said Edward quite unnecessarily. "Hulloa, George, old man, have a glass." He had the air of having just discovered me for the first time. I thought I had earned my glass, and I took it.

"I drink to your good fortune and united happiness," I said quite prettily.

Edward made no answer, but was staring at me. "I'll bet I can tell how you know old George," he said to the Shepherdess.

"How?" said she.

"By his nose!" chuckled Edward, and Enid broke into merry laughter. "So did I," chuckled Edward again.

I had had enough of George's nose (or mine) and I turned away. They were abominably ungrateful. I wished I had left Enid to the Devil or the Scimitar. As I turned I bumped into Yorick.

"Good man!" he said in a congratulatory whisper. "I see you've fixed it. Let's all have some supper. Marcella wants you. Come along. I'll bring these turtles."

Yorick was at heart, I could not help

feeling, a good fellow. He had arranged for a table, and apparently Marcella was La Cigale. I was glad to think she wanted me. I wanted her. We had quite a satisfactory supper, except that a waiter poured some gravy down my brigand neck. That set off Agatha until she nearly choked. The Begum beamed, and Enid was busy whispering with Sir Edward most of the time. At any rate we were indubitably a happy party, save that Marcella might have addressed me oftener.

"Look here, when do we unmask?" said Yorick abruptly.

I dropped my knife and fork. "Unmask?" I repeated weakly.

"Yes, it's on the programme, isn't it? We take 'em off at some hour. Two o'clock, isn't it?"

Edward didn't know, but Agatha thought it was three.

"Oh, we'll be gone long before that," said I, assuming an indifference I did not feel.

"George!" said Agatha reproachfully.

"Oh, young things like you can afford to stay," said I, "but not old fogs like me."

"How funny you are, George!" said she, with a laugh.

"In fact," said I desperately, "I'm going after supper. Always leave at the climax; then you avoid anticlimaxes and headaches," I said sententiously.

"Well, here's to you, George," said Yorick with his abundant cheeriness, and he tossed off his glass. "You're simply splendid, old man."

"Glad you think so," I said feebly.

They all drank to me, and I began to feel at once warmed and flustered.

"How are you going, George?" asked Yorick.

"Oh, cab, I think," I said recklessly.

"No, George shall come with me," said Agatha, the Nautch girl, putting a pretty hand on my arm.

"George, old man, you'd better come with me," said Edward, with a grin.

Someone else put a hand on me. Ah, I knew who it was! I thrilled under it.

"There's no one with a better right

to you than I," said La Cigale's sweet voice, "and so I think you'd better come with your wife."

I hadn't any knife and fork to drop then, but I swallowed some wine the wrong way, and in the confusion I got out of a rejoinder. Then I felt that the situation demanded some more champagne; it also demanded flight. Yet was there not something charming in the idea? Now that the bonds between us had turned out so intimate I was drawn nearer to La Cigale. I remembered that I had not even seen her face, only guessed at it. That privilege, I feared, was denied to me, but I kept by her till we were on the point of departure. Of course I could lose her in the crush of the entrance. Yet to leave that exquisite and frail woman all alone! . . . I took Yorick aside and into my counsel. I must slip off, I told him, and entrusted La Cigale to his tenderness and care.

"Certainly, George," said he. "But don't play the fool, old man. That's one of your little ways."

George was easy-going, indifferent and a trifle selfish. I knew him. I slipped away, and got into a tangle of people outside the hall. Extricating myself with difficulty I passed down under the awning that led to the curb, preparatory to crossing the road and hailing a cab. But I found myself detained by a pair of small, gloved hands.

"Oh, dear no, George. You're coming with me. I haven't seen you for a week, and I'm not going to lose you. Jump in."

She held the brougham door open, menacingly smiling. She was an adorable wife, and I could not resist her. George was a pig. Some madness seized me. I assisted her in, and followed. The brougham rolled away. . . .

"I suppose we'd better take off these silly things," said Marcella presently, and with a sigh of relief removed her mask. Should I also? I did not know what course to pursue, for I was taken up with the divine and delicate profile 'twixt me and the drifting lights of the town. As they went by Marcella's face passed into shadow, but she was

there in all her beauty, and I was comforted by the neighborhood. Comforted! Well, I will confess that I had lost all my misgivings, all my doubts, all my fears, during that drive. I was in a whirl of hope and pleasure. I suppose I was drunk with beauty. I should have been engaged by the awkward situation, but I was not. I was engaged by Marcella—her loveliness, her flowing voice. It was the drawing up of the brougham that brought me back to earth with a crash. Panic seized me. I looked about for means of safety, for refuge.

But Marcella marshaled me up the steps, so to speak. She was playfully insistent. She was not going to lose sight of me. If I had only been George!

I suppose despair had rendered me callous, or was it the fascination of the bird that sees in the snake's eyes its pending doom, and cannot move? The moment came when the door opened.

"I—I should like to speak to you please," I said stammeringly. She looked at me for an instant, then—

"Certainly, George—the little room," and bade the servant turn on the light.

I shut the door behind me, and suddenly turned to her.

"Yes?" she asked, but I saw her heart beat.

"I am not George," said I simply and humbly, and I took off my mask.

She took it as I might have expected she would, like a gallant woman. The blood drilled in her face for a moment, and then went out, leaving it pallid.

"I am Mrs. Fitzwarren. Who are you?" she asked in a hollow voice.

"Oliver Weston is my name," I replied.

Unconsciously she made a movement with her hands about an ornament on her dress. "And you have played this trick on us for the purposes of your own amusement," she said in a slow, low voice.

"No, pray forgive me . . . It was the man with the—the fool. He insisted, he drove me into it—I was squeezed into it somehow. It seemed fate."

"The fool!" she echoed, with a little bitterness in her short laugh. She

glanced listlessly at the table. "Yes, you have your excuses, I suppose. We were all playing the fool. The ball was folly, masks, costumes—all was in celebration of the goddess Folly. Yes, I suppose your trick was in keeping. There is nothing else to be said."

"Except pardon," I pleaded. "After all, I patched it up between—well, you see, I don't know their names. I know them only as Enid and Edward."

A faint smile came into her face. "Miss Graham is my cousin."

"Then I think I must have met Mrs. Graham," I ventured.

She inclined her head in assent. "The Begum."

"And—and Agatha?" I continued timorously.

"My sister," she said gravely.

"Well, I have known for one evening a very happy and delightful family," said I, with a sigh.

She parted her lips as if to speak, but at that paused, for the door opened, admitting the servant.

"I was to tell you, ma'am, that Mr. Fitzwarren has a few friends to supper," said he.

She stared. "Very well, Smith," said she, and met my eye. I wondered what she was thinking. George then *had* arrived from Marchland, and had been content to amuse himself out of his wife's company.

"I must congratulate you on your admirable acting—" began La Cigale, when again the door opened.

"Marcella!"

Heavens! The Devil stood before me!

"George!" cried his wife in astonishment. "Were you there? Why were you?"

"Why, of course—and was looking for you everywhere. I didn't know you were going in that costume. Devilish handsome, Marcella, by Jove." He stared at me; I hope I haven't really a nose like his. "Who the dickens—?" he began.

Marcella intervened.

"Oh, as you have brought some friends back, I also have brought one," she said hurriedly. "Mr. Oliver Weston, who has been very kind to me."

"Awfully glad," murmured George, and eyed me. Did he recall my ravishing the Dresden Shepherdess from him? I think he did. A broad grin began to take possession of his face.

"I remember you. We've encountered before," said he, now active with laughter. "I recognize you by your nose."

*My nose this time!*

La Cigale's face was buried in her handkerchief. "We were trying to

find you by yours, George, all the evening," she said demurely.

"Oh, mine," he said indifferently, and then roared with laughter. "I recognized you by your nose," he repeated to me.

La Cigale this time frankly pealed with laughter, rich and sweet and happy. The contagion spread. I burst out myself. The Devil sobbed with it hysterically.

All the same I know my nose is not like his.

---

## A VICTORIOUS SURRENDER

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

**I**'M praying for clear weather;  
 The farmer prays for rain.  
 I think upon the heather,  
 He thinks about the grain.  
 He thinks he needs the water  
 To make the harvest fair;  
 I think of someone's daughter  
 Who's waiting over there.

The point I've puzzled over  
 All through the longish night,  
 The farmer, or the lover—  
 Which has the greater right?  
 Twixt bread and love I wonder  
 Which serves mankind the best?  
 The more and more I ponder  
 The harder seems my quest.

Bread without love—what is it?  
 Love without bread—well, now  
 Bring on your rain, I'll visit  
 Myrtilla anyhow!  
 And though th' Atlantic Ocean  
 Shall come down from the skies,  
 My weather, I've a notion,  
 I'll find in Myrtle's eyes.



# A SULKING ACHILLES

By WILSON C. MISSINGER

## I

THE great double doors of Conington Gymnasium suddenly opened and there stepped into the street eight stalwart youths, clad in the 'varsity accoutrement for a cross-country run. Behind them came Mongard and Jackson, the coach and trainer respectively of all athletic clubs of Conington for years.

"A ten-mile go now," Mongard directed, getting in front of the men and speaking to them as they walked along, "across the Berks Fields, down Laving Hill, through Pender's Woods, across the Mill Strait by way of Scylla and Charybdis, down by Deming's Gorge and return. Now you're off."

The octette, headed by a great, tall fellow named Stravahan, broke into a slow jog and started.

"That Stravahan is a wonder," Jackson remarked to Mongard, as the two stood mentally noting the strides and other athletic details of the several runners. "This year I think he'll beat all former fullbacks."

"He came near it last year," Mongard replied quickly; "if it hadn't been for that mishap to his knee he'd have done it."

It was the last week in August and the eight were the first of the football squad to return for the usual fall practice.

The men, running in single file with the big Stravahan in the lead, had cleared the town and were already cutting across Berks Fields.

At the end of the first mile Stravahan got his second wind and quickened his stride. Again in three or four minutes he added another acceleration.

Looking back he saw the usual gaps beginning to show between the runners. A peculiar smile flitted across his handsome features, a smile full of self-confidence.

"You're giving us a pretty good clip, Stravie," the man immediately behind him panted. "It's too beastly hot—to be—so vivacious—isn't it?"

Stravahan smiled. "This'll take a good ten pounds off of you," he explained over his shoulder. "Hello—the bunch is falling behind."

"They're sensible—they realize—that it's too beastly hot."

Stravahan smiled as he put another touch to his speed. Running easily, with his body well inclined, his arms bent close to his sides, his well-formed head held forward, his great, long legs striking out in even, regular strides, he soon found himself alone and Prescott, the man who had been closely following, some quarter of a mile to the rear.

With the grace of a well-trained and long-inured athlete Stravahan jogged along. A spray of cool perspiration oozed from his pores; a throbbing heat beat in his forehead and temples. But these were the concomitants Stravahan was accustomed to, and he failed to notice or realize their appearance.

Stravahan broke into a clean sprint down Laving Hill and slowed his pace as he jogged through the cooler confines of Pender's Woods. Looking back as his body brushed the first trees, he saw that the rest of the squad had sheered off by Brook's Run and were taking a course some three miles shorter than the one prescribed.

Emerging from Pender's Woods, Stravahan plunged down a small hill

and entered what was known as Verdant Valley. He sprinted through this, accelerating his speed preparatory to making the leap over the two rocks in Mill Strait, when, on looking up suddenly, he stopped stock-still, staring in stupefaction.

Mill Strait was a narrow but deep stream which connected the choppy waters of Lake Pleasant—a miniature body of water—with the more sluggish lake known as Pond of the Woods. The strait, at this particular point where Stravahan had been heading was some thirty feet wide and very deep. Ten feet from the bank there protruded a huge rock and some eleven feet from this there arose another, thus leaving a moderate space intervening. Stravahan was in the act of leaping upon the first rock, intending to mount the second and from thence jump to the opposite bank, when brought to his abrupt and sudden standstill.

For just as he was about to make the leap he saw, there upon the first rock, known to the collegians as Scylla—and named by an old professor of history—a young girl. Her back was to Stravahan and she was standing in an easy position, apparently looking across the stream.

Stravahan stood in puzzled uncertainty. How the girl had come there was a complete mystery to him and how he was to safely ford the stream perplexed him more. Casting his eyes about to note in detail his surroundings, he saw some ten feet or so from him an easel upon which rested a half-finished painting of landscape and before it an artist's chair.

It was an awkward situation. Stravahan feared to attract or startle the girl, for fear she might start back and lose her footing, and yet he could not stand there like a backward boy and stare. Finally, summoning courage, he coughed.

The shapely head, with its mass of wavy brown hair moved just a trifle, but did not turn his way.

"How awkward," he mused. Then, walking close to the bank, he essayed boldly, "I beg your pardon—

but—could I be of some service to you?"

The girl turned and Stravahan started; started and stared, because of the features. A pair of large, soft brown eyes looked at him in askance and wonder.

"Service?" The eyes opened wider as the low voice framed the words. Stravahan had never seen such a charming picture. It would take an exceptional woman to assume such an awkward position as this girl was in with any composure, yet the ease and grace with which she stood there, caught in an apparent trap, and gazed coldly at the man astounded him.

"Service—yes," he laughed. "You appear to need it."

"I—need service? In what way, sir?"

She was looking him over from head to foot.

"How are you going to get off—of that rock?" Stravahan questioned, with gentle sarcasm.

"Perhaps—in the same way—in which I got on," she replied. Her manner was reserved, almost cold.

Stravahan threw himself down upon a log by the water bank and, resting one hand upon his knee, regarded her.

"There is a limit to all conventionality and propriety," he explained quietly. "Here you are, stranded on that most dangerous of rocks, Scylla. Let me be the god Poseidon and rescue you from its clutches."

She laughed a charming ripple of mirth. Stravahan noted the white, even teeth; he contemplated the soft, girlish curve of her figure; he appreciated her subtle grace and fascination.

"Say, rather, you are Achilles, come with your great speed and strength across the land to rescue—"

"Pandora."

"Pandora? She was not a goddess, was she?"

"Aye. You recollect? She was fashioned by Hephæstus—at the command of Zeus—in order to wreak vengeance upon the world."

"And she was called Pandora? Why?" The question was accom-

panied by a charming raise of the delicate brows.

"She was called Pandora because all the gods bestowed upon her some special gift. Hermes gave her a smooth and persuasive tongue; Aphrodite gave her beauty and the art of pleasing; the Graces bestowed upon her the power of fascination, and Minerva endowed her with the possession of feminine accomplishments. She was called Pandora because Pandora means all-gifted."

"You disappoint me, sir."

"I!"

"Surely. I am talking to no one else," smiling bewitchingly and looking past him and about her as if to make sure of her assertion. "You—are not above the average. Achilles should never stoop to flattery—however cleverly cloaked in trite speeches."

"And Pandora should know her own accomplishments and not accept any such advances—as my weak ones were—as flatteries. Besides—may not a god flatter a goddess—especially if she is the most—I?"

"Take care!" raising a warning finger. "Pray do not forget yourself again, Sir Achilles."

"Come," Stravahan said suddenly, "I see a log there in the water. Did you use that to get where you are?"

She nodded with that charming air of reserve which he found so attractive.

Stravahan laughed with quiet indifference. He was wondering how she kept so calm; how she maintained her position so steadily, for the rock had hardly two feet of surface and she was forced to stand very still.

"You seem amused," her head inclined itself to one side, as though inquiringly, and the voice assumed a colder tone.

"The situation—Pandora—is quite humorous—quite droll."

"So?" She pursed her lips bewitchingly as she uttered the monosyllable. But her growing coldness seemed not to ruffle the man.

"But Achilles is quite ungallant," he laughed suddenly. So saying, he arose from the log and stooping down lifted one end of it from the ground. It was

an old trunk of a tree quite rotted and really light of weight. This Stravahan, with the ease of a child, pulled to the bank of the stream and then shoved it out until one end touched the rock upon which the girl stood.

In silence she watched him. His great strength and majestic stature attracted her; his deep, broad chest and his long, muscular arms appealed to her admiration; his strong, serious face fascinated her.

The log adjusted, Stravahan made a sweeping gesture. "If Pandora would deign to honor Achilles—and accept this rude means of egress from Scylla, that most treacherous of monsters—it would please Achilles exceedingly."

The girl smiled. "Thank you—sir—but I really did not need your help. I—was painting—the landscape of yonder hill"—pointing toward the east—"and climbed out here intending to cross the stream and see if I could get a better view on the other side. I lost my hold on the log and it slipped away and floated down stream—and here—you found me."

"Had you been here long?"

She colored prettily. "Not very. But there—you must go now and I must continue my painting."

"But, Pandora—is this quite fair? The gods deigned that we should meet. Let us not be conventional. Something—tells me—that we have met before—way back—in the dim ages—maybe thousands of years—"

"Oh, fudge, sir," she laughed at him. "You have been reading story books. Only in novels do you hear of this—convenient—transmigration of souls business."

"But we are immortal, Pandora. You forget—"

"That served—a minute ago," she broke in. "But the humor of the situation is gone. You have removed the barrier by placing a log here for me. You must go now. Continue your run. The team—will miss you."

"The team? You have seen—us—before?"

"No, conceited! But with a broad nineteen-naught-nine placarded on

your chest and a great *C* under the numerals it is not difficult—for one—to deduce—things."

"And I—I am not to see you again, Pandora?"

"See me? Why should you?"

The man looked at her quickly, but her head was turned away. "At least you will remember the incident," he pleaded, ignoring her own question.

"Possibly—since it is already imbedded on my mind. But you are keeping me in a tiresome position, sir."

"I—I—beg pardon." Stravahan measured the water for a moment and then quickly looked at the girl. Evidently she was unconscious of the fact that she barred his way of crossing. For just a second Stravahan hesitated. Then he plunged into the water and quickly swam the distance. As he emerged on the opposite side he turned around and faced her.

"Pandora—will you not give me—what you left to the world—hope? Tell me—where I may search for you—may see you."

She averted her head for a moment. Then raising it, she addressed him.

"You must forget me, sir. But in November—if you have not forgotten me by then—look for me at the Waverley-Conington game."

"You can depend on my vigilance," he called to her. "Though the stands contain a hundred thousand people—I will search you out."

He dropped into a slow jog and continued his interrupted run.

## II

A CHILL, bleak wind, characteristic of November, blew over the great, cross-striped field of Conington College and rendered the day an ideal one for football. Stravahan, walking briskly through the noisy, chattering crowds, felt its invigorating power way down in the depths of his massive lungs, and his blood thinned and his fingers itched to be into the game. He smiled peculiarly as in his steps he encountered a party of Waverley followers gay in

their gold banners and loud in their confabulation. As he passed them he was amused to hear some gallant youth, important with conscious knowledge, whisper to the lady nearest him, "Sh—this is Stravahan."

While modest enough, still Stravahan could not help but notice the ominous silence that he left behind him, and the amused smile of gentle flattery still played about his lips as he entered the Conington training quarters adjoining the rapidly filling stands.

With that silence characteristic of him, just prior to a game, Stravahan dressed, giving belt, shin-guard and shoes an extra-tight lacing, and when accoutred drew away by himself and silently paced up and down, hands behind him.

"November," he half muttered once, as he paused in his course and gazed through the half-ajar door at the seething mass of people lined and packed before the great entrance gates, all dominated by a restless desire to be within and get comfortably settled. "If you have not forgotten me by then—look for me at the Waverley-Conington game." A soft smile flitted across the firm lips; the great, thick chest seemed to take a deep inhalation, and then he resumed his walk with a bright light in his boyish blue eyes.

"Pandora," he mused again, "cruel Pandora, you have left me—only what you left the world—in those old mythological days—hope. But if you are here this day I'll find you, no matter how many thousands are massed in front of you."

Something brushed against him, and looking down Stravahan encountered the large, awed eyes of a little boy. Evidently he had slipped in through the door, and Stravahan was forced to smile at the look of frightened inferiority on the lad's bright face.

"You're Mister Stravahan?" he stammered at length, his eager eyes taking in each detail of Stravahan's football togger. "This is for you," handing Stravahan a tiny note.

Puzzledly, abstractedly, Stravahan took the missive. It bore no address,

and Stravahan, after assuring himself that it was really intended for him, broke the seal and read.

When he had finished his face was a study. "Why—" he muttered, and then read the note again. It was very brief:

TO ACHILLES:

I am responsible for what is about to happen this day. Is your vigilance such that you will seek me out—now?

PANDORA.

"Pandora," Stravahan breathed, as he crushed the note together in his hands. "What does this mean?" He looked for the boy to question him, but he was nowhere to be seen. Like one in a deep study, Stravahan stood and mused, but he could make nothing of the message.

"Well, boys"—Mongard had just entered the training quarters. The Conington squad gathered around him to receive their final instructions.

It puzzled Stravahan that Mongard did not come up to him and have his usual individual discourse, and he was more puzzled on pushing up close to Wilson, Conington's captain, to see that individual try to edge away from him. But he had little time to permit these episodes to bother him, for Mongard had begun his speech.

Stravahan listened listlessly. The speech was much the same as they had gotten all season, with the exception of the fact that Mongard kept impressing Conington that the Waverley men were heavier on the line than Conington, and that Conington must fight as she had never fought before. Then came the usual appended individual lecture, and then Mongard directed silence again.

"The team today," he announced, and Stravahan noticed that his voice trembled and that he seemed ill at ease: "Right end, Leslie; right tackle, Broomington; right guard, Courtleigh; centre, Meston; left end, Prescott; left tackle, Wilson; left guard, Alcott; quarter, Demingson; right half, Banto; left half, Gourlay; full, Amsden."

Amsden! Amsden! Stravahan's heart seemed suddenly to cease beating. Amsden—full—and he was left out. Dumbly—vacantly—the realization be-

gan to come over him. He—he was not to play. He—he saw the puzzled, startled expressions on the faces of his team-mates. He felt and understood the awkward silence that followed after Mongard had ceased speaking. Then he pushed through the grouped team and grasped Wilson, the captain, by the arm.

Wilson turned and quickly dropped his gaze before Stravahan's. "Look here, Wilson, what's the meaning of this?" Stravahan's voice trembled with passion. "Is it true that—that—I am not to play?"

"It is true, yes," Wilson managed to stammer.

"What are your reasons?" Stravahan demanded.

An awkward silence was his only answer.

"I say, what are your reasons? Come, let's have them." He dropped his headgear and nose-guard to the floor, and hands on hips, regarded Wilson.

Mongard, seeing the look of storm gathering on Stravahan's brow, pushed his way into the crowd of excited men. "Those are my orders," he announced coldly.

Stravahan lost his head. His rage conquered him. He was no longer the calm, cool, collected collegian. He was now a wild, war-waging wonder, who knew no control, no sacrifice, no college spirit.

"You," he hissed. "You—will you step outside with me, Mongard?"

To his intense chagrin and stupefied wonder, Mongard coldly turned his back and directed the Conington team to go out for preliminary practice.

The look on Stravahan's face was a study. It was a mixture of all emotions combined. Then he pushed after Mongard, and when his way was barred by the gathering warriors preparing to quit the quarters and dash upon the field, he sank back—to a place with the emerging squad.

As he ran upon the field he tried to hide himself far back in the line of subs, and when the side lines had been reached he threw himself upon the



ground and pulled his great blanket over his back and head and tried to conceal his whereabouts. He kept his burning eyes from the Conington eleven at practice in midfield.

The deafening, delirious, demoniacal cheers of the Conington factions brought the tears to his eyes. They were yelling for the team—his team—and he was not among them. And then—suddenly—there came a lull in the hooting, an awkward, ominous pause; then, something which sounded like an angry snarl, and then someone shouted, "Where's Stravahan?" and at that pandemonium broke loose.

Stravahan's name was picked up and hurled across the field. Shouts of "treason" and "treachery" issued from the grandstand. The whole student body, like an infuriated, blood-thirsty mob of the Girondists, had risen as one man, yelling like mad for Stravahan. And Stravahan bent his head lower and tried to hide his disgrace.

Now the Waverley warriors rushed upon the field, and the gold-bannered side of the stand broke into insatiable cheers as their champions started their preliminary practice.

Like an enraged child who, wonder-stricken ephemerally, pauses a moment to take cognizance of some strange motion conjured for its attention, Conington's adherents paused in their mad cries. Then, the rest lending them double animation, they recommenced their yells for Stravahan.

Stravahan turned his head and tried vainly not to see what was going on in midfield. But an involuntary proclivity kept his eyes riveted upon his team-mates. He watched Amsden—the man playing his position—the man who was three inches shorter and fifteen pounds lighter than Stravahan—the man who lacked his breadth of shoulders, his depth and thickness of chest, his agility and speed at running—he watched him placing the ball for the kick-off, and Stravahan grimly realized that Conington had lost the toss. Then, as he saw his comrades in war squat close to the ground, in preparation for

the impetus that was to send them down the field, a wild, magnetic force, with eyes and bodies heading for the man who captured the ball, he turned away.

His eyes were drawn, again involuntarily, to the stand—a stand packed to the overflow with one seething mass of lively and expectant faces—and then, through the mist that seemed to swim before his gaze he saw—Pandora. He had found her, though thirty yards intervened between her and him. He started, as he dumbly saw her eyes fixed upon him, and he stupidly realized that the man sitting beside her was Peyson, the president of Conington College. Then there flashed into his mind the remembrance of the mysterious note he had received before the game and the recollection of the peculiar actions of Mongard and Wilson.

When his experienced ears caught the sound of foot striking against inflated leather, Stravahan, unconscious of what he was doing—realizing only that what had happened—that his not being in the game was due to her—staggered to his feet. Roar after roar was issuing from both stands—Stravahan knew that the game was on—while he, tottering like a man spent with age, staggered from the field to the training quarters. No one seemed to notice his exit and with tearful eyes he threw himself face down upon one of the couches.

For a long time he lay there, listening to the cheers and the more disorganized yells which at times flooded the field. His heart burned with injured pride; his head seemed faint and giddy from excitement and poignant disappointment. Once—his thoughts reverted to Pandora and with a smothered growl he dismissed her from his mind.

Suddenly a roar such as he had never heard before reached his ears. He jumped wild-eyed from his couch and listened. Then, reluctantly he dragged himself to the door and peered on the field. The whole Waverley stand was one mass of gold banners and Waverley's cheering squad were yelling like mad—

men. Far down the field, behind the goal posts, Stravahan could make out the crestfallen members of his team—waiting for Waverley to try at goal. Conington had been scored upon.

A sensation of sickening disgust and rage swept over the youth as the realization came to him. Then—he heard from the Conington faction—one great vast billow of sound: "Stravahan! Stravahan!"

It was bedlam. From his place in the doorway he could see the tense excitement, the just rage which had now possessed the student body. They were all standing now, shouting and gesticulating wildly.

"Take Amsden out!" someone shouted and a thousand voices seemed to catch up the cry. "Where's Stravahan? Where's Stravahan? Put Stravahan in! Save the game! Traitors!"

A myriad of such threats, jeers, excited vociferations, flooded the field. The angry, insatiable stamping of feet could be heard by Stravahan.

Then, as he saw the game proceed—he turned away. "My orders," he muttered, "my orders. Mongard—you go to—" And throwing himself back upon the couch, Stravahan began removing his football toggery.

### III

MEANWHILE the game went on. Conington, with the odds against her, with the score 6 to 0, struggled hard and gave ground stubbornly. But Waverley, with blood hot now that she had scored once, pressed on with unrelenting fury. The backs tore great rents in Conington's lighter line; they seemed to mow down obstacles with increasing ease.

From their places on the side lines, Mongard and Jackson watched the battle.

"This has been a ticklish business, this arousing Stravahan," Jackson said, with a doubtful shake of the head.

"I know it, but it was our only chance. By this time Stravahan is mad, insane nearly, and you mark my words, Jack-

son, when we put him in, he'll plow through Waverley's line as though it were so much paper."

Jackson still looked doubtful. "Who—advanced this—scheme?"

"Miss Peyson. She has seen Waverley play several times this season and she has seen Conington twice. She pointed out the plan to me—and told me that she herself could further it—and put the finishing touches to Stravahan's rage."

"How?"

"That she wouldn't tell. My—that's bad!"

This exclamation because Waverley had suddenly shot a man through Conington's left tackle for a full twenty yards.

"I tell you," Jackson shouted, "you must put Stravie in now. The team is disheartened; they feel his loss; they want him, need him now."

Evidently Captain Wilson was of the same opinion, for at this moment he came running toward the side lines, holding up one hand and shouting for Stravahan.

But no Stravahan arose from the anxious squad. "Stravahan! Stravahan!" Wilson came closer, peering through and through the line of reclining subs. A fear, a grave misgiving, suddenly dominated him.

Mongard and Jackson now joined in the search. A man was despatched to the training quarters and soon brought back the startling word that Stravahan was not there.

Mongard grew frantic. Already the time allotted for the replacing of a man had expired and the game was forced to continue under old conditions.

By this time Mongard had organized a searching posse to go through every building connected with the college, with orders to bring Stravahan back, no matter by what means.

Five—ten—fifteen minutes elapsed and the half was nearly over. Still no posse returned with the runaway Stravahan and still Mongard fumed and fussed and cursed himself and everyone else. Then the referee's whistle blew and the half ended.

Conington's tired warriors came rushing in for their earned rest. At the same time, five of the students entered through the campus side of the quarters, dragging after them Stravahan, dressed immaculately in street attire.

"Out of those clothes," Mongard yelled. "You're going to play this half."

Stravahan shrugged his shoulders provokingly. "Am I? Oh, no!" Every man there saw the effort it cost him to control himself; every man realized that Stravahan was mad, insane from rage.

"I say you are!" Mongard yelled, beside himself.

Another indifferent shrug was his only answer.

"You're acting like a baby," Mongard hissed at him. "Where's your fine-edged college spirit?"

"There's a limit to patience—and college spirit," Stravahan retorted, hotly. "And I am not going to play this half."

"No? Here, fellows, grab him and we'll get him into his togs in spite of himself."

They closed quickly on him, as he stubbornly resisted. But numbers told and by the time the respite had come to an end they had Stravahan redressed for the game.

Now he stood there, sulking, mad. The brutish, animal savagery of his primitive ancestors flooded his veins. He was no longer a man, no longer a being endowed with controllable senses and passions; but he was a wild thing, gloating for blood, gloating for vengeance, gloating for spoil. He was imbibing superhuman strength.

When the shrill call of the referee's whistle trickled into his ears, he made a mad dash upon the field.

He was blind to the myriad pennants which suddenly rose like one great sea of flags on the Conington stand; he was deaf to the deafening roars and shouts which suddenly seemed to issue from thousands of throats. "Stravahan! Stravahan!"

The power to discern that they were

all crying his name was denied him. A mist swam always before his eyes when he looked anywhere but on the field. But here he saw with extraordinary clearness.

He took his place on the five-yard line. Lethargically he saw his teammates sullenly take theirs; dumbly he heard the gruff voice of the referee demanding the usual "Waverley ready?—Conington ready?" Then the whistle blew.

There came a loud clug, and the ball shot into the air.

For one tense second, as the oval shot up and up, Stravahan stood stock-still. Then, with that acumen for which he had always been famous, he ran back seven or eight yards as he perceived that the ball would fall behind the goal line. Down it came with great rapidity, and with an easy cessation stopped in Stravahan's arms. Then the Achilles awakened. He tucked the ball in a vice-like grip into his left elbow. Then he lowered his head and, digging his feet into the earth, plunged forward. The force of a machine was in his legs; the mad, insane strength of a savage in the propendent body.

The Waverley team came down upon him. Someone, in one long, sweeping tackle, grappled him just below the waist. But Stravahan's body didn't give an inch. It was as if the man had struck a moving tree, for the fast rigidity of Stravahan's body caused the fellow to swing clear around him, as a connecting rod on a fulcrum, and then he fell to the ground, a disheveled heap. Stravahan plunged on, mad, mad.

Obstacles struck him. A great Waverley giant had him by one leg; another was jerking at his waist line; two or three more seemed riding upon his broad shoulders. Still he kept on, carrying half the Waverley team with him.

When, finally, someone, seeing the utter futility of trying to stop Stravahan this way, dropped in front of the seething mass and toppled over the whole moving force, the centre of the field had been reached.

The men piled off and lined up.  
"Series C," Demingson shouted.

It was Stravahan's series. He squatted, head bent forward, massive shoulders near the ground, hands on earth. The ball was passed and he received it. Like an enraged bull he plunged at the line just outside tackle. For a second it seemed as though he had collided with a stone wall. Then the inertia broke and he went through for ten yards. With trembling body, uncontrollable arms and legs, with every muscle set in keen tensity, Stravahan took the ball again. With herculean force he threw his whole savage person at the same identical place and broke through Waverley's lines for twenty yards more, setting the ball down on the twenty-five-yard line.

And now the whole Conington team picked up. There was contagion in Stravahan's madness. It spread, like an infectious disease, from man to man. With the ball on the twenty-five-yard line, they renewed their efforts. Again Stravahan shot forward, with half the Conington team behind him, pushing as though their lives depended on it; again the Waverley line and backs threw themselves into the coming attack; again Conington swept them down before their mighty agility and strength; and again Stravahan gained, this time ten more of the coveted yards.

By this time, every being on the Conington stands was on his feet. Shouts of immense volume flooded the air. People cheered wildly, hoarsely, inarticulately. Men slapped each other in their mad delirium of expectancy, and when, on the next down, Stravahan repeated his former exploits and like a power-driven machine drove through Waverley's line and crossed the goal, there was no limit to their insanity. They howled, roared, yelled, hooted. They sent Stravahan's name in vast billows of sound across the gridiron. Then they quieted, as they saw Wilson directing the placing of the ball for a try at goal. Breathless tensity reigned for just a second. Then the ball, like some reluctant bird,

soared up and up, slowly at first, then, as if caught by a friendly zephyr, it seemed to quicken its speed and straight between the posts it went. The score was 6 to 6 and Conington was mad, mad.

Her heroes' blood was fired; their hearts pumping in great strides, their eyes bright with eager longing and lust, Conington prepared to kick off.

Stravahan placed the ball and booted the pigskin to the three-yard line, where the burly fullback of Waverley's great team caught it and attempted to run it back. But the speed of Mercury was in the Conington warriors' legs, and the undying strength of Ulysses in their bodies. Someone downed the runner before he had gone four yards and then they lined up.

Waverley, encouraged, attempted to repeat her manœuvres of the first half. Her tackle, Waddlebern, was sent through the opposite side of the line, but he only covered a meager three yards. Next, thinking to catch Conington napping, a delayed pass was attempted, but this fell short of its purpose and Leslie, Conington's agile right end, pulled the man down from the loss of a yard. Then Waverley punted and it was Conington's ball on the fifty-yard line.

Then began the terrible pounding and hammering on Waverley's men again. Stravahan, always Stravahan, pierced the line for gain after gain, for yard after yard. He was untiring, his strength exhaustless. Time after time, with half the Waverley team hanging to his shoulders, tugging at his waist, pulling at his great legs, he dragged them for yards before falling to the ground. Time after time he would force the line to give way, after the first impetus had seemed to meet a successful resistance.

And the Conington team moved on. They plunged from one white line on the field to the other; tore past the twenty-five-yard line; rested on the fifteen, and then pushed the terrible Stravahan over for the second touchdown. Wilson kicked the goal and the score was 12 to 6.

Then the ball zigzagged. From one side to the other it went, with Conington always having a shade the better of the struggle. Then suddenly, abruptly, unexpectedly for some, the timer's whistle blew and the game was over.

Like droves of ungovernable steers, the Conington students flocked upon the field. They were wild, absolutely wild. They caught up Stravahan, as though he were a child, and notwithstanding his protests and struggles, raised him upon their shoulders and paraded the gridiron with him. Long and lustily they cheered, keeping Stravahan upon his elevated seat for an hour or more. Then their fervor abated somewhat and the hero of Conington College was permitted time to dress.

#### IV

STRAVAHAN was like a dazed man. He failed to distinctly grasp the situation. Things were not quite clear in his mind. True, he realized that he had been permitted to play and he knew, vaguely remembered, that he had done something toward winning the game. But he could not actually recall events in their natural sequence.

So in this state of lethargy, he showered his body, after being rubbed vigorously by the trainers, donned his clothes and stepped into the streets.

It was now late in the afternoon and twilight was fast falling. Still undecided, Stravahan struck out across the campus, intending to walk a bit to cool his heated temples and body.

People passed him now and then. Here and there he was confronted by a thickly-knotted crowd talking and shouting lustily and these always seemed to stand aside and let him pass and he generally silenced the gay con-fabulation.

Suddenly he came to earth with a marked start and he stopped uncertainly in his course. Then, hesitating just a second, he resumed his walk with a resolute stride and advanced quickly to where a young girl was walking along with bent head.

"Pandora," Stravahan breathed, hat in hand. "Pandora."

The girl turned quickly and smiled. "I knew I should see you here somewhere," she confessed, simply, as she held out a gloveless hand and Stravahan shook it. "To be real frank"—he could see, even in the fast falling gloom the delicate tinge of crimson creeping into her cheeks—"I—I—was waiting for you. Mr. Stravahan—I—I want to tell you—how much I appreciated your playing—today. It was splendid, perfectly splendid."

Where Stravahan would have stopped another with a firm, staying gesture, he hungrily permitted the girl to finish and like an ardent boy, wrapped up in his first fascination, drank in her every word. When she had done, he stammered in reply:

"Thank you—thank you—I—I'm—glad you liked it."

She smiled up at him bewitchingly. "Tell me, Mr. Stravahan," she asked, "why do men always get so mad—pretend to get mad—when they are deceived—by a woman?"

Stravahan, ill at ease, only vaguely comprehending the purport of the interrogation, coughed. He was both annoyed and angry. The girl must have perceived his discomfiture, for she hastily continued, "Did you receive—a note—today?"

"Yes." He was calm and cool now.

"And when Mr. Mongard read the line-up—and your name was not on the list—tell me—Mr. Stravahan—what did you say—and think—of Pandora—then?"

She was smiling into his face. Stravahan met her eyes and smiled in return.

"Well—I thought I—I—had been duped. I thought—maybe—you had someone—on the Waverley team— Oh, I don't know exactly what I did think," he broke off, suddenly conscious that he was getting into a complication. "I got all bemuddled and lost my temper most disgracefully. I wanted to fight everyone within an arm's length. And—you really—were the cause—of my not starting the game?"

She nodded, with sparkling laughter in her eyes.

"Why?" he questioned.

"Well—I had studied you—Mr. Stravahan," she explained, with a pretty hesitancy powerfully attractive, "ever so many times. First, on that day when I returned from abroad and started out in the afternoon to do some painting; and then, afterward, at the practice games."

"The practice games!" Stravahan reiterated, dumfoundedly.

She laughed softly. "I attended nearly every practice," she confessed to him, "and sat 'way up on the L curve of the stand, where no one could see me—and—"

"Why did you do this?" Stravahan asked very suddenly.

"Well—patriotism for my father's college was one reason," she responded quickly, very quickly, "and, too, to study the team. I am a great enthusiast. It was my plan—mine alone," blushing furiously, "that of arousing your temper—I knew you had one, lying latent about you somewhere—so that the savagery in your blood, the savagery instilled there by your original ancestors, might crop out, and turn you—from man to demon. You did turn demon—almost, didn't you?"

Stravahan colored. "And you—you presented this wild, daring, risky plan—to the coaches?"

"Yes—and got severely squelched by them, too—at first. Then—when they saw the Waverley team, with all its proud, gigantic warriors, they heeded me—just a little, and finally conceded to make the trial. They intended to put you in, however, a great deal sooner than they did—only—Achilles sulked just a trifle and nearly frustrated Pandora's novel scheme. Do you know—what it was—that just put the keen edge to your wrath—today?"

Stravahan nodded sheepishly.

"It was my—innocent little note, written for the purpose—of making you—beastly— But it made you play—didn't it—just to get the better—of Pandora?"

Stravahan managed to laugh. "That *was* quite a scheme," he commented, "and I'll confess—the note served its purpose. But, Pandora—"

"What?"

She seemed suddenly to challenge him with the word.

"Remember what I said that day in August—about searching you out?"

"And did you?" wonderingly. "I think I looked for you."

"My eyes—found you—this afternoon—on the stand."

"And held nothing but an icy stare for me."

"I was not myself then."

"Are you now?" laughing teasingly.

"Yes—yes." He moved nearer.

"Pandora—in that dear old mythological world 'twas you who let all the good and evil escape—from the great casket that held them all. Do you recall—which one—you managed to keep—from getting away?"

No answer.

"'Twas hope, Pandora. Pandora—or Miss Peyson—for I suppose you are Miss Peyson—do you bid me—hope?"

"Hope, Mr. Stravahan! Hope for what?"

"Hope, Pandora, for you!"

She drew back, as though startled. The gloom had grown so black that he could scarcely distinguish her. He again moved nearer.

"Pandora—Pandora!" Here he caught up one of her hands in his. She did not resist, and for the space of a moment he held it, then raised it to his lips.

A thrill seemed to pass through her as his hot lips touched the delicate hand, and then—suddenly—unexpectedly for Stravahan, her other hand closed over his. Another moment and then Stravahan drew her to him with his great strength, until he could feel her throbbing heart beating against his breast.

"You give me—hope, Pandora?"

"Hope," she breathed, lifting her head and looking fearlessly at him. "Yes—I—I—give you hope—now," and her young lips clung to his in a long, surging kiss.



# THE PASSING

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

"**I**S this a time for setting forth?—  
The driven clouds hang low,  
A wolf-wind howls from out the North  
Across the wastes of snow?"  
"Nay, kiss me on my mouth, true wife,  
The hour is come to go."

"But go you out to fight, my Lord?  
Your men-at-arms sleep all;  
And go you without horse and sword  
To meet your foeman's call?"  
"I bear another weapon, wife,  
Stiff fingers let not fall."

"But go you fasting, Lord of mine,  
Ere yet the feast be spread?"  
"The Priest shall touch my mouth with wine,  
My lips with broken bread  
That in that far place where I fare  
My soul shall go full-fed."

"And whither leads the path, my Lord,  
That you would take alone?"  
"It leadeth to a silent ford  
Unseen of moon or sun."  
"And shall one point the way to you?"  
"Aye, One and only one."

"And whoso is that foe that stands  
To give you battle there?"  
"One with no weapon in his hands  
And with his body bare,  
And in his eyes the selfsame look  
My saddest sin may wear."

"Now lay the cross in my two hands,  
And bid the Priest begin,  
Seeing I fare to Death's dark lands  
To war with that my sin,  
Who stands before the door of God  
And will not let me in."

# A WOMAN'S WAY

By INEZ G. THOMPSON

"THERE is no hope for me?" The question asked itself. Emilia's aunt shook her head, holding my hand an instant kindly.

I bent to her fair, faded fingers, and as I rose felt behind me, a trifle uncertainly, for my chair. I wanted to sit down and I wanted a cup of tea, hot and strong. It would have been cheering, of course, had I found myself scorning a chair, pacing the floor, rushing violently from the house, intent on highballs. But no—I wanted to sit down and I wanted a cup of tea. As I admitted the inclinations, I felt a sudden sensation of hollowness—lacking a better word—that seemed at once physical and spiritual. I am convinced that it was occasioned by the flight of my last pretension to youth.

"If I have lost Emilia's friendship, with all else—" I began.

"Her friendship you may count on, I think, as never before." There was an emphasis on the forlorn word. Emilia's aunt seemed confused under my gaze—she fitted her cup to its saucer too attentively. "I must tell you," she hurried, "I don't know how, either—but Emilia does not know of your proposal."

The quick contraction of my throat was hope, in spite of the fact that I had known, from the first look, there was no such thing for me.

"The truth is"—Emilia's aunt was positively flurried—"I put off telling her until last night. I thought it wiser—better for many reasons.

"Oh—you don't understand!" Emilia's aunt was cruel in the haste with which she tried to set me right. "It

wasn't what you are thinking! I was truthful, Hammond, in my talk with you—I'd no reason to doubt that you had a chance. Emilia's fond of you—you've been so much together and you have been so good to her! Besides, it's silly to deny that your position, your means—and I can do so little for her. But I hesitated to say the words. Imagine, then, my—my consternation—when she forestalled my announcement with one of her own. Yes—he didn't waste time on an elderly aunt—he asked Emilia yesterday."

"May I ask who 'he' is?" The indefinite pronoun was irritating.

"Stanley Ransom."

"And I'm to understand that Emilia—"

"Accepted him. Yes. She prayed me to believe that they would defer to my wishes, that they had not meant disrespect, that Stanley had meant to speak to me, but the opportunity—his eagerness—" the smile with which she finished held a trace of irony and hurt. I drank my tea.

"Under those circumstances, Hammond, would you have had me go on—"

"No," I said truthfully. "You did the right—the kind thing—as one may count on you to do always. Emilia mustn't know. I want to keep what she's already given me."

"I wish she had chosen you," said Emilia's aunt, after a silence. "I wish he had never come into her life. She wouldn't have known such happiness with you, as he will give her—nor such pain. There, I didn't mean to say that!"

"I give you my word I think you're wrong. Ransom's a better chap than

he's given credit for—he's young, remember. And loving Emilia—ah, you may be *very* sure he loves her!"

"And always will, it may well be," she agreed wearily. "But that won't prevent his breaking her heart. I've seen it so many times—so many, many times. I can't understand, though I have had a long life, *why* it is so; but given a woman of Emilia's type—very pure, very sweet, very true—she will love such a man as he is. He will love her—love her as well as ever while he is betraying her. Not literally, always—but often. It generally ends in heart-break for her—ennui for him. I question whether the brief, great happiness she will have makes it worth while. Yet I don't dare interfere. He would *take* her, if I did that—I feel sure. Nor can I speak to her of such—here she comes! Be careful!"

It is unfortunate for me that I must always measure Emilia's happiness by the standard of that hour. I realize that she may have known keener ecstasy—deeper and more enduring joy. Nevertheless, I must gauge her heights and deeps by that revelation of her in the newness of betrothal. There seemed a tremulous radiance within and about her. I have seen its like once, when I watched the miracle of a white flower opening to the sun.

"My dear," I said, both her hands in mine, "is there room for an unobtrusive friendship in your wonderful world of two?"

She smiled into my eyes, her fingers tightening on mine. I was assured. Of course I met *him* on my way out. It rounded the hour in beautiful completeness. But I was sure of myself, by that, and had it over.

"I won't keep you but a moment," I accosted him. He stopped short. I put out my hand. We'd never been on an intimate footing—I'm of the opinion he didn't care overmuch for me—but his overflow of bliss transfigured things that day.

"Sayre!" He disabled me with his grip. "This is mighty good of you—you know, then?"

"I'm an old friend," I reminded him.

"I hope you'll find it possible to let me continue in that—"

"Why, Sayre!" His crushing hold augmented. "Fancy your asking that! I'll be everlastingly in your debt if you'll extend your good-will to *me*. You see, 'Milia's spoken of you particularly—"

"*Has* she?" I felt a positively fatuous thrill. I looked down on him a bit from my vantage of a higher step. I liked his lean length, his good shoulders, his gray eyes, the set of his mouth, the faint, nervous flush. I *liked* him. I liked his youth. I wanted him *right* if he was to have Emilia. The gloomy prophecy of Emilia's aunt came to me, and I felt like apologizing to him then and there. But there was a subdued triumph about him that I caught; next—I don't know whether I'd expected he would come up the steps on his knees, but I wanted him humble.

"Of course you know you're not good enough for her," I said; and found he had still a reserve torture to expend on my helpless palm before he let it drop.

"No man could be—I, least of all." He sobered suddenly. "All I can say, Sayre, is that I realize that so fully, and—and *care* so almightily, that I dare—I dared—"

"And add the justification that Emilia loved you." My renunciation accomplished with that, I went away. I went away again, after I saw them home from their honeymoon and established in the house that Emilia's aunt and I had puttered over so busily during all that time. I forget what reason I gave, or if I gave any. I went on a comfortable, grumbling, middle-aged, six months' tour, the satisfaction abiding with me that Stanley was, unmistakably, on his metaphorical knees before his wife.

Emilia's aunt, of her kindness, wrote me regularly. "Very happy," "devoted," "ideally happy," her reports ran. So one day I found myself well rid of everything save a desire to go and see for myself. The welcome they gave me—the happiness I found!

I believe I babbled a week or more

before I saw that Emilia's aunt was not entering into the fulness of my content. Upon that—having a wiliness of a sort—I went on babbling, but kept a sharp eye on conditions and my confidante.

"Don't you think," I taxed her at last, "that I deserve the secret of your discontent, dear friend, since I am too stupid to discover it myself? That I am blind, I am not ready to admit, mind. It seems to me that Stanley has improved amazingly. I hear famous things of him in the city—in quarters where truth gets no varnish. And in the thing that counts with us—his attitude to Emilia—he approaches perfection."

"So he does," said Emilia's aunt. There was a crispness in her tone. It seemed to imply a lack of something or other on *my* part.

"Hammond, you're a man!" Her words confirmed my construction. "That is the unanswerable argument to any claim to certain perceptions that you might advance. You see more than many men—where women are in question—but not enough. You're a man. . . . If you want more tea you must come to Emilia's for it. I'm driving there. I'll take you—or put you down at the club, as you prefer—"

"The club, I think," I chose meekly. Emilia's aunt relented a bit and bent her lavender bonnet toward me as I alighted.

"The thing is—a woman doesn't *want* perfection!" she explained.

"But good gracious!" She hadn't helped me. "You eternally tell one what a woman *doesn't* want, you know. What's a man to do? Does a woman want—"

"Everything — precisely." Which wasn't what I'd meant to say at all. I shut her magnificence in and turned to the unperturbing society of my kind.

My sex rendered my most indecent prying of the next weeks of no avail. "He is devotion itself," I accused Emilia's aunt.

"He is," she agreed.

"He—it's not a ridiculous word, in this case—he worships her."

"He does," she nodded placidly.

"Then will you be good enough to tell me—"

"There's nothing to tell you—yet," she interrupted. Inwardly I got into a middle-aged fume.

"I think, then, I shall go on accepting things as they seem."

"By all means, *do*," she encouraged me heartily; and from taking the pose in that tempery fashion, I grew again into possession of a genuine, restful belief. I did not concern myself with imaginary misunderstandings. To be quite frank, I grew less selfishly concerned about Emilia. For in the spring I became godfather to Emilia's boy. And in that occupation I found my reason for being.

I wish I knew the words that would make convincing the avowal of my belief in Emilia's happiness then, and for months to follow. When I said that I grew less selfishly concerned about her, I should have added that I believed from my soul that there was never woman who had less need of concern. And the bewildering part of it is that I have never been able to see it otherwise. In spite of the thing that came to pass, and the evident change it has wrought in their lives, I repeat that she should have been and *was* happy. Emilia's aunt says I do not "understand." I say that I know what Emilia felt and wanted, perhaps, but that she gave up an ideal devotion for one—

Let me get back to the statement that I believed her happy. Arguing won't change things, at this day! I believed her happy till the boy was a year old. On that birthday I'd sent around the sort of thing a yearling fancies—ridiculous stuff enough, but it pleased him. I went after it to see. I sat on the nursery rug with him, winding up a toy, when Emilia came in. I didn't get up and she didn't smile. They'd got done chaffing me, after a time, as I knew they would. It wasn't funny to me, ever. Being godfather to the boy is the finest thing life has given me.

As she leaned against the mantel

that day, looking at us, it came to me, all at once, that she'd been doing it—the attitude, the watching, the little, thoughtful frown—for a long time. A month anyway. . . . It takes me a deuce of a time to get awake, somehow! . . . When the toy was working well I got up, found a new quarter in my change and gave it her.

"I haven't a penny," I said, "and, anyway, your thoughts are worth the greater sum. She looked at the coin she had taken mechanically, flushed, and looked up at me with a smile she worked hard for.

"I was coming to think," she answered, "that my thoughts no longer interested you." The surprise of it held me speechless, staring at her. . . .

I haven't said overmuch about Emilia's outward seeming. I couldn't. She is of the type that you itemize—feature, smile, gesture—when it is before your eyes. Every shade of thought you watch for, every movement has the poignancy of a familiar thing, unutterably dear. Away from her, all merges into a personality that defies analysis. I cannot tell the color of Emilia's eyes, with certainty, though brown pools in deep woods, the glint of topaz, light through my sherry, and occasional music—all these have brought to me Emilia's eyes. I know that she is tall, that she moves without effort, that her hair is a woman's brown, beautiful, orderly hair—not a designedly provocative fluff and tangle that one would like to touch lingeringly. I think of wild roses when I look at her face—and am sorry for it, for Emilia deserves originality. I know her hands are the most beautiful in the world, and I know that she is unconscious of the temptation of her voice and of her smile. . . .

My quarter clicked to the floor, rolled, spun and lay still. Emilia had put her arms on the mantel, her face down on them, and was crying.

"Good gracious—Emilia—don't!" I went from adoration to a middle-aged confusion. "Remember the nurse—she—may come in, you know—what is it—what—oh, mercy! Do tell me

what the matter is!" She put out her left hand to me. It was a tremendous relief. I'd been thinking that my moony stare—

"It's just that I'm glad—glad you're still fond of me," she choked.

That I was still fond of her. . . . After I'd looked at her hand a minute, I patted it, let it drop, and went over to the window. . . .

"Yes," I said, on the hearth-rug again, "I'm still fond of you, Emilia. If you've been doubting that, you're a—*a* goose, I believe they call young women in such cases, don't they? I don't know why goose—turkeys, now—very young ones—have much less discrimination. I think you're an especially deficient turkey—*young* turkey, Emilia." She flashed about at me.

"Oh, why—*why* haven't you talked so to me before? How did I make you do that—*how* did I make you?"

I know I looked the idiot. "The—er—turkey and goose persiflage—is that what you mean?" I asked weakly.

She laughed shakily, and cried, both together, came closer and put her hand on my sleeve.

"Oh, you poor man—I'm not stark mad—don't look so! Only I've been—thinking all sorts of things. Foolish, perhaps—but I want to know—I want you to tell me—*why* you—*why* men treat me differently from—other women."

"Dif—ferently—" was all I could achieve.

"Yes! Differently. Why did you never—call me a goose before?"

"Why—I never—had occasion, don't you know. I never saw you—er—cry, you see—over such a silly thing, too. Had it been serious—but to have *you* get such a notion—One might have expected it from another sort of woman—"

"There! What sort—*what* sort!" She pinched my arm in her excitement.

"Why, the—the usual sort." Blessed if I could see what she was after. "The—irrational sort, that makes scenes just for the—er—pleasure of making up afterward, I should say. The sort with rather less stability than a kitten

—that a man feels he must look out for eternally or it'll get into pretty—bad scrapes, you know. Makes him feel that he's got a child on his hands that'll take sharp looking after—oh, all that sort of thing, don't you know. And *you're* not that sort, Emilia!"

"No," she spoke in a half-whisper, her shining eyes looking through me. "No, I'm not. And—I wish I had been, Hammond—I wish I were! I want to be called silly names. I want to be looked after—that way. Those women are—are happy—"

I felt my backbone change to steel as I straightened.

"Emilia!" If anyone had told me I could have roared at a woman in that fashion, I believe I should have knocked him down. She gasped and shrank at it, as well she might. But the next breath flushed in such delight that I felt in doubt of my sight.

"That's it," she triumphed—and laughed outright. "That's what I mean."

I spoke out sharply. I was—scared. "Have you taken leave of your senses? What's this rot you're telling me—what are you getting at! *Stop smiling!* I'm ashamed of you—nearly—do you hear?" But as she kept on watching me and smiling I felt a dread of something incredibly horrid—that one of these double-personality cases, it might be, was effecting its change before me. "Emilia," I said as firmly as I could, "are you—quite well? Do you feel—"

Her laugh was normal enough, if a trifle nervous.

"Oh—poor, good godfather! Yes, I tell you—I'm all right—all right. I'm not gone mad—suddenly gone wise. I think you're getting the outbreak of two long years of indecision, of wondering, of perplexity, Hammond. It's only that, dear friend. I'd no other man to talk to—can't you see? I'm trying to find out what a man likes—in a woman. Don't you see yet—"

"No!" I snapped it. "I declare, Emilia—are you trying to tell me that you—*you* envy the sort of woman—that

you are not? Do you mean to say you're not content with the worship Stanley gives you? It amounts to that—I never knew a man so devoted in every way that should count with you—"

Her hand dropped from my arm. If it had not been Emilia, I should say that she sulked.

"But a woman—*being* a woman—is so far from perfection," she hesitated, "that—doesn't it occur to you she might be happier—more foolishly, transiently happy—if she had the—the things that are given to the woman that I am not?" And then I remembered that Emilia's aunt had said "a woman doesn't want perfection!" I got out my handkerchief and wiped my forehead. The boy was trying to swallow a wooden soldier, and I took it away from him, with something less than the requisite tact. The nurse entered just as his wail gathered headway.

"Why does he want such extraordinary things?" My tone held her responsible.

"Impossible to say—but it's natural, isn't it?" Emilia seemed to answer two questions, and I could say nothing. I felt my disquietude lessen, however, when she got the boy in her arms. That seemed to change her mood. And I ignored her challenging glance at me when the nurse had taken him away for his nap. I sent back a basket of violets to atone for my plain-speaking. Of course nothing could change me toward Emilia; but I had been surprised and—disappointed, I think.

Yet as the days went on I grew easier. I was at the point of taking a long breath—after due time—and charging it all to the score of nerves, when I had a glimpse of unrest that effectually shocked me. We were at the Wardells'—a decidedly mixed house party, such as the Wardells alone could have messed together; and I saw a suggestion of that memorable scene in Emilia's air as she beckoned me to her on the second evening.

"Who—and what—is this Mrs. Claxton?" she asked with some as-



perity. I suppose I showed more than I told—I've gotten into that unfortunate habit with Emilia.

"But there's nothing against her, exactly," I hastened to add. "She is—at worst—only a bit too feather-headed—too—flighty—you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," she looked down at her fingers, then up at me; "she is of—the other sort, then?" She smiled up at me brilliantly. "We need bridge—" she gave me no time to speak. "We won't talk of things that distress you, Hammond—don't be afraid to come with me." I didn't answer—I didn't know what she meant, exactly; but I went along, of course.

From the music room where the—well, the desirables were gathered, we went to the tables. The play at Wardells' was rather unpleasantly hinted about, even then; and suspicion became a certainty soon after. Not that the Wardells were off-color—but the queer people that sponged on them came there deliberately to recoup.

"Seems to me nicer to listen to Laura Macdonald's Scotch songs," I ventured. We were just over the threshold, and our entrance had gone unnoticed in the bustle of forming. As Emilia did not answer and made no step further, I followed her eyes.

Her husband sat at a table with Mrs. Claxton, waiting for the other two players. He was bending over to her, shuffling the cards in his lean, strong hands, his eyes watching her animated face, his mouth widened in a smile. She was talking vivaciously—hands, face, shoulders, eyes—in her inimitable way, breaking off to laugh at her own anticipated climaxes. I knew Mrs. Claxton. Repeatedly she took her pretty elbows from the table, lifted her hands to the jeweled straps of her gown and pulled them higher on her shoulders. They always slipped down, immediately. It was an action that she made expressly her own. Once she leaned well forward, one small hand dropping on Ransom's hand as she reached her point. Mrs. Claxton's

stories are always new and always clever. I was prepared for it when Ransom put back his head and laughed long, his face reddening with the tax of keeping his mirth within bounds. Mrs. Claxton sparkled, watching him, her hand leaving his slowly.

At something—it may have been our concentrated gaze—Ransom looked around. I knew—as any *man* would have known—the reason for the change in him as he came to his feet. He saw his wife—very white, very pure, very beautiful, very—different; and his instinct was to offer her the homage of something else than Mrs. Claxton could call forth. But I suppose Emilia saw only that he was less cheerful in her presence than he was with Mrs. Claxton alone.

"No—we're not playing," her voice was sweet, but too languid. "We just looked in—go on with your game." I saw the puzzled shadow that flickered across Ransom's face, and the vague uneasiness that followed. For Emilia looked beyond him, shook her head to calls of invitation that came to us from other tables—looked last at Mrs. Claxton and smiled at her; but with an indescribable understanding, an indefinable, barely suggested insolence in the recognition.

"Why did you do that?" I couldn't resist asking as we went back.

"I wanted to see if I could," she said; and there was something infinitely childlike in the triumph and pathetic hurt of her voice. Those Scotch songs that Laura Macdonald paraded then have been inseparable ever since, from my recollection of Emilia, grieved, pitiful—beginning her descent to the petty strife of her sex.

So when I began to see—as I soon did—that puzzle and vague uneasiness very often on Ransom's face—I *knew*. But I could do nothing—say nothing. When he and I were alone at table—after a "family" dinner with only Emilia's aunt and myself—he would sit without speaking, scowling at his cigar, fiddling with the nuts—it grew unbearable to me.

"City isn't misusing you, I hope?"

I broke out one night. I hoped it was—hoped he would say so. Hoped I was half mistaken.

"Eh? Oh—no, no," he roused and smiled across at me. "No—I'm just plain stupid lately—liver, I guess. Better go up, hadn't we? Emilia may play for us."

But Emilia had gone to her room with a headache, and begged us to forgive her and she would be all right in the morning. Emilia's aunt was ready for her carriage, and Ransom turned with me to the hall.

"Well—the evening doesn't promise much—I'll go along to the club with you, Sayre." I wanted to say the right thing, but I couldn't hit on it—consequently said nothing. But I spoke my mind to Emilia, when at last I was able to catch her at her aunt's and force her to walk home and listen to my arraignment.

"But *what* do I fail in—what am I doing?" The evasion irritated me.

"You're doing nothing!" I spoke emphatically. "You're doing nothing at all that you used to do. You're always out, or dressing, or lying down, or headaching—never what you used to be with Stanley. You never give him a look that means anything—that I see. You're deadily civil and inattentive and—polite to him. What is the reason, Emilia?"

"I suppose it's the inevitable modern thing, isn't it?" she parried.

"Unfortunately there's truth in your question. But with you two I had hoped something different."

"Why?" Her eyes did not meet mine.

"Because Stanley loved you—loves you."

"Better leave it 'loved,'" she corrected; and even smiled.

"He *loves* you!" I was angry. "But if you go on snubbing him and hurting him—Emilia! Tell me what the matter is, won't you?" She looked at me, at that, paling and dark-eyed.

"I—do not know," she said; and she told the truth. "I was happy—you can't know how happy—till I began to feel that I was not—enough. He did not

love me with *all* himself, as I loved him. He gave me—it may be—the best of himself—but from all else I was barred. I wanted him to laugh with me, to talk with me, to—to scold me. I wanted to share the worst of him—his hopes, his temptations, his troubles, his—wickedness, even. I began to see that he was having to assume what he had found it easy to give me at first. He was—growing tired. That wasn't easy to face. I asked you, as well as I could, about the—other sort of woman. I wanted to change—to get him back that way. Anyway! But I—don't know how—I guess. I've tried to flirt—but I—can't. I've tried—I've made myself change, outwardly—to him. I hoped it would bring him to me, to talk things over, to—to make it possible to interest him—somehow—I don't know exactly what I thought. But I couldn't let him grow tired—while I was—loving him so openly. I wanted the coolness to come from me. It just vexes him. I don't blame him, remember. It's only—I know—that a man—men—get weary of staying on their knees—"

Her voice broke and she drew her furs over her mouth.

"Now the Lord make things plain to me," I prayed devoutly. "Emilia, my dear, you are wrong. I can't believe—I *know* you're not right. He cares for you in the finest way—will always care—" and suddenly I remembered the talk I had, long ago, with her aunt. "He will break her heart—I don't know why it is so—" I seemed to have nothing more to say.

"At any rate I'm glad you know," Emilia said, her head bent so that the great plumes of her hat blew against my cheek. "I don't want to lose your friendship. It may be all that I will have left—"

"*What* are you talking about! Emilia—what do you mean—what do you think of doing—"

"Why, what should I do?" She turned full to me. Her eyes were wet, but the color was coming to her face. "What is there to do—what do you fear I may do?"

"I don't know," I said helplessly. "I don't trust a woman, though. Your own words—"

"Were nothing more than words!" she smiled. "Are you coming in to see your godson?"

"Tomorrow. Good-afternoon." I turned right about, lifting my hat and left her. She could smile. The Sphinx is a babbler compared to a woman, in spite of her talkativeness. She tells what she chooses, after all.

I couldn't have told just what, in her words or manner, taunted my nerves to fiddle strings in expectation of a calamity; but expect it I did, in the days that followed. I can't tell how relieved I was when Ransom broke out, at dinner one night, over a trifling theft of which he suspected a servant. Some slip in the service led him to it.

"I've missed things for weeks! Money—little sums and large. The nerve of it is astounding! They're a poor lot—I wish you'd get after them a bit, Emilia."

There was something wholesome and gratifying, to me, in his growl and his remonstrance to Emilia. She lifted her eyebrows at his tone.

"I'll try." She was not interested. "It's a difficult thing to place. They came well recommended—and all that. Of course they're inefficient, but really good servants are the prerogatives of the very rich."

I felt warm and uncomfortable. Ransom colored.

"If it's all to be attributed to my financial shortcomings, I'll say no more!" It was decidedly unpleasant—he felt it, keenly. But that was the sort of thing that would clear the air, I argued, as I walked home. I felt easier.

It was at the club, a week later, that Ransom put his hand in his pocket at the close of a game, stopped short, looked dazed, and began to curse viciously.

"You know, Sayre!"—he turned on me, blazing—"you know that I spoke to you of the dirty thievery that's going on in my own house—week in and out! But—by G—! it'll be stopped—and that soon! I put bills—a couple of hun-

dred—in these clothes—took 'em from my others. I left these things in my dressing-room while I bathed. Now I leave it to you, if it mustn't be somebody that knows my ways pretty thoroughly—somebody indoors there. I know—devil take it! I can swear I put that money there—and now see!" He pulled out his empty pockets. "I ought to ask your pardon, I suppose, for losing my temper—but I can't help it. It's enough to make a man rage—to be robbed in his own house—well, you'll have to let this stand till I can get in again. I'll make somebody smart for this—"

We all knew him well, at the table, and old Matthewson pulled his mustache dubiously.

"The boy used to have a better temper," he remarked. I resented that, mentally, for Emilia. But I swallowed the justice of it. It was as well, all things considered, that Ransom had some such outlet for his irritation.

I was thinking of anything else, next day, as I sat with Emilia's aunt in the nursery, cross-questioning the frightened maid. Croup is a scary word, and the boy had been in a bad way with it the night before. Emilia, very quiet—lovelier, it seemed to me, than I had ever seen her—knelt by the boy's bed, in his rooms beyond, watching him in his sleep as she had watched for the greater part of the night, the nurse whispered us. I was glad when Ransom came in softly. The sight would be good for him—the crisis good for both.

I saw a quick tenderness come to his face as he glimpsed her, then he frowned a bit.

"It's deuced awkward," he muttered, "but I arranged—last night—before this happened, of course—for a man to come. About the money, you know, Sayre. He's a plain-clothes fellow—but he's got to question the servants. I'll have to ask Emilia to get them together—you tell her, will you, nurse, that it's something important—a detective about the thefts."

The nurse tiptoed in and whispered to Emilia. She stood up at once.

Looking in at her I saw her put her hand to her throat. The nurse took her place, and she came out to us, shut the door between, very gently, and stood leaning against it, one hand on the knob, the other still in the lace at her throat. She looked straight at her husband.

"There is a—detective here?" He did not speak at once. I don't know why. I do not know, either, why I reached back and rested on my chair as I stood. I do not know why Emilia's aunt got up. But we were all standing looking at Emilia, and very still. Her eyes went from her husband's face to her aunt's—to mine—back to his and rested there, feverishly bright, unnaturally wide, the circles beneath enhancing their gleam.

"Yes," Ransom answered. "A man to question the servants. I'm sorry it's just this time—but it needn't trouble you long. It's nothing to be frightened about. It's just a form—to question the servants—dear." I don't know why he should have felt it necessary to reassure her in that way. Her mouth quivered at the endearment, and her hand opened and shut in the lace.

"He needn't question—them. He mustn't do that. Send him away. The servants are—honest. Honest!" She paused and the hand began to open and close with terrible regularity. "I'm sorry it's come now—when baby is sick. You must not say—much—to me. I'll hear it—later. But there were clothes—lots of things—I needed money—I—took it from you—"

"Great—God! Emilia—" Ransom lunged toward her. She shook her head and he stopped.

"Don't wake him. It's so, Stan'—I can't lie—any longer. He—the man—would find me out, anyway, I've no excuse—only now that the baby is sick, don't be too—"

Ransom was beside her at that. I was glad when he took that opening, closing hand in his own and held it.

"Emilia—'Milia—look at me—" I don't know what I fancied in his tone. Horror, of course—such as I felt, such

as was blanching her aunt's face. Disbelief, of course, too . . . But I was mad enough to fancy the thrill of incredulous—*gladness*—and protecting strength and quick love.

"Yes—yes, I took it." I wanted to turn away from the desperate intensity of her eyes in his, but I lacked force. "I've been ashamed, all these weeks—that's why I was—was so changed to you. You've all shamed me by thinking me different—better—than I am. You hear, Stanley? Your—your wife is a thief—I stole from you—a thief—"

"Don't! Don't!" he cried out. "You're killing me—good God! You poor girl, you poor angel—you frightened little girl—" his arms opened and took her close, roughly, and he kissed her lips shut when they would have protested.

Emilia's aunt gave an hysterical gasp and began to catch her breath in sobs. As Ransom's head turned, I saw he had forgotten us till then. I know the painful color in my face answered the dull red that surged to his.

"I will attend to—the person below." Such a middle-aged croak as it was! I had turned to the door, when his voice stopped me.

"Sayre! Since you have—heard this much—understand, will you, that I have myself to blame—for this. I have not—done right by Emilia. It is wholly my fault. I am—an utter fool. I—drove her to it—"

"I quite understand," I said, and bowed to his splendid lie. He kept his head up haughtily as we withdrew. I believe he hated me then, and at times since, because I had witnessed her humiliation. I caught the passionate murmur with which he bent to her as the door closed on us.

I led Emilia's aunt to the stairway. On the top step she sat down suddenly, her velvets piling about her, and dropped her face to her hands with an abandon that tilted her wonderful green bonnet askew on her wonderful silver hair. "I had a little time to look as sick as I pleased.

"Dear madam," I implored at last,

"we must—keep up appearances. We must think what is to be done—must forget this—unfortunate—"

She sat up with an energy that sent me starting back.

"Hammond Sayre!" she beat her plump hands on her velvet knees. "Do you—dare you stand there and tell me—you—*you* were fool enough to believe that she took that—that pitiful dab of money—for the reason she said?"

"Reason she said—'" I parroted.

"Oh—oh, you man—you *man!* I've always told you you were!" She laughed and cried alarmingly. "Don't you see she's found the way—the way to hold him after all? Oh, she's a wonderful child, a noble, blessed, wise little thing—"

I sat down beside her, uncertain in the knees.

"Are you trying to tell me," I began with great distinctness, "that you believe that—she—prevaricated to him? Didn't she take that money?"

The green bonnet nodded vehement assent.

"Then—do you mean to say—she *wanted* to make him think—" Emilia's aunt sat erect again.

"I mean to say that she took the only way to make him love her, to keep him, to—to make him eternally take care of her, pity her, protect her. She came down from her pedestal of her own accord. She isn't better than he is any more. He won't have to live up to her—he'll just have to love her! Oh, the poor, petty, wise little fib of it—"

"I begin to see what you think," I cut in sternly, "but you seem to overlook the right of it . . . the—the prevarication—will always be against her. She—a woman apart—has deliberately smirched herself! Can you justify that? And she told him before us—us! There'll always be resentment toward us in his mind—I saw that just now. She sacrificed *us*. And I am hurt, more than by all else, that she should have forsaken her duty—her duty to lift Stanley to *her* level—at whatever pains—rather than—"

"Hammond, I simply can't listen." Emilia's aunt put her hands to the bonnet and straightened it, assuming, with the righting, her own inimitable air. "Once I'd have preached just so. Not now. I tell you I'm glad she did it—glad she sacrificed us. She had to. He'll be eternally defending her now against us, against her recollection of the humiliation, against herself—and all the world. And, incidentally, he'll love her with all of him, and they'll be happy. . . . And that's all that counts—my poor, dear man of ideals. I know that your 'woman apart' is a woman very lonely. I know that any woman prefers continuous love to occasional adoration. I know that there was never woman so superior and saintly but that she would fling off her halo and mire her stainless robes in the haste with which she would answer the right man's summons. That's the woman of it, Hammond—but of course *you* can't understand what I mean. You're only a man!"

---

## THE SORROWS OF MAN

"FOR ten years I've been trying to drown my sorrows—and they won't drown!"

"No wonder! They've had time to learn to swim."

# THE PANTHERS OF THE PAST

By TOM P. MORGAN

WHEN I was a small, unfinished boy, with my bare feet so sadly sun-warped that my superior toes stuck straight up in the air, there were terrible panthers that lurked in the woods up back of the pasture on dark nights and screeched like orphan children in distress for the express purpose of devouring you when you went to the rescue. I never exactly saw one, myself, but that made no difference. The hired man had seen them—there never was a hired man in those days that hadn't. And every feller knew a feller that had a cousin, or something, who had a cousin that knew a feller that had actually perished in that manner.

Those days were full of terrors. There was the hoop-snake, that took its tail in its mouth and rolled rapidly down the hill in pursuit of you; the Personal Devil, ready to grab you every time you had any fun; and George Washington, always waiting to catch you in a lie. Your conscience was forever giving you Hail Columbia—half the time you didn't know why; 'peared like the plaguey thing got feverish, somehow, and just went on accusing you for spite when you hadn't done anything at all, or not much of anything. Tomatoes caused cancers, or something, in those days. And so it went—you had to back up in the corner and be on the keen watch the whole time. No fun, hardly, in being alive.

It was pointed out to me that if I did not curb my rising appetite I'd grow ere long to be a replica of Daniel Lambert, then remembered with admiration and awe as having weighed 739 pounds; and I lived in fear that I should one day go about breaking down chairs, floors and traditions, and otherwise getting myself disliked. But, although I have been eating, off and on, ever since, I am still far from achieving the greatness thrust upon the late Colonel Lambert. At one time it was planned that I should become a distinguished ancestor, but that eventuality seems yet afar off. During my early years I dreaded the prospect of being a statesman like those in the pictures, for I keenly felt my inability to ever attain the combination of petrified smugness and ponderous dignity which in the good old days sat so smoothly on the countenances of the great. I knew, too, that the stately standing collars indigenous to the mighty would saw my blamed ears off. But, later along, I made the discovery that one could be a blatherskite and drunkard within the bounds of the humblest village if he stuck to it industriously, and was much comforted thereby. One admiring maiden aunt prognosticated that I'd become an evangelist, and another was equally sure that I was destined to be a college president; but as it eventually became evident that I was not a sufficiently gifted liar to shine as the one or conceited enough for the other, I escaped being altogether a pest or a bore.

And thus it went; little by little the terrors of my boyhood faded out and were gone. The panthers in the woods turned out to be hoot-owls; the hoop-snake went to join the Personal Devil; the pictures of George Washington seem to me now to markedly resemble the countenance of a Jersey cow. Nowadays, the conscience is as easily eradicated as the appendix. Today many people regard canned tomato as a satisfactory substitute for something to eat. Our greatest troubles are those that never happen, and our worst enemies exist only in our heated imaginings. Looks a good deal like rain, off to the westward, don't it?



# THE LEAVEN OF REGRET

By HELEN FRANCES HUNTINGTON

“**M**AY it please Your Presence to go a very little further?” pleaded Cheddy Dé of his master, the District Officer, who was nearing the end of a weary journey from post to post of the three-thousand-mile district. “There is a sahib’s bungalow a quarter of a mile away where great comforts abound.”

His Presence glanced at his watch by the yellow flare of a tallow candle that sputtered at his elbow, and shook his head. “It would cause needless delay to accept outside hospitality,” he said decisively. “I wish to reach the cutchery by dawn if possible.”

“Your Presence is very weary, and there is always an exalted welcome awaiting you,” said Cheddy still more urgently. “When I discovered a light ahead I ran forward, and the sight of a well-furnished bungalow delighted my heart because it promised refreshment for Your Presence. This is but a mean shelter for the Protector of the Poor.”

The deserted *dák* bungalow in which the brief night halt had been made was indeed a sorry place for a white man of refined tastes, but His Presence, whose twenty-two years of English luxury had not quenched his Saxon heritage of crude valor, had fared worse many times during his nine years of arduous rule over eight hundred thousand harassed souls, among whom he had endured pestilence and hunger and thirst and heartache for the sake of the duty that had become as the very breath of life to him. He was a capable man and his power was very great in that weary land, for it reached direct to the Viceroy; he had never knowingly

abused his authority, but he had invariably enforced it without fear or prejudice.

“I will wait here till the horses are fed and rested,” he said. Then he took a much-thumbed book from the pocket of his faded green jacket and made rapid entries while Cheddy prepared the frugal evening meal of curried rice and mutton, with thin lukewarm wine—it was unsafe to drink the water of the district, which had recently suffered a cholera visitation.

His Presence went out to the creaking veranda seat to smoke his after-dinner cheroot, while Cheddy and his companions made ready to follow the tent pitchers who had preceded him from post to post, always traveling by night in order to prepare official lodgings for their master, whose complicated labors began in the bitter chill of dawn and continued through cold or heat till dusk.

The sound of revelry echoed down from the neighboring bungalow, whose lights streamed glaringly across the jasmin-scented velvet gloom, and hilariously gay voices rang into the far-reaching silence of the Punjab solitude. A graphophone reeled off a selection from a popular opera and a quartette of rollicking voices joined in the infectious chorus. Then, after a brief pause, the wild, passionately sweet refrain of the “Bedouin Love Song” floated out on the still air. The voice of the singer was buoyant and charming, but it struck the lone listener in the dark with something akin to dismay, for it was strikingly like that of the man upon whom the District Officer’s

only daughter looked with more than favor—a debonair, resourceful young commissariat officer with the making of a hero and the drawbacks of an idler.

"It *can't* be Landis," said the District Officer under his breath, "for he is up in the Ravi district with that consignment money."

Half an hour later His Presence was on his way to the seventeen-mile-distant cutchery. He glanced searchingly toward the house of revelry as he rode through the light that streamed into the roadway from an open window, and saw three young men seated around a green felt-covered table, stacking poker chips in orderly little piles, while a fourth man lifted a sparkling glass from a stand beside him and swung it toward the light with a sportive gesture.

"So much for the 'paper rule' of India!" muttered His Presence grimly as he rode onward, for he had recognized an easy-going officer of the Public Works Department who was known to take greater pains over his reports than with the work itself; the District Officer was glad at heart because he had not found whom he sought in that house of hilarity, for his daughter's happiness was even dearer to his soul than the cause to which he had devoted his youth and strength and peace of mind.

## II

"Good afternoon, Officer Landis," said District Officer Dalgren politely, addressing a young man who was about to dismount before his own bungalow from a spent and dust-coated pony in a rather bedraggled condition.

Landis saluted his superior officer courteously, dismounted and tossed his bridle-rein to the bearer who had run out to meet him. "I hadn't the faintest idea of seeing you down this way, Colonel Dalgren," said the young man cheerfully, "especially as Yatman heard of you in Sultanabad only last week. Sorry I'm in such a mess," he added apologetically.

"Kindly step into the cutchery with me," the District Officer requested with the utmost civility.

Landis followed the Colonel, still regarding his own plight regretfully, for his instincts were cleanly almost to fussiness. There was a little mirror on the crooked bookshelf beside the office door, in which he caught a glimpse of his face in passing—a very young, irresponsible face, with a fresh, boyish charm that made him appear much younger than he really was. An unusually high color and a slight languor of his blue eyes hinted subtly at what had kept him up for two nights running, but only an old transgressor could have read those signs aright. Colonel Dalgren was not a drinking man.

"When did that Ravi money consignment reach you?" the Colonel asked very quietly when he had closed the office door and seated himself behind his desk.

"Last Friday—about the middle of the afternoon."

"You had orders to go up to the Tank Works and pay off the Ravi gang on the thirtieth—Saturday, that was," continued the Colonel, sitting very straight and still in his revolving-chair. A tap at the door brought a frown to his thin, weather-tanned face, which could be very forbidding at times. "I cannot be disturbed at present," he called out, with a backward glance over his shoulder. "How do you account for your failure to obey orders, Officer Landis?"

A look of embarrassment came into the young man's handsome eyes, but passed instantly, leaving them very wide-awake and intensely dark.

"Why, the fact is, Colonel Dalgren," he said pleasantly, "it got so far along in the day before the bullock carts could be got ready that I allowed the trip to stand over. The next day being Sunday, my men were unwilling to work; besides the Tank's gang had, of course, scattered to their homes. I should certainly have taken the money out the first thing this morning if I hadn't had the misfortune of being overtaken in a terrific sandstorm which

caused me to lose my bearings completely. I just this moment got in, as you observed." He glanced down at his green sun helmet which a thick coating of dust had turned into a grotesque likeness to a hornet's nest.

"May I ask what errand is responsible for your absence from camp?" said the District Officer in an unnaturally indifferent voice.

A gleam of surprised annoyance showed in Landis's fine eyes for a moment, for the question seemed to him unduly personal, since he was under no obligation to account for his Sundays and had already explained the cause of his belated return. "I was spending the night at Dungere with Yatman, if you care for details," he answered with quiet courtesy.

"Thank you—for the details. Then the case stands like this—you, a commissariat officer, ordered to convey payment to a band of native starvelings, put off the performance of a sworn duty for the sake of an over-Sunday debauch, thus proving yourself absolutely unfit for the office with which the Government invested you."

"Colonel Dalgren!" cried the young man in utter amazement. His shocked voice carried distinctly to the ears of the two native orderlies on the cutchery steps.

"Totally unfit for your position," the Colonel went on inexorably. "Any man who for the sake of his own ribald tastes would withhold the very bread of life from the starving is capable of any degree—"

"Colonel Dalgren!" The cry was so poignant as to cause the habitually impassive orderlies to turn their faces toward the cutchery windows.

"You and every man in the Indian Service knows more or less what men like those Ravi laborers have gone through with," said the Colonel. "You know how miserably weak and inefficient they are, how completely at the mercy of their overseers because their minds are incapable of planning ahead. They depend absolutely upon the prompt payment of their pitifully low wages to sustain the lives of their hun-

gry dependents. All this you know—are *duty bound* to know. Yet you deliberately endangered their wretched lives in order to indulge in some drunken revelry. That is the raw fact of the case. For four years, Officer Landis, I have been following up the course of just such men as you—men put into office by favor and influence, irrespective of worth or responsibility, who sooner or later disgrace their positions by neglect and heedlessness. It is my inflexible aim to weed the department of all such worthless hangers-on. From this hour, *Mr. Landis*, you may consider yourself free from all obligations relating to the commissariat service."

Landis had grown excessively pale. His eyes under black, level brows and heavy lashes gleamed like deep, still pools of water, and it became apparent to the older man that there were great strength and dignity under the debonair grace that habitually attended him.

"You need not try to reinstate yourself through your titled uncle's intercession," the District Officer warned, after a poignantly uncomfortable moment, "for I shall take pains to forestall such a possibility by giving the chief commissioner a detailed account of your criminal negligence in this instance. While there are, unfortunately, plenty of men like you in the Indian Service, there are still more honest enough to aid me in preventing you from buying your way back to the ranks that you have disgraced. I intend to make a public example of you."

He stepped to the door and held it open while Landis withdrew, holding himself very erect as he passed the silent orderlies with his head bared to the hot sunshine.

As he walked on through the twilight loneliness Landis saw things that had no place in that peaceful solitude—scenes that he had encountered on a never-to-be-forgotten journey through famine-scourged Oudh, where men and women died by the thousands for lack of the leavings that fell daily from prodigal tables. He had resolutely thrust

that horror very far back in his memory, for it was a cardinal law of his buoyant philosophy to remember only happy hours. Now his philosophy failed him. He recalled every detail of that terrible panorama. Again he saw that heart-breaking horde of strengthless men crawling painfully across a sun-scorched arid plain; worn women watching beside their wasted children while jackals hovered near in greedy expectation. Could it be that a law-abiding, highly civilized, well-meaning Englishman had caused the survivors to suffer anew, through a criminal neglect of duty while he wasted the precious hours with riotous, well-fed companions?

Why hadn't someone told him?—But then, he should have known, as Colonel Dalgren had insisted. The fault was certainly at his own door. He had been too engrossed in his own immediate interests to probe below the thin surface of things; too busy writing to the Girl, planning to see her, and all the rest of his irresponsible private affairs. Yet, up to that revealing hour with Colonel Dalgren, Landis had firmly and complacently believed that he had been even a trifle more dutiful than the ordinary run of service men because he had occasionally gone out of his prescribed way in behalf of his office, to make sure that no one cheated the Government by overdrawing his pay or by slighting incidental contracts; he had even sacrificed a fortnight's leave in order to privately readjust a disgraceful squabble among his subordinates. But in spite of all this he had failed miserably, appallingly.

Landis arrived at the Tank Works four hours ahead of the paymaster who had been appointed in his place. He inquired anxiously of the men how they had fared, to which they replied with childlike simplicity that they had been sorely disappointed through the delay of payment, since they had not owned an *anna* between them.

"But no one really suffered!" he urged, with a thrill of hopefulness.

"Only Nahendra's baby, which died for lack of buffalo milk," said an old, shriveled laborer. "There was no

money to pay the herder. So the baby died."

A stab of anguish quivered through the listener's heart and his throat grew hot and painful. "Do you mean that if Nahendra had received his pay in time his baby would not have died?" he finally contrived to ask.

"Assuredly not, sahib. The herder knew that, but he is a hard man, without religion or brotherly kindness. Those things come back to a man, sahib, even at his last hour." For a long, difficult moment the death of Nahendra's baby darkened the whole bright world to Landis.

"Where is Nahendra?" he asked presently.

"He stayed at home this morning to attend to the burning. His hut is the third from the big pepl tree."

Wearily Landis plodded up the long dusty road to the village, which was indescribably poor, even as Indian villages go—a row of mud huts facing a sunbaked square, and a huddle of stalls which comprised the market when there was anything to sell or money wherewith to buy. On the doorstep of the hut he saw a drooping figure in a faded blue cotton *sarai*, mournfully watching a group of naked children at play, a girl of perhaps sixteen with the saddest and loveliest face that Landis had ever seen. He walked past her twice before he dared trust himself to address her.

Yes, the baby had died the night before because there had been no money to buy the needful food. They had already burned the little body and there was nothing left to live for in all the wide, weary world.

If only Nahendra had laid aside a very little—only a few *annas*—it need not have happened. But he was so very poor! He was even then in debt for provisions. The one delight of life was gone and there was nothing to sustain either courage or desire since the baby had been taken from them. "A son, sahib, the first and only son."

Landis went to Lahore on the following morning, where he disposed of his valuable mount and all available per-

sonal effects to a surprised but discreet acquaintance, and to the price received he added a sum that he had saved toward the buying of the ring that the Girl doubtless expected. The total enabled him to lease a nine-acre opium field with a fairly good hut, besides covering a three months' water tax and buying a cultivator's license, without which no man is permitted to handle opium in any form. When all had been satisfactorily arranged for immediate occupation, Landis sent for Nahendra and his wife, who obeyed his summons as they would have answered an executioner's call, in deadly fear of disaster. They were promptly installed in a hut which was a palace compared with the one they had left, and given four months' provisions, which they were afraid to touch.

"God knows they have enough cause to distrust us all," said Landis bitterly to himself. To the fear-obsessed couple he said, with the utmost gentleness: "You will presently discover that all this is in sound faith, in the way of a small restitution for what you have suffered. Try to forget about the baby and be happy, won't you?"

### III

LANDIS boarded the Northern Express with the notion of going to Amritsar, where the First Punjab Regulars were encamped on their way to Kabul. The Amir was making trouble, and he knew that any able-bodied man could find stern work in the prospective mêlée.

There was a letter in his pocket for Miss Dalgren, in which Landis had stated briefly that he had been discharged from office in disgrace and was very, very sorry to have caused distasteful comment to be directed toward her because of his past intentions. That was all, for he knew that her father would supply the details. Landis intended to mail the letter in Amritsar, but Destiny forestalled his plans by laying before him a task for whose performance no power save the heaven of regret could have fitted him, for it

was absolutely without personal incentive or any possibility of either pleasure or official recognition. It was a thing from which even the hundredth man would have turned aside with a clear conscience.

At the last moment, when the train had started with a few preliminary shocks, the door of Landis's compartment was wrenched open by a guard who fairly flung aboard a panting little person, followed by a shower of parcels of every conceivable shape, which Landis politely gathered into a neat stack while the owner recovered breath and courage. She was a pale, shrinking little woman, whom Landis instantly recognized for her kindness toward a stranger who had fallen ill with cholera symptoms at a time when men turned pale at the mere mention of that dreadful plague. Mrs. Ketchum had taken in the suspect and nursed him at the risk of her own life, quite as a matter of course.

Landis could think of nothing to say until he caught sight of the head of a hobby-horse that projected from one of the numerous parcels; then he inquired politely about the Ketchum children, whom he did not remember in the least.

"They are growing wonderfully," Mrs. Ketchum answered with maternal warmth, pleased to have her family remembered by one of the "gentry," as she mentally designated Sir Frederick Landis's nephew. "You would hardly know any of them. But they are getting quite wild, poor things, for lack of training. You see," she went on in confidence, "I have been helping my husband for some time past, and I have been obliged to neglect them. I don't suppose you know of an honest and available governess, Mr. Landis?"

Landis shook his head. "I am sorry to say that I do not. Is your husband sick?" he asked in an absently kind voice, wondering at her threadbare, hopelessly old-fashioned attire, her wrinkled cotton gloves and the drab bonnet with its rusty bunch of grapes.

"Yes, unfortunately for us all. He hasn't been able to work regularly for a

good many weeks, but as I know his duties perfectly, things have gone on about as usual, with the exception of native interviewing. I can't manage that satisfactorily. And I don't mind the work in the least, only that it keeps me away from the children."

"Mr. Ketchum has had the fever, I suppose," Landis observed with a faint stirring of pity for Mrs. Ketchum. He reflected silently that she must have been pretty in her remote youth, for her eyes were so very kind under their fixed anxiety that they held a trace of a sweet and merry girlhood. Worry and poverty and child-rearing had taken the curves out of her slender figure and drawn many lines of care across her colorless face, but there was a look of gentle patience in every frail feature that redeemed her face forever from downright plainness. He remembered quite suddenly that Ketchum's last transfer had not been in the nature of a promotion; that he drank strong waters and carried his weaknesses badly, besides being assertive and generally unpleasant. Yes, he remembered Ketchum perfectly and felt very sorry for the good little woman with the rusty grapes in her bonnet.

"The fever, yes," said Mrs. Ketchum, with loyal avidity, wishing to give the case a dignified look in an officer's eyes. "There has been a great deal of fever in the district this season, but the worst is over now, we think. I wish we had the prospects of getting a healthier and less lonely post—not that I am dissatisfied personally," she added in a curiously apologetic voice, that gave Landis to suspect that she feared her statement might be misinterpreted. "So please don't think that Mr. Ketchum has any complaint to make, for he's perfectly satisfied with his position and hopes to be able to make a good record by the time the inspector comes around."

A flood of sunset gold poured through the window-panes, lighting up the still, despairing patience of the worn little face to such a pathetic degree that the young observer felt himself glow with sudden pity that submerged his own

trouble completely for the time. The engine whistled and the wheels crunched gratingly in preparation for an approaching stop, whereupon Mrs. Ketchum gathered up her numerous parcels in trembling haste.

"I'll take care of those," said Landis, as he quietly transferred them to his arm. "I am going out with you for a couple of weeks, in lieu of the governess. I can help Mr. Ketchum, while he's convalescing, which will leave you free for the children."

"Oh, Mr. Landis, we couldn't afford—I mean we couldn't allow you to burden yourself on our account," she exclaimed in a perturbed voice. "You are so very kind to offer your services and I do hope you won't think that I don't appreciate it."

"No, I don't think that, but I do want to help you," said Landis quietly. "And just now I am entirely at leisure."

Fear and hope struggled for mastery within the woman's careworn breast for one poignant moment—fear of hurtful disclosures, hope of even the briefest reprieve. But she shook her head sadly. It occurred to Landis at that illuminating moment that a knowledge of his plight would permanently reassure her, since a man in disgrace could be relied upon to refrain from throwing stones.

"I have been discharged from service for neglect of duty," he told her after a very difficult moment, wincing in spite of himself under the painful effort of the confession, "but, believe me, I am still capable of serving your needs. You may trust me entirely, Mrs. Ketchum."

A look of utter amazement crossed her face, succeeded by pity; fear faded from her kind, harassed eyes, and she gave him a swift hand-pressure to convey the sympathy which she was unable to put into words. "I feel certain that there must have been some mistake—some injustice about your discharge," she murmured.

Landis made no answer. He helped her to the station platform, where they waited for the shambling *dak* coach which carried the mail and very oc-



casual passengers between the outlying district and the obscure post where Ketchum transacted Government affairs for a scattered population of four thousand souls.

They arrived at the lonely home compound long after dark, to be welcomed by four unkempt, awkward, good-natured children, who kissed their mother exuberantly, yet with an air of repression that had grown habitual through repeated warnings against disturbing their father's quiet. There was a miserably cooked dinner served by a greasy old native cook who dipped his thumbs in every dish he touched. Later Landis was given a rickety cot in a room so filled with decrepit furniture that he was barely able to disrobe.

Ruin overhung Ketchum—such engulfing ruin as comes inevitably to the man indebted to the powers for frequent leniency in behalf of his family, who transgresses once too often; but he was either too befogged to realize it or too brutalized through drink to care. His executive staff consisted of a dawdling trio of betel-chewing native clerks, who hung about the little office while Mrs. Ketchum transacted the affairs of the district to the best of her very limited ability. Great gaps of omission stared from every page of the voluminous ledger which was finally to meet the inspection of the head of the department; the tax collections had been delayed for two months past their appointed time, for Mrs. Ketchum had been unable to rally the native cultivators, who knew very well that the sahib had fallen into the grip of strong waters, and acted accordingly as they pleased. There were countless arrears, deficits, lapsed land tenures and uninvestigated petitions from all quarters. The census records, whose growth is a matter of infinite patience and diplomacy, because of the native dread of tabulation, were absolutely blank for eight months.

Landis realized that he had no right to act officially; all that he could do must be done through Ketchum. So he dragged the latter out of a ten-day

stupor and gave him a talk that had the effect of partially sobering him.

"If this state of affairs continues till the inspectors come this way—which may be tomorrow or six months from now, according to circumstances over which you have no control—you'll be thrown out of the service head first," the young man declared emphatically. "There isn't the ghost of a chance for you against what the inspector will find here. You have got to face about *now*, understand?"

Ketchum, mad with thirst and nerves and a curious sense of shame at having been found out, gave off a sputter of profane defiance. "What in hell are you messing into my affairs for, you blackballed hanger-on, you?" he cried furiously. "For another word from you, I'll have you kicked out of my district."

Landis paid no attention to Ketchum's abuse as he stood with his powerful shoulders squared against the sagging office door. "I am going to make it my business to see that you don't touch a drop of anything stronger than water for a full year," he said in a voice that quenched the listener's fury like an icy flood. "If at the end of that time you lapse back to the drunken brute that you are now I shall withdraw. To the world at large you are a particularly unpleasant person, Ketchum, but there must be something in you that the rest of us have failed to discover or you couldn't have retained the devotion of the courageous little woman who has stood between you and black ruin for years. On account of that hidden merit you may come out victorious. Anyway, I am going to see that you make the fight of your life for the next twelve months."

For three weeks following that announcement Landis fought continuously day and night against a demon whose moods varied from profane abusiveness to cringing, tearful implorings; then Ketchum's physical strength gave out and he fell into an illness that gave his exhausted nerves a chance to recuperate while nature burned out the alcoholic waste of his body. When he

recovered Landis compelled him to ride out on trips of investigation, in order to impress the natives, who finally awoke to the realization of an inflexible power behind their slack master. It took five weary months to reinspire the sullen tribesmen with respect for the Government's affairs, and still longer to induce them to make regular visits to the treasury, where their reluctant dues were deposited under official seal. Five additional months were required to gather in various arrears, settle land disputes, renew tenures and readjust consignments, all of which involved tireless industry on Landis's part. But hard as he worked his zeal did not allay the triple blight that gnawed at his heart—his official disgrace, the loss of the Girl and, above all, the death of Nahendra's baby. Those three things rankled deeper and deeper as the arduous months wore away.

One day, just eleven months after Landis's advent at the Ketchum post, word came from the head of the department to the effect that excellent things awaited Ketchum, whose highly satisfactory achievements of the year were to be duly rewarded by increased pay and an enlargement of official duties, which would involve the advent of an able English assistant. Mrs. Ketchum cried for joy and tried to thank Landis, but Ketchum grew arrogant and condescending after the manner of small and venal natures.

"Now that I'm having official assistance sent up, there won't be any further need of your staying here, Landis," he said significantly. "I'm very much obliged for your past help—very much obliged. If I can do anything in the way of recommending you for reinstatement in the regular service you may refer to me at any time."

"We owe everything to you, Mr. Landis," cried Mrs. Ketchum with broken fervor. "My husband realizes that fully, although it isn't his way to speak of what moves him deeply."

Ketchum looked displeased. "Well, of course I appreciate Mr. Landis's services," he admitted stiffly, "but at the same time I—"

"I'll be going," Landis broke in cheerfully. "I dare say you can spare the bullock cart to send me to the station."

"Certainly." Ketchum rang a bell, whereupon a servant rushed in, not to answer the summons but to say that a great sickness had fallen upon Yadoo, the tax-collector. Would His Presence attend immediately, for the love of God!

It was the cholera, brought by a nomad who had died the night before at the edge of the settlement, where his panic-stricken companions had left the body in their haste to elude contagion. Landis stayed till night, when Yadoo lay cold and still on a pile of brushwood, awaiting the funeral torch. Three plague-stricken men called continuously for Landis Sahib.

"For God's sake, don't leave me alone with this!" Ketchum begged shudderingly.

It was the season of great heat, when the sky was like brass and the bone-dry earth smoldered and throbbed like an oven under the hot winds that scorched all young herbage to brown crispness within a few hours. Landis worked tremendously and fruitfully for forty-eight hours, then he gave himself to a brief sleep of exhaustion, only to find, upon waking, that the cholera had taken fresh hold. Thereafter he worked still harder, nursing the dying, cheering the living, burning the dead and quenching infection after the ways prescribed by the latest medical discoveries. He was a splendidly strong man. When the plague was finally checked he had to his personal credit something over forty humble lives, but even that knowledge did not atone for the death of Nahendra's baby, as he told Mrs. Ketchum when she found him writhing in the rustling shade of a peepul tree, trying to choke back the groans that attend the fearful cholera cramps.

Everyone in that sad little settlement, with the single exception of Ketchum, fought desperately for Landis's life, which seemed bent upon going out on the agonized tide of pain, but opium and rahtany and hot stones and more

opium did their work at last; the cholera departed, taking with it all but the mere breath of life. Landis continued to live, but he made no perceptible improvement, in spite of Mrs. Ketchum's almost passionate solicitude.

"You are not suffering?" she asked over and over, only to receive the same negative answer, which failed to convince her until he told her, half-dazedly, the part of his story that she had not known.

After that he grew steadily weaker and weaker; outraged Nature, finding her physical fuel used up, began to absorb the vital essence of life for which we have not yet found a name. He spoke but twice—of the Girl and of Nahendra's dead baby, then he turned his face to the wall and waited quietly for the end. For twenty-four hours he waited.

From a great distance Landis heard his name spoken in a native voice—a soft, sorrowful little voice full of unshed tears. When he had succeeded in turning his head a vision evolved from the hot dimness of the hut, holding something small and precious under a gauze *sarai* that enveloped the lovely apparition from head to foot. It was the mother of the dead baby.

"It's too late to square our account now, little woman," he murmured with great difficulty. "I'm going now, you see."

"Sahib!" The vision bent low with starlike eyes fixed pityingly on his wasted face. "Oh, if we had only known sooner! It was this way—the baby that died was born so sorely afflicted that we knew it could not live above a year, yet he was so very precious to us both that we tried to hold death back to the last moment. Our first-born and a little son, remember, sahib—He could not have lived a month longer than he did, even had we possessed all the riches of the world. Does the sahib understand that he was not to blame?"

Landis stared up at the vision in a

daze. "Not quite," he whispered. "Let me think a moment."

A shadow fell across the lighted doorway—two shadows, that moved swiftly toward the bed, and a familiar, authoritative voice repeated the question: "You *do* understand, don't you, Landis?"

Silence. It came to Landis quite suddenly that the small, precious thing that lay against the young heart under the *sarai* was a baby—a living baby. It was very young, but as sweet and fresh as a rose and untouched by the corroding hand of want.

"Another thing," the strong, militant voice continued, with a strange softening of its rugged accents, "that cutchery affair never went any further than the chief commissioner, who considered it just as I intended he should—as an experimental lesson. I have been watching your course ever since you left us with the keenest satisfaction of my life. And now your promotion is ready for you, as well as something else that you want still more, I suspect."

"I am dreaming, of course," Landis murmured to the mother of the month-old baby.

It was then that the mist of dreams was cleared by the old, old miracle that renews the youth of the world, age after age with godlike patience. A girl stepped past the District Officer, with a look of unspeakable love in her clear gray eyes, and laid one hand on the breast that had all but yielded the breath of life to the grim presence of Death.

"You must live for my sake," she said with beseeching tenderness, "for I want you more than anyone or anything in the whole world."

A tenuous radiance gleamed across Landis's wan face, lighting it from within as if a flame had suddenly been kindled in the clean, bare sanctuary of his soul. "I shall surely live," he answered in the voice of a strong man. "For your sake I shall surely live."

# LITTLE FABLES OF TRUTH

By CHARLOTTE BALDWIN

## TIME AND THE WOMAN

ONCE upon a time a Woman found herself very, very happy as she walked gaily along the Road of Life, and so she clutched at the rosy skirts of Time, who was tearing by at reckless speed, and she implored Time to pass more slowly—oh, *much* more slowly! But Time laughed merrily and rushed madly on.

Now, one day the Woman suddenly found her Life Road utterly lonely and forsaken. She wept and moaned heart-brokenly and with desperate hands she pushed Time before her, imploring her to Hasten! Hasten! But Time, whose rosy skirts had changed to somber black, mournfully and hopelessly shook her head and slowly dragged her bedraggled skirts thro' years of pain and heartbreak.

At last the Woman learned to walk patiently *with* Time, accepting each day as it came, and the Garment Time wore began slowly to brighten, until one day the Woman noticed with a thankful heart that Time wore a White Robe.

Then there came a day when the Woman stepped firmly along the Road and looked Time bravely in the face. And Time smiled with sweet comfort and brought the Woman along the Road by the Paths of Quiet and Content; and as they walked, Time robed herself in a new Garment whose name was Hope, and the Woman saw with delight that this wondrous Garment was colored with the Rainbow tints of Promise. And when Time had clothed herself in its shining folds, she brought the Woman into a High Place and the

Woman saw before her the Plains of Perfect Peace.

## II

### THE GREAT BOOK

ONCE upon a time a Wise Woman wrote a Great Book. The Book was really Great because the Woman was really Wise. Now, when the world had read the Book and knew it to be Great, they called the Wise Woman by new names, such as "The Noted Author" and "The Gifted Writer," and she was implored to explain how she had become possessed of the wonderful Power to put into her Book such wondrous wisdom, inimitable insight, sympathetic spirit, caustic cynicism, clever character conception, and, above all, such a thrilling human note. But the Wise Woman made no explanations.

Now, it happened I had always known and loved the Wise Woman, and when I read her Great Book, tho' I had not seen her for many years, I crossed the world and searched her out and asked her the question. "Dear," I said, "tell me where you found your Power, *how* you found it. Explain to me this Great Book which brings smiles and tears—a hard, hurried breath, a satisfied sigh—bitter heart hunger, and unutterable longing! Tell me how you made the Book so *human*!"

The Wise Woman smiled gently at me and said: "My friend, I will tell you a little, so that you may understand. You know, I've always wished to write—since long before I was a woman and

very long before I had become in the least wise! While I was a girl, I looked longingly at pen and paper, but I said to myself, 'Not yet—not yet. I am too young to know how to write—what to say or how to say it.' I grew a little older and knew what it meant to love and be loved—it was wonderful Knowledge and was mine! With the joy that filled my heart there came a passing inspiration to *write*, but I laughed at my pen, and cried, 'Not now! Not now! I'm too happy—*much* too happy to write!' By and by a day came when my heart nearly burst with tenderest love and joy, and I whispered to myself, 'What woman wishes to *write* while her wonderful man-child fits the curve of her arm and his downy little head lies warm against her full breast?' The Wise Woman paused and the light in her eyes was so wondrous I felt myself admitted to a very sacred place. Then she spoke again in a very quiet voice: "When my little son died—I sat with folded hands. My eyes could not see pen or paper. And then the day came when I knew my love betrayed; my very life seemed broken. My heart was on fire with outraged passion and pride, and for comfort I rushed madly for pen and paper and covered pages with scorching language, only to fling down my pen crying, 'God! How can I write when I am in hell!' Then came the days and months and years of loneliness. *Loneliness!* Of all the tortures in this world the *most unbearable!* That was the time when I did *anything, everything* to fill up the interminable hours—to write was more impossible than ever. I didn't dare stop long enough to think—

"Suddenly one day I found I could *help a friend!*" The Wise Woman looked at me with eyes suddenly wet and very sweet and simply, as a child, she asked me, "My friend—do you know that is the sweetest, strongest comfort in this world? To be of service, of use, of real help? When your heart is breaking find a friend who *needs* you! Soon I found myself fitting into other lives. How that comforted my frightful loneliness! I think it

saved my reason. Little by little, very slowly my crushed spirit lifted itself from the Dark and Fearful Place, until one day I found myself on a level plain in clear, pure air. The black veil which had hid all but my own grief had lifted. I could once more look with brave eyes far ahead to the wide horizon of Life. To be sure, the dear, rose-colored clouds and Spanish Castles had disappeared forever, but I had in their place a clearer, truer vision. I saw plainly before me the straight, good, hard Road of Toil and Endeavor, where Hope points to Opportunity—leading to the Wonderful Possession which we call *Power*, and which we never find until we have paid the toll of Patience, Work and Love." The Wise Woman stood straight and tall with calm eyes looking into mine as she said: "I walked that Road, my spirit growing stronger at each firm step. At first I was very weary and the Road seemed very long and Power far—very far away. But I walked steadily with Hope and Desire and when *at last my day* came and I *possessed* the Power—*then I wrote my Book*. Dear friend, I am glad you love the Book, and that you find it human and true. I am indeed glad and proud! But I have no 'trick' in writing—there is no secret to explain.

"I have only paid the *Great Price* for *Understanding*." And it was given me to see the *Wisdom* in her gentle eyes.

### III

#### A REAPING OF OATS

ONCE upon a time there was a Very Young Man who was clean and pure and good. He went to dine at a Club with some older friends, who were Gay Bachelors and one or two Married Men who considered themselves Unhappy. Before the evening was over—the wise Bachelors and Married Men—whose dying consciences could not brook the envy caused by the *telling presence* of the Young Man's Goodness—proceeded, by a judicious mingling of Champagne and Chorus Girl, to implant

in the Young Man's Mind a Great Shame of his own Goodness and Purity; so that he started in on a course of *Riotous Living*, which convinced him that he was *Grown Up* and a *Real Man*.

Some years after that time, when he had forgotten His Wild Oats Season, he met *The Only Woman*. Then Love came, red-hot and pure white, and took the Man's Heart and purged it. And while he looked into the depths of the pure eyes of *The Only Woman*, every one of the forgotten Wild Oats arose from the Buried Past and flayed his soul, burned him with shame. The Collected Sophistry of Eons of Wise Bachelors and Unfaithful Husbands eased not at all the sharpsting of Remorse, and he recognized his Unworthiness. After he had married *The Only Woman* and could speak of such things as Wild

Oats, he confessed his shame to His Wife. Whereupon the *Wife* in *The Only Woman* wept sorely, and the *Mother* in *The Only Woman* forgave generously out of great pain—but in a tiny white inner chamber of her heart she laid away a Broken Ideal, which she wrapped tenderly in a snowy vestment that had been Girlish Faith and Trust—and she closed the door forever on the little pure room and sealed it with a Woman's Tears—and ever afterward she wore a Woman's Vestment, which, to be sure, is 'broidered with beautiful colors—some, crimsons and purples with the joy and royalty of love and passion; some, lavenders and grays with the sadness of disappointments; but that whole garment is tinged with a wonderful tint which is indescribable and which comes to every woman and is called Knowledge.

## MEN NEVER KNOW

By HELEN HAMILTON DUDLEY

### I

**M**EN mourn the lies that women tell—  
 The cunning, heartless lies—  
 Her Judas-lips that hide so well  
 The narrowing of her eyes.  
 A heart is hers; she seeks to slay it—  
 A soul is hers; she does not weigh it—  
 The game is called; how well she'll play it!  
 Her debt is there; she does not pay it . . .  
 Men mourn the lies that women tell—  
 The cunning, heartless lies.

### II

Men do not know the lies they hear—  
 The brave, heartbroken lies—  
 Her smiling lips that hide, from fear,  
 The shadows in her eyes.  
 A heart is hers; for just a while—  
 A soul is hers; it bears defile—  
 The game is called; her wit on trial—  
 Her debt is there; dear God! her smile! . . .  
 Men do not know the lies they hear—  
 The brave, heartbroken lies!



# SONGS FOR WANING AUTUMN

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

## I

**T**HE wind breathes a weary vow,  
And the rain-shafts dart;  
'Tis the time of the stricken bough  
And the sere o' the heart!

But more, ah, more than now,  
When lovers part,  
'Tis the time of the stricken bough,  
And the sere o' the heart!

## II

Aster fires on the hills,  
They are quenched and gone;  
The hurrying rills  
Flash white in the chill of the dawn,  
And the sky that was gold of old  
Is a dim dappled fawn.

Soon, ah, all too soon,  
Darkling and deep,  
Under a pallid moon  
The earth will sink into sleep—  
But, love, the gleam of the rapture-dream,  
The dream will keep!

---

## AND FATHER?

**"Y**ES, children," said the nurse, "the stork  
Has brought you each a little brother."  
"Oh, good!" cried they, and ceased their play,  
"Do let's all run and tell poor mother!"

# THE HUB

By MINNIE BARBOUR ADAMS

EDOUARD LEFEVRE, christened plain Eli by a conscientious New England mother, and Banks by inheritance, stretched his long, shapely legs and his wide, mobile mouth in a prodigious yawn. By some peculiar sympathy between the muscles of the upper and lower limbs, as the latter stiffened the former relaxed; and from one hand a theatrical paper rustled to the floor; from the other his pet meerschaum followed clatteringly. He bit off the disturbing yawn with a snap of his white teeth as he glanced anxiously downward to where the pipe had fallen. Satisfied that it was unharmed, he plunged both hands deep in his trousers pockets and again stretched his powerful frame in a mighty yawn that ended in a baffled shriek.

A woman by the window, industriously sewing in the waning light, started nervously and echoed the cry. Lefevre laughed, and getting up, sauntered over to a crib in the corner and for some time gazed thoughtfully down at its sleeping occupant.

The woman, Mrs. Edouard Lefevre by the grace of the man at the crib, dropped the tiny blue velvet trunks on which she was grouping startling constellations of green moons and pink stars and glanced apprehensively at him. When had he noticed the baby before, seriously at least? There could be but one object in it now, she thought; and her heart contracted with dread.

"How old is she?" he asked as he dropped into a chair beside the crib.

"A little over two," the mother replied evasively.

"How much?"

"Nearly two months."

"Humph! Nearly time she should walk, isn't it?"

"Why, yes—I—I suppose so," the mother answered him apologetically. "Though Jessie didn't walk till she was twenty months old."

"That isn't twenty-six," he answered shortly. "I had hoped—"

Mrs. Lefevre carefully folded her work and laid it aside, a rosy star impaled on her needle. "Yes," she prompted, facing him with a certain repressed desperation, as though she would know the worst.

"I had hoped," continued her husband, rousing himself from his momentary abstraction, his eye still on the unconscious face of the child, "that she would be running around long before this. I wanted her for the tip of that spire."

"Who would hold her?" asked the mother in a low voice.

"Fred."

"What! Trust that delicate, excitable baby to a ten-year-old boy?"

"Fred is pretty level-headed, and I would hand her up," returned Lefevre calmly. "But, of course, it is out of the question. The tender-hearted public objects to the use of a babe in arms," he concluded bitterly.

"Eli!" said Mrs. Lefevre, after a moment's pause.

"Don't call me that!" snapped the man. "You'll be doing it before people the first thing you know."

"Edouard," apologetically.

"Well?"

"I've been thinking—"

"Don't, it'll give you wrinkles."

"I've been thinking," went on the woman soberly, ignoring the interruption, "that you might leave me this one

child for my very own. No; I will speak, Eli Banks! Just this one child! You've taken the other six as soon as they could toddle, and they've never been mine again, with their prattle of cues and curtain calls before they could talk plain. But this one, the last I shall ever bear you, Eli, she's such a frail, sweet little thing—oh, Eli!"—her voice rose, tense and shrill, and her face paled with emotion—"won't you let me keep this one?"

"Why, you little goose, they're all yours," answered the man coolly, and turned back to the crib. "She's bound to walk soon," he said musingly.

"And you'll take her?"

"Sure!"

The woman groaned. "Oh, I wish—" she began desperately, then ceased, seeming to feel the futility of speech.

"I'm putting on some pretty good things," went on Lefevre thoughtfully, "a living wheel, and a new trick with the dogs; and, I tell you, that church spire business, with the bell tolling, can't be beat. That's what landed Forepaughs," he chuckled reminiscently.

"Forepaughs!" gasped the woman, her eyes wide and staring.

"Yes," returned Lefevre easily. "Didn't I tell you I'd signed for June? And this is March; devilish short time to work up in. What's the matter, Annie?" he laughed. "Afraid the lions and tigers will gobble up the kids?"

"Oh, Eli! this is bad enough," she groaned. "Traveling about all the time, with no home life for the children. But, a circus!" She glanced about the dingy hotel parlor as though, in comparison, it wasn't so bad after all. "The dreadful people—the danger. Why, sometimes now, as I stand in the wings and see them running those awful risks, I—I can't breathe. But a circus—" Words seemed inadequate, and she knew, too, by his abstracted, thoughtful look, that he wasn't listening.

At length he picked up his pipe, filled it, and began to smoke. Then, drawing a pad toward him, he drew strange wheel-

like structures; erasing, drawing again changing the location of the big dot that represented himself, and regrouping the six little dots, miniature reproductions; and finally threw it on the table with a muttered oath. His wife, pale and troubled, walked to the window and stood for a moment silhouetted against the light, her face laying on her arms, which were crossed upon the sash. Lefevre, glancing carelessly toward her, suddenly started, and a look of surprise and relief sprang into his eyes.

"Annie!" he cried joyfully, hurrying to her and turning her around. "Why, I didn't know—I never thought—" He clasped her arm inquiringly, then spanned the shapely thigh revealed by her plain dress.

She drew back in indignant amazement. He was looking at her face now—not as a lover or husband, but as Edouard Lefevre of the famous "Lefevre Acrobatic Family."

"A little more color, and—yes, a wig, blond, I think," he murmured excitedly, running his fingers through her thin hair. "Then, with some lacing and a little padding—why, Annie, old girl, you're just the thing!"

"For what?" she asked falteringly.

"Why, for the hub of the living wheel!" he returned exultantly. "We'll go in and see Madame Renaud about your costume tomorrow."

"But, Eli! I couldn't; I should die of mortification and fright," she objected.

"Why, you wouldn't have anything to do but stand on a scaffold and be the hub. You're that now, you know," he declared, laughing happily. "Let me see. Flesh-colored tights, lavender trunks—"

"Tights, Eli?"

"Sure! Why not?"

"Your wife, the mother of your children, ca—capering around in tights?"

"Your husband, the father of your children, cavorting around in tights?" he mimicked.

"But the baby—Lucy? How could I leave her for the rehearsals, *matinées*,

and everything?" she cried desperately, feeling the web tightening about her.

"Oh, we can always get some of the hotel people to stay with her," he said good-humoredly. "Why, you'd earn enough in one night, silly," pinching her cheek, "to hire her tended for a month."

"But I don't want anyone else to tend her," she pleaded. "She's such a delicate little thing. Oh, Eli! Have you no pity?"

She stormed, she cried; she pleaded; but Lefevre, entirely unmoved, drew the pad to him again and cheerfully drew another wheel; but this time the largest dot was at the base; one scarcely smaller, but very black and carefully made, for the hub; and around the two were grouped the six smaller satellites.

There was much laughing and stamping outside, and Mrs. Lefevre hastily dried her eyes.

"The 9.30 tomorrow morning, Annie," said Lefevre absently, tearing off the sheet from the pad and putting it in his pocket. "Oh, yes!" he added as Mrs. Lefevre hurried to take Lucy, who had been wakened and startled by the uproar. "We'll just take her along to that what-do-you-call-him specialist, and see if there's anything wrong with her."

Mrs. Lefevre, very pale and shrinking, had been fitted with tights of a delicate flesh tint, and the lavender velvet trunks which were to be emblazoned with silver stars were well under way when, at last, they turned toward the office of the great specialist.

"We ought to have seen to her long ago," complained Lefevre, settling the baby more comfortably on his arm. "Even if she gets to walking in a month or two, it'll be too late for our first performance with Forepaugh's; and that's what counts."

His wife made no reply; but taking the little mittened hand next to her, kissed it passionately; and the baby, with her arm tightly about her father's neck, wide-eyed at all the strange and wonderful things that she saw on the street, still found time to smile down into the wistful, upturned face.

At length, tired of watching the ever changing throng in the doctor's office, she fell asleep in her mother's arms, and awakened, much to her alarm, in strange ones. But her mother was near, smiling reassuringly; even her father—though really he scarcely counted—stood looking anxiously down on her, his hands, as usual, deep in his pockets. Consequently, after informing the stranger very emphatically that she was "ma'm's baby," she became intensely interested in a bright, shiny thing that she managed to get off the table. It had a—well, she was a little undecided whether it was a "ba-ba" or a "bow-wow" in it; but, as soon as she got it in her mouth, of course she could tell.

But what was this they were doing to her? Her mother's hands, cold and trembling, the doctor's, warm and very sure, were undressing her. Why, she'd just had a nap, and was as wide awake as could be.

"No bed-dy," she said pleadingly, drawing back.

"No, indeed! No bed-dy for you, dear," laughed the doctor. "Mamma'll put them all on again in a moment," he assured her.

That was gratifying, and she wished him to know it; so, as her vocabulary was somewhat limited, she again remarked that she was "ma'm's baby."

To her surprise, the statement was contradicted for the first time in her experience. "Doctor's baby," he declared.

For a moment she stopped trying to find a way to get at the tantalizing creature in the paperweight, and stared, but he was smiling, and his brown eyes were merry and tender, so she repeated very emphatically, and with much emphasis this time, so as to leave no doubt in his mind, "Mam-ma's baby!"

At this he put one big hand over his face, and said, very mournfully, "Poor doctor has no baby."

Dear, dear! This was very trying. She glanced at her father, standing soberly by the window; at her mother sitting near, and loyally patted her

hand; then back at the doctor, who was still stubbornly grieving. Again he deplored his babyless condition, and displayed other startling symptoms. What should she do? He might scream and hold his breath at any moment. Anxiously dragging down one big finger, she saw enough of one eye with which to establish communication.

"Do-ker's baby," she agreed gaily, laughing and clapping her hands; and, to her relief, the danger was averted, for, though there were tears in his eyes, he laughed with her and kissed her on her plump little neck.

"Did you have any great fright, any sudden shock, Mrs. Lefevre?" the doctor asked, passing his hand thoughtfully down the baby's back.

"Why, yes. Once when Fred's trapeze broke," she returned. "But the worst was when Jessie fell—you remember, El—Edouard?"

Lefevre nodded. "She threw up both arms and fell in a heap without a word," he confided. "Nearly broke up the show. But there's nothing wrong with the baby is there, doctor?"

The great man smiled at the baby's endeavor to get the paperweight into her mouth, but made no reply. Inch by inch he went over the little body. He tumbled the yellow curls, and again induced the reluctant admission that she was "do-ker's baby."

"Who takes care of her?" he suddenly asked.

"I," returned the mother promptly.

"That's right; do not trust her to your other children—to a nurse even, unless she's a trained one," he continued seriously, dropping a white flannel skirt over Lucy's head, then cautiously raising its hem and kissing the bewildered face beneath it.

"No; please let me dress her?" he begged as the mother drew up her chair and reached for the dress.

"She's all right; she'll walk in a month or so, won't she, Doc?" persisted the father uneasily.

Again the doctor seemed not to hear him. The baby was confiding with many gestures and little bursts of laughter that the cow said "bow-wow"

and the cat said "quack-quack"; and the doctor was breathing dire threats against her if she didn't uncurl her toes and put her foot properly into the bit of white kid he held in his hand.

The mother sank back in her chair, an expression of great relief and happiness on her face. She was to care for her precious baby, instead of any trifling, heartless chambermaid they could coax to do it. She would not have to be a hub and wear those horrid tights; at least, not for awhile. And the doctor spoke as though the dear little thing wouldn't be fit for the spire for some time. "O God!" she prayed breathlessly, "not for a year. Don't let her walk for a year! I'll care for her so well she'll never miss it."

The doctor buttoned the last button of the baby's dress, and his eyes were very gentle and tender as they turned toward her.

"There is no one like a mother, Mrs. Lefevre," he said softly. "And I know you will not trust her to anyone else. A sudden fright, a fall—" He had risen, and disengaging the clinging little arms from about his neck, set the baby in her lap.

"I am sorry to tell you, Mrs. Lefevre"—he solemnly kissed the pretty head, then stood tall and straight before her—"that your baby will *never* walk."

There was a tense, breathless silence. Many thoughts were mirrored in the expressive, unguarded face of Edouard Lefevre, and the doctor read them all. The baby discovered that the sunbeams were playing strange pranks with the paperweight, and again became intent and absorbed with it; and Mrs. Lefevre gazed up at him with a strange, dawning light in her face that puzzled him.

A smothered oath from Lefevre as he stalked from the room broke the spell; and, to the doctor's great surprise, the mother buried her face on the curly head, and between choking, hysterical sobs, cried fervently:

"Thank God! Oh! thank God!" And the baby, patting her face lovingly, told him in a once-for-all manner that she was "mam-ma's baby."

# THE MORNING LIGHT

By MARY OLDS

**O**UTSIDE the wind moaned unceasingly, its voice now that of the child which sobs with itself in the night, now that of a woman who suffers her great pain alone, as women have suffered since life began, as women must suffer till life wears to its weary end. And mingled with the wailing of the wind, the rain fell, fell heavily, intermittently, like tears wrung from the souls of strong men.

Around the dreary attic the moaning of the wind seemed more pitiful. It held more of heart-break there than elsewhere, and the great drops of rain found a hole in the slant roof and fell in on the bare floor. But neither the wailing of the woman's voice in the wind nor the heavy tears dropping, dropping, dropping steadily, disturbed the man in the one chair. The single candle sputtered feebly on the mantel over the cheerless grate. The little, old clock ticked on, now loudly, now lowly, and still the man in the one chair sat as he had been sitting since the hands of the little clock pointed to nine, and now they were turning toward two. The night was almost gone, and he sat still.

The man's hands were folded quietly on the table before him, his body was relaxed, his breathing regular and quiet. But in his eyes a strange fire burned. It was as if his whole soul were concentrated there, and the soul was evil and not good. They were black eyes narrowed now to mere slits, whose tense gaze was fixed on the doorway. Through the whole five hours he had sat there his eyelids had never fallen. Tireless, unchanging, he kept his vigil. Those black, narrow eyes were seeing,

seeing something against the door that was not there. And it was as if his mighty will were creating the something that he saw.

In the distance a great bell tolled out the stroke of two. The man in the chair did not hear the sound, yet he was listening. He heard something else—slow, light steps coming, coming up the outer stairway, down the hall, up a second flight, down another hall, up, up again—till they paused outside the attic door. It opened slowly, and a woman stood revealed by the light of the sputtering candle—a woman who, in spite of her soiled and rain-soaked gown, in spite of the disorder of her long hair, in spite of the paint that streaked her cheeks, in spite of all these, was still a beautiful woman. The man saw her and did not move. His black, narrow eyes held hers, wide, unseeing, and he saw nothing more than he had seen all the hours when the door was shut and he sat alone in the attic.

She stood an instant, hesitating, and the water dripped from her skirts to the floor and lay there in a little pool. Then, still with eyes that were held by his, she moved across the room to where he sat. She knelt on the floor between his knees and put her white, bare arms around his neck; her head fell back against his shoulder, her wide eyes still held by that narrow gaze. The man's arms closed about her, his lips bent to hers—almost—when suddenly he flung her from him and sprang up, laughing harshly. She fell back on the floor while he staggered, dizzily, catching the chair-back to steady himself. A trembling seized him and his eyes narrowed tensely again, but



now their gaze was bent inward instead of outward.

It was as if his mighty will asserted its power over himself, as it had done over the woman, and in a moment the trembling passed. The man took his hand from the chair-back and straightened himself.

He looked down at the motionless figure lying at his feet.

"It was a long siege," he muttered, "but I won—I won!" and he laughed again, the loud laugh that startled the stillness like the turning of a key in a dungeon door far below the ground.

He lifted the motionless figure and carried it over to the low straw pallet in the corner.

He knelt down beside her. Again his black eyes narrowed as he passed his hands over her temples. Some of the wet paint stained his fingers, and he ceased the movements abruptly. His eyes widened, and he stared at the woman, as if seeing her as she was for the first time. He saw the faded, artificial flowers in her hair, the paint on her cheeks, the imitation jewels shining in the soiled silk of her gown, and he moved away from her, as though a loathing too great for him to master impelled him.

"So that is why she never came back—that is where she has been," he half whispered to himself.

Over on the mantel beside the sputtering candle was half a hard loaf of bread, and beside the bread a tiny bottle labeled "poison." The man turned and looked at the bottle. He stared, fascinated, as she had stared at him, and then he walked quickly across the room, took down the vial and returned to the woman.

"For her—and then myself," he whispered. "It would be so easy, so easy—and it would be better for her—better for her—" He slowly drew out the cork and bent over the motionless figure. Then, for the third time, that harsh laugh rang out. He flung the bottle to the far end of the room and fell to rubbing her temples again, his lips closed tightly, his eyes narrowed, their tense gaze fixed on her eyelids.

For half an hour he worked there, and then the wide eyes opened again and looked consciously up into his face; a little tender smile curved the tired mouth.

"Why, Jack dear," she said softly. Then her eyes wandered to the unfamiliar room, memory rushed back, and she sprang up fearfully, only to fall back again.

"Lie still, dear; lie still," he begged. From his eyes all the evil power and all the loathing were gone; now they were only very tender, very pitiful. She lay still, obediently, too weak and tired to disobey. But her fear was still upon her. In a moment she began to talk feebly.

"Where am I, Jack? How did I come? I was back there in that awful room—someone was dancing on the table—one of the men threw his wine on the floor and tried to kiss me—ugh! And then they laughed—they always do, Jack, and they are never really glad—they never are— Oh, I'm so glad I found you—but how did I come? I don't seem to remember—"

"Never mind, dear," he tried to soothe her; "never mind."

But she would talk on. "No, I can't seem to remember—I thought I heard someone calling me, and I got up and said I had to go; they tried to stop me, but I got away—I got away! It just seemed as though I had to. But after that—I can't seem to think, Jack—there was just nothing all around me, and someone calling all the time. Was it you, Jack! Were you calling me?"

She looked up so wistfully, so trustfully into his face that his own eyes fell, and he stammered as he answered:

"Yes, yes, dear; it was I."

"But how did you know where I was? How did you know, Jack?"

"I didn't know, dear; I didn't know. But I called you and you came. Now, you must rest, you must rest, dear—you are very tired."

She smiled at him again, the wistful child-smile that made such an awful mockery of the paint on her cheeks, and in just a moment she was breathing deeply and evenly.

When she awoke the man was again sitting in the one chair, his hands folded on the table, staring before him. But his eyes were wide and vacant now. There was no evil in them, just a dull despair. The girl laughed, a merry, childish laugh, and ran across the room to him.

"Jack, dear, aren't you glad you called me, and I came? I did hate all those people so." Her eyes fell on a little cracked mirror and she saw the paint on her cheeks, the bedraggled flowers in her hair. She snatched them out and ran to wash in the tin basin on the corner shelf. "The horrid stuff!" she chattered on; "they made me put it on and I loathed it so. It's so awfully sticky. Jack! Why don't you speak to me?" The man still sat in the chair, staring dully before him. Now he arose and shook himself, and walked to the window. The wind had fallen and the rain had ceased, but the clouds still hung heavily down the sky.

"It's no use," he spoke harshly, abruptly, and the girl shivered as she crossed the room and laid her hand timidly on his arm. He shook it off roughly. "I was a fool—mad—to make you come to me. Why didn't I let you stay where you were. You had fire at least, and light and food—and they laughed."

"Jack!"

But he turned on her fiercely, bitterly. "Don't speak to me like that. Curse me, curse me, I tell you! I am bad—bad—bad!"

His voice rose to a half shriek and the girl shrank away from him. He laughed loudly and flung two copper pennies down on the table.

"Look at them, and laugh! Let's both laugh. We might just as well. That's all the money I have in the world, and that bread over there on the mantel is all the food I have; all that I have had for two days and I can't find work—nobody wants my music—nobody wants me. Why don't you laugh? Curse me—and go back to the lights and the warm room and the food and the drink—where they can laugh.

It doesn't matter if they don't mean it. Nobody ever really means it!"

His eyes were bloodshot, his own laughter was loud and wild. As he started toward her, the girl went white and shrank back against the table; her hand groping, fell on a dusty violin that lay there. With a sudden inspiration she caught it up. Not waiting to tune it, she drew the bow crashing across the strings and broke into a wild song:

"The white moth to the closing vine,  
The bee to the opening clover,  
The gipsy blood to the gipsy blood"—

The man paused, watching her, listening, fascinated.

"Out of the luck of the Gorigo camp,  
Out of the grim and the gray,  
Morning waits at the end of the world,  
Gipsy, come away"—

The grim light died out of his eyes, his face softened, he turned to the narrow window, listening, listening. Outside the clouds were breaking.

"Follow the Romayn paterán,  
West to the sinking sun,  
Where the junk sails lift  
Through the scattered drift"—

The man's head dropped on his arms; his shoulders were shaking.

"The heart of a man to the heart of a maid,  
Light o' my tents, be fleet,  
Morning waits at the end of the world"—

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" She had dropped the violin and her arms were close, close about him. "Come on away with me, dear—let's go back, back to the road again, back to the old, glad, wild life. Oh, Jack, don't you remember, dear; don't you remember the meadows and the wild-flowers and our little fires at night? And the people were always so good to us, dear—the good, kind, honest people—they loved your old fiddle, dear, and they loved my little old songs. Let's go back. I have money, Jack; see!" She tore her bodice eagerly to get out the little knotted handkerchief, and shook out two shining gold coins. "It will take us a long way, Jack—away from here, away from all the horrible noise and the people—away out

into the nice, quiet, peaceful country—  
and the open roads, and the old, glad  
life. Look, dear, look; the sun is com-  
ing up. 'Morning waits at the end of  
the world.' Won't you come, dear—  
won't you come?"

Without a word he took up his fiddle,

crushed his old hat down on his head,  
wrapped her in his torn coat, and they  
went out together, down the rickety  
stairs, and into the city streets toward  
the winding country roads and the  
summer woods.

Their faces were to the morning.

## THE POET

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT

**W**HITHER away, O Sailor, say?  
Under the night, under the day,  
Yearning sail and flying spray,  
Out of the black into the blue,  
Where are the great Winds bearing you?

*Never a port shall lift for me  
Into the sky, out of the sea!  
Into the blue or into the black,  
Onward, outward, never back!  
Something mighty and weird and dim  
Calls me under the ocean rim!*

Sailor under sun and moon,  
'Tis the ocean's fatal rune.  
Under yon far rim of sky  
Twice ten thousand others lie.  
Love is sweet and home is fair,  
And your mother calls you there.

*Onward, outward I must go  
Where the mighty currents flow.  
Home is anywhere for me  
On this purple-tinted sea.  
Star and Wind and Sun my brothers,  
Ocean one of many mothers.  
Onward under sun and star  
Where the weird adventures are!  
Never port shall lift for me—  
I am Wind and Sky and Sea!*

## HE MIGHT HAVE FLARED UP

**W**ILLIE OCEANBREEZE—What did her father say to the match?  
TESSIE SUMMERGIRL—Oh, he made light of it.

# "ADVICE TO TIMID SUICIDES"

By RITA GRAVES

**M**ITCHELL and I met at the home of my friend Banby. It was for that reason that I took up with him, and if the truth must be known, it was the only reason. Not that he wasn't an interesting sort of a man and a fine one in his way, but—he wasn't my kind. In the first place, I couldn't interest him with anything. He sat through all my jokes without a smile! Even at the end, when most people curl up the corners of their mouths and say, "How funny," he would sit silent and grave. When I was serious he was worse—looking at me as if he had never seen me before; and what is more, as if he didn't care if he never did again. As far as I could see, and I got to know him quite well, in spite of things, he didn't like to do anything but smoke. It was about the only thing he would discuss. He had a friend (I often said it was an agent) in Cuba who sent him all the latest Cuban styles of cigarettes every month, enough to start a small-sized tobacco shop. When the box came he would have the man open it in his den (a room that looked like the gipsy tents used by fortune-tellers) and then he would examine the contents. He would pick up a cigarette gingerly with his forefinger and thumb and regard it silently, his head a little on one side like a woman buying bargains. Then he would smell and poke and pull little shreds of tobacco out at the ends and bite them. Some he threw away in disgust—whole packages of them. If I, hinting something about wilful waste and woeful want, asked for the rejected ones, he would sniff and drawl out:

"Harry, it is immoral to have any-

November, 1908—7

thing to do with a bad cigarette; do you know that?"

And I would go out and leave him quietly smoking. He had a strange way of smoking all his own. It seemed to exude from his pores and curled up around him in a most affectionate way. And all the while his large eyes looked into nothing . . . and saw everything.

When I first knew him all the men at the club ("The Gay Gafrulous Gentry") laughed at my new friend and on all sides I was greeted with, "Hello, Harry, how's 'Moody Mitch'?"

After a while some of them grew to like him, as I did, and one of these, especially—Jack Dawson. Dawson was as unlike Mitchell as I am, but their characters seemed to dovetail from the first. Dawson would go up to Mitchell's rooms, and bursting in the door (almost literally) say, "How is it, Mitch, old boy? Been crazy to get here all day."

And Mitchell would respond calmly without looking up, "Be seated, Mr. Dawson. Cigarettes just come . . . very good."

I never knew him to offer a cigarette to anyone, and yet if you took one he was as pleased as a child.

This all gives only a vague idea of what Mitchell really was.

I had to go away shortly after Dawson became Mitchell's friend, and they were together pretty much of that time. One day I received a note from Dawson asking me to come home as quickly as I could . . . Mitchell was worrying him. The tone of the note was distinctly appealing, and wondering why Dawson was so concerned I got away as soon as I could and returned to New York.

At the door of Mitchell's rooms I was

greeted by Dawson, looking much disheveled and equally as excited.

"What's the matter?" I asked, naturally somewhat excited in my turn. Dawson wrung my hand and pulled me into the hall.

"Come in here," he said, and we went into the den, where he sank helplessly into a chair and gazed up at me.

"Well?" I said.

"Do you know, Harry," he burst out vehemently, "this idiot wants to die!" "Die!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, die . . . kill himself. It's horrible. A few days more of this and I will go mad."

Dawson looked so desperate that I had to smile. Dawson, among many virtues, possessed a becoming obesity.

"Funny, is it?" he demanded of me. "Damn it, it's not funny. It's blamed serious. I like this chap. He's a good sort, but this fool idea makes me hot. Listen to this: Today I came and rang and no one let me in. The door was locked, so I used my key. Queer, but I scented something wrong the minute I rang the bell . . . like feeling someone behind a curtain. I came in here and not finding Mitch, I went through the other rooms and then on back to his bedroom. The door was unlocked and I walked in. I am not likely to forget what I saw. If Mitch didn't mean so much to me I believe I would have floored him there and then for giving me such a shock. The room was darkened and I could just see his long, slim figure in a black dressing-gown lying full length on the bed, his hands crossed on his breast like a bronze effigy on a royal tomb. That's not the worst of it. On the table beside him lay a bottle of *poison*! As I ran to him he held up his hand warningly.

"Don't give me any heroics, Mr. Dawson," he said. "I am shockingly alive." I was so relieved that I forgave him, fool that I am."

"What on earth did he do it for?" I asked.

"He said that he was trying to see how it would be if he really did kill himself," Dawson said scornfully. "He hadn't touched the poison, but he had the

dose poured out and sitting beside him. He said that the smell of it was so 'realistic.'"

"Great heavens, Dawson, what is the matter with him?" I asked.

"Says he's tired of life and wants the novelty of killing himself."

"You'd better tell the police," I said.

Dawson eyed me with frank disgust.

"For a thin man you're about the most uncomfortably practical I ever had to teach artistic manœuvring to. What would happen if the papers got hold of this thing? And as for the police and . . . Mitch's Aunt Mary? . . . God! Can't you see what they'd do? One would drive him to suicide or murder and the other would have him locked up."

"Perhaps he'd better be," I observed skeptically, but Dawson was lost in gloomy thoughts and did not answer. Just then Mitchell entered, and coming up to me, in his most perfect and tranquil manner said:

"So sorry you couldn't have been here a while ago. I was a most beautiful corpse."

After that the little dress rehearsal suicides became more frequent. I was in a constant state of dread, and Dawson was becoming nervous as an old woman whose son is going through his first year at college. I was wakened at all hours of the night and morning by such messages as this:

Come over and talk to Mitch. Worn out.  
DAWSON.

Or this:

Come at once. Believe that he's going to do it this time.

DAWSON.

Finally the one I had been fearing came. I was away from New York, and rather relieved to be away from the anxieties caused by our friend, when I received this wire from poor Dawson:

Mitchell killed himself at two this morning! Wire relatives.

DAWSON.

While I was in the hotel office intent on my lugubrious duty of informing the

kin of my unfortunate friend as to his death, the boy came in with this wire:

Mitch alive. Took an overdose. Hooray!  
DAWSON.

By this time I almost began to wish that he really would do the deed. That at least would be certainty—the suspense was maddening. If it had lasted much longer there is no telling but what I might have sent him a poisoned cigarette or put ground glass in his sweetbreads, easing my conscience with the feeling that I had put him out of his misery.

Things were going on in this way when I met Mrs. Norma Weever. She was a pretty woman of the sort most men like without being compelled to fall in love with. I was one of those who didn't fall. She liked me and I liked her . . . that was all. But Mrs. Weevers of that sort always have some great weakness, and this one's weakness was a passion for confidences. I knew that she didn't confide in everyone, and was flattered that she made me one of the selected few, but . . . it never is discreet. Anyway, she confided in me, and I was doubly sure of the impracticability if not absolute absurdity of confidence-giving; not to speak of the responsibility in this case. She told me that she had been betrothed (rather a spring blossom word for a widow) to Aubrey Mitchell for six months. After my start of surprise she continued to confide how he had written her telling that in spite of his affection for her (she slurred over this in an admirably unfeminine way) that he had decided to die. What was she to do? She appealed to me. I had to admit that it was very deplorable, and also succeeded in convincing her how inexperienced I was in matters of that kind. But I promised to do all that a friend who wasn't a keeper, but willing, could do. I liked Mrs. Weever and I liked Mitchell, and although I never approved of my friends marrying, I wished the greatest happiness to both of them.

Thinking it over I saw trouble. How were we to keep Mitchell alive? The question grew more formidable at every step. His evident timidity was a

something in our favor, but with his ceaseless experiments he would soon become accustomed to the tremors of suicide and commit the final deed at last. Besides, he might have an accident and kill himself without the joy of knowing that he had done it. That would be still worse; then we couldn't stand around and say, "Poor Mitchell. Well, he died happy, anyway."

In the meantime now, to further disturb our already precarious equanimity, Mitchell had bought a stiletto. It had an exquisite handle of Mexican silver wrought in the form of a skull, its blade thin and of fine steel. It was a wonder. When we saw it we groaned; it was sure to court death for the obsessed Mitchell. He liked to play with it. That cheered us a little; he would not say good-bye to it until he had wearied of it. Knowing Mitchell, we had about two days to think and plan.

The next day Dawson came rushing into my apartment.

"Quick, Harry!" he cried breathlessly. "I believe I've found the thing at last."

He showed me a card. On it was this astonishing inscription:

MADAME MORTE

ADVICE TO TIMID SUICIDES

13 East Court

WELCOME

He gave me no time for inquiry, but hurried me downstairs with him.

Outside we found Mitchell waiting for us in Dawson's machine. It was the first time I had seen Mitchell out of doors for a long while; he hated the streets. We got in without a word from him and were taken down numerous little streets until we came to one dirtier than all the rest, and stopped before a very greasy and corpulent-looking house. Babies and bugs and bananas were much in evidence when the front door was opened. Dawson led us up some better-left-unsaid stairs, and after many agonizing turns we paused before a door which had one of these same cards tacked on it.



There was something uncanny about this whole affair. Dawson would not say a word.

We exchanged glances of doubt and apprehension and went in. Our eyes were greeted by a heterogeneous gathering composed mostly of the dead weeds of the lower classes. They were seated for the most part, but a few walked restlessly around the large, bare room, occasionally stopping to speak to anyone who would listen. We were regarded apathetically for a time and then were left practically unnoticed.

I spied some vacant chairs over in a corner and we somewhat surreptitiously made our way to them. Our attention was instantly focused on a pair sitting next to Mitchell. They were man and woman; they talked in low, expressionless tones, presumably to one another, although they did not once look up from the floor.

"What makes you skeered?" the woman asked.

"Don't know. I ain't afraid to die, only I ain't got the nerve to pull the trigger. You know how it is."

"Huh! Funny, ain't it? I've got nerve a-plenty, only . . . I've got kids," the woman said laconically.

At this point a side door opened and the nearest one to it rose eagerly and went inside.

The crowd moved a little restlessly and then sank back to a resigned patience. Dawson pulled at my sleeve.

"Look there," he said.

His tone indicated a suppressed excitement and I turned curiously in the direction he was nodding. I saw a young girl of about fifteen sitting with her arms hanging limp at her sides and her shoulders drooped; she was not beautiful to look at.

"What do you say?" Dawson asked.

"Crazy," I answered.

The girl looked over and smiled at us. "Gee, it's catchin'," she said in a loud voice to no one in particular, although a man next to her looked up as she spoke. "The bug's in everybody's nut. But who'd a-thought that gents like them 'ud want to jine th' angels?

It sort of don't seem square for 'em to hangout th' blackragtoo. I don't know, though, they might uv been crossed in love or had their 'honors at stake' as th' papers say. For mine, I never could get it into my lightnin' calculator how those sort uv gents always has honors when other kinds never have anything to do with 'em. It's too expensive, I guess. I don't wonder. Every time they falls out of love or kin with dough dies they've got to have their honors cut out, or else they dies of ingrowin' fame, which is th' only kind they can't stand. I saw in th' *Buzzer* th' other day where a millionaire took th' death drops an' left somethin' tellin' why he had given th' reporter a chance at his 'life's history.' He said that he wanted to die because he was tired uv his auto an' his 'man' didn't put cologne on his sheets that night and he couldn't sleep an' besides he was annoyed (that's just his words), 'annoyed' because his wife had accidentally cleared out with another gent. Another swell pulled th' trigger on himself because his pet dog's maid had cut the poor thing's toe when cleanin' its finger-nails. You lie; it was every darned word of it in th' paper, with pictures uv th' dog's dear little bed with pink ribbons on it."

Mitchell turned to us.

"Let us get away from here," he said; "these people are awful . . . like cheap cigarettes . . . smell horribly, badly dressed and leave a rotten taste in the mouth."

Dawson and I held our metaphorical breaths. Dawson had always had a little malicious desire to make Mitchell smoke a bad cigarette; I'm not sure but what he had a belief that it would bring normality. "Oh, stay it out, Mitch," he said. "If nothing else, it's a chance to watch the other animal in his native lair. Besides, have you forgotten why you came?"

"Sh-h," Mitchell cautioned. "It's disgusting, but. . . ."

And he stayed.

I happened to catch the eyes of my neighbor on me. He was a nice-looking youth of the grocery-boy type.

"Goin' ter put yer light out?" he asked cheerfully.

I nodded after the plan of "do as the Romans—"

"Why?" came his disconcerting question.

"Oh, I really can't say . . . many reasons. Why are you?"

He smiled sheepishly and colored the way only grocery boys and *ingénues* can.

"Love," he answered in a sepulchral voice.

He noticed here that Dawson and Mitchell were both listening and the attention flattered him into loquacity.

"Yes," he went on, "I'm goin' ter quit 'count of a woman. Woman's always been the death of me. Why shouldn't I die fer one of 'em? I asks myself."

"What did she do?" I asked.

"Oh, her . . . she was ontrue," he said sternly, and we knew at once how unrelenting he would be to a truant love.

"Ever love a woman?" he went on. "No? I don't know but what you're best off. It ain't exactly what some people would have you think. Her . . . well, she's nothin' to me now. I'm goin' to die fer her and give a warnin' to all pore men that've ever trusted women. She'll be sorry, all right, when I'm all cold an' laid away. I'm too young to die an' it's an awful waste, but women never knows what they wants until they can't get it. I wonder more folks don't kill themselves . . . dyin's a noble thing."

Having reached the grave of this suicide and heard him deliver his own eulogy, we deserted him for a new one who was talking glibly to an enthusiastic audience. She was a large-boned woman of the blond type that always reminds one of corset advertisements and footlights.

"It ain't that I'm specially blue," she was saying, "but I'm tired . . . Lord! There's nothin' to come an' it's no good lookin' back . . . why shouldn't I do it? It's nice, too, to think of just restin', ain't it? Think of the grand write-up in the papers . . .

'Miss F. Gay committed suicide in her room. Cause . . . tired of livin'.' Swell, ain't it? Think I'll leave a pictur' behind. I've got a sweet one; they can put a black band around it and maybe a elegant wreath, only wreaths don't go very well with tights, do they? Well, no matter, they'll know that I ain't wearin' 'em any more, so it'll be all to the bon-bons. Good-bye, I'm goin' in to get the nerve . . . takes a lot to put yourself out of business." Our blond lady was just making her last exit before an assembled audience when a somewhat racy-looking gentleman with a red vest came up and stood before Dawson.

"Want tuh help a fellow?" he asked in the manner of one giving an opportunity to be charitable.

"Why . . . er . . . yes, I don't mind," Dawson said.

"That's right. Gimme a half, will yuh? That's what thuh old lady soaks yer for, and I can't get in without it."

Dawson handed him a dollar.

"What's the other one for?" the man asked in surprise.

"For the poison," Dawson responded with a wink.

The other laughed.

"Gee, yuh don't think I'm goin' tuh kick yet, do yuh? God! That's thuh game for softies and thuh idle rich—no offense meant, gents—not me. What's thuh use in it? Now, you're a sensible man, I can see . . . tell me what's thuh good in a perfectly all right man clearin' out just because this thing or that don't go right? Tell me that. What're we all here for . . . tuh have a shootin' competiton wid thuh one who gets dead first winnin' thuh medal? Look at 'em here. What are they? Damn fools all of 'em—exceptin' yourselves, gents. There's a kid comin' here tuh get learned how tuh kill himself because he's in love with a chambermaid who is flirtin' wid thuh proud son and heir of her boss. Over there's a man who's been locked up for everythin' from polygamy tuh politics, and now there's only one thing left that the law calls wrong, so he's here for doin'

that. There's a girl 'in trouble' because she read thuh Sunday papers and listened tuh a man with a sparkler in his tie . . . so *she's* out for dyin'. Jumpin' baboons! it beats me."

We listened with something like awe to this man's wisdom. He was certainly worth the dollar and many more. I was sure that he had won our case. Dawson beamed on him.

"But what did you want the dollar for?"

The fellow gave us the benefit of a grin.

"Well, since none of youse is one of these"—Mitchell moved uneasily—"I'll tell you. You see, it's this way. I comes here every day, and when I sees fellows like yourselves . . . rich, you know, I goes up tuh 'em and asks 'em for cash. Why not? If they'll be deaders in a few hours why shouldn't some one with sense about him come up and collect what they was too foolish to appreciate?"

We laughed.

"And what do you do with the money?" Dawson asked.

The man became suddenly embarrassed and refused to answer.

"Oh, come now," Dawson urged good-naturedly, "I have a right to know where my money goes."

The man nodded.

"The money, you say? Oh, I spends it in advertisin' this joint. You see, my wife runs it. Thanks for thuh one," and he walked off. We sat silent and stunned, and then we turned to one another and laughed. Mitchell leaned over and took Dawson's hand and then mine. "I'm cured," he said. "It's all over. When I die it will be because I'm too weak or too old to prevent it. Now, for God's sake let us get out of here."

Dawson looked like the little boy who has just been told that the genie was only a make-believe one and that he didn't carry the fairy prince off after all.

Someone touched Mitchell's shoulder.

"It is your turn to go in, sir," he said.

Mitchell made a very ugly face at his unfortunate reminder and fled from the room.

We were at Delmonico's one evening, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Dawson and I, when a strange man came up and spoke to Dawson.

"So you are alive are you?" was his startling observation.

Dawson looked bewildered and glanced around at the rest of us for enlightenment. Mitchell, after scrutinizing him a second, held out his hand with more cordiality than was his wont.

"You're the man with the red vest," he said.

"That I am," the other answered genially. "And I see that you took good advice."

Mitchell smiled reluctantly. He disliked any reference to his past adventures in suicides.

Dawson and I were almost alarmed at the metamorphosis of our red-vested friend, and Dawson, somewhat nervously introduced him to the widow—now Mrs. Mitchell. She begged him to sit down with us. "I would like you to meet my wife," he said quickly, and left us with the energetic abruptness which characterized him as our friend at the suicide salon. He came back with a handsome woman on his arm and in an official tone gave this strange introduction:

"Mme. Morte, some converts."

We all showed surprise, but laughed with her as she sat down.

"And now, converts," she began in a strangely magnetic voice, "I'm going to tell you something before you misjudge me. My little 'business' is nothing more to you than a dignified slaughter-house, is it not?" She disregarded our hasty denials and continued with a little smile.

"You were cured so easily that you didn't see me or have an opportunity to know of my methods. That is not uncommon; I only attend to the more serious cases."

Mitchell leaned toward her with a little gleam of interest in his eye. "The only reason that I can give you for our having gone into the thing at all is our callings in life. My husband is an actor and I was once a doctor for nervous diseases. The idea of the thing

occurred to me when I was the visiting physician in a hospital devoted mostly to morbid patients sent from other hospitals to rest. The people whom you heard talking were all ex-actors and actresses and had their studied parts as in any play and were managed by my husband, who is also the star, as you will probably remember."

We looked from one to the other and kept silent.

"The money was accepted because you had it to give," added 'Monsieur Morte.'

"I am left speechless," I said, looking at them in wonder.

Dawson was flushed and excited and I knew that he was hunting for words with which to express his admiration.

"I say, Morte," he broke forth, "this is fine . . . great . . . wonderful! Shake hands, both of you."

Mitchell was no less enthusiastic, but naturally more reserved. "It's a scheme that I am sure no one but Monsieur Morte and yourself could invent. And tell me, what happens to the suicides?"

Mme. Morte gave one of her delicious smiles that had fascinated us from the first.

"That is easily explained," she said. "I talk with them and ask them whether they wish to use a pistol, a dagger, gas or poison. They make a choice and I write it down beneath their names, address, occupation and age. If this isn't effectual I go on in the same way, talking about the whole thing in a cold, hard, unromantic way—this I know is half of the cure. I go on to the place where they are to be buried and even to

the epitaph on their tombstones. I don't know what it is, but the sight of that sheet, the questions printed and their own names at the top . . . well, it has its effect usually.

"Sometimes they demand more. Then I use different methods according to the case. One man I remember especially. He was desperate; few ever come to me that way—they kill themselves. This one was very low, to use a technical word, and he came hardly knowing why he did; probably he saw the sign and came because the word suicide concerned him more than anything else. He went through all my questions impatiently, and at the end begged me for a revolver. I tried to reason with him. I told him everything I knew about the folly of suicide. Nothing did any good. Then I said with an air of finality, 'Very well; since you are resigned to die, go over and sit in that chair.' He started toward it, but he never sat in it. It was an ordinary chair, but in the circumstances he, without reasoning, associated it with immediate death. It was a physical impossibility for him to walk to it and sit down. What is more, he is still living. There, you see how simple it is when a chair can play so important a part in saving a man's life."

"Yes, I can understand," Mitchell said, with a little wink. "I think that it was a red vest that saved mine."

The waiter came with our drinks, and Dawson, snatching his from the man's tray, raised it above his head.

"To Madame Morte and the Suicides Theatrical Company," he said. And we drank.

---

## POOR MR. HOBSON

"IF you kiss me I'll call mother!"  
Said the maiden, fair to see;  
"That is all the good 'twill do her,  
I'm no Hobson," answered he.

# THE SOUL OF THE GONG

By KATE CRAVEN TURNER

"IT sounds like the wail of a soul in torment!"

"I don't often call attention to it, but I knew you would understand and recognize it, Renshaw."

He struck the gong softly and a peal of sounds, musically discordant, filled the room, dying away into distant, shadowy corners in a prolonged harmony, which suddenly swelled again into a wailing note, unlike anything human, except the cry wrung from mortal agony almost beyond belief. Renshaw examined the gong curiously.

"The construction of it is unique, even for that ingenious race of almondeyed beings. I never saw or heard one like it. That brass centre surrounded and welded into two bronze rings is quite unusual, isn't it, Herriott?"

"As uncommon as its many wonderful tones, and no matter how you strike it, the finish is the same; it dies away with that peculiar human note of agony; even a sweep of wind against it awakens the sound, and as it often happens in the dead of the night, it is somewhat startling and uncanny and frequently gets on my nerves."

"Has it a history?"

They were idling the Sunday afternoon hours in the music room and den of Herriott's bachelor apartments, smoking and talking as only kindred bachelor souls can do after long separation, and the host smoked on reminiscently before replying to the query.

"Y-e-s, it has a history. I don't tell it to many, though; they would scoff." After a moment's reflection he continued: "Do you remember Ah Wong, who kept the restaurant down near the Chinese quarters above Spofford Alley,

where we used to go for chop suey and gum gut when you were here last?"

"I remember the chop suey perfectly. I never have eaten any like it elsewhere."

"Well, he gave the gong to me early last winter when he suddenly closed his restaurant and left for the Flowery Kingdom. You remember we used to consider him something of a mystery, and far beyond the average of intelligence and culture of the ordinary Celestial, whom he seemed to treat with utmost contempt.

"He made rapid progress with our language during his residence here, and because it came my way to do him a kind turn by way of evidence and influence when he was accused of being mixed up in the muss between the Hop Sing-ites and the Bing Kung Tong-ites during their deadly feud of a few seasons past, he was deeply grateful. When he left he presented me with many evidences of his appreciation, including the gong.

"According to his story, he was the son of a wealthy mandarin, who was killed during one of the endless feuds of their race, when Ah Wong was a youth of fourteen years. His mother having been dead some time, he was adopted by a neighbor of equal station and wealth, to whose daughter he had been betrothed since infancy, as is a custom in that peculiar country, I believe. Quite contrary to the usual custom, Ah Wong and Wan Loo loved each other devotedly.

"When Ah Wong was about eighteen years old there was another uprising of factions, Boxers, or something of that sort, and the parents of Wan Loo were

killed. Then a distant relative of her mother, a rich and hideous old mandarin, became the natural guardian of the children. He was a widower and childless, and he owned vast manufactories of porcelain and bronze in the Kwang Tung province of Southern China, and it was in this home the children found refuge.

"Wan Loo, growing more and more beautiful, attracted the attention of her senile old guardian, who, becoming deeply enamored of her, determined to wed her. Then he plotted to ruin his youthful rival.

"When an uprising against the empire again broke out he secretly sent the information to the Emperor that one Ah Wong was a dangerous subject and a plotter against the Government. But through his influence he succeeded in having Ah Wong banished instead of beheaded; telling him that the Emperor had confiscated his property, and that only his own influence had saved him from death. Pretending great generosity and sympathy for the youth in his dilemma, he gave him a sum sufficient for his needs and to bring him to this country. He also promised that Wan Loo should soon follow.

"With his youthful rival out of the way, the mandarin began his persecution of Wan Loo. He told her that Ah Wong had plotted against the Government and that he had left for America, caring more for his own safety than for her. He also told her that her own inherited fortunes were lost, and that she was now a dependent upon his charity, and asked her to marry him. She refused his offer and told him that she loved Ah Wong, and that she did not believe what he had told her. Then he locked her in a tower of a disused factory, taunting her with her false lover, and starving her until in desperation she at last consented to marry him. But she grieved and mourned incessantly for her lost love, whom she did not believe false to her, in spite of the mandarin's assertions and his taunts against her lover's fidelity.

"She was practically a prisoner in her

husband's home, never being allowed to leave it, except under his watchful care or the espionage of someone in his employ. This was so skilfully performed that no one outside of the household suspected it.

"Upon one of her jaunts about the city—alway under espionage—she discovered in a curio shop an old servant of her mother's. She gave no sign of recognition, but a plan formed in her troubled brain whereby she might outwit her persecutors.

"She and Ah Wong had been educated as became their station in life, and so in the lonely hours of her solitary imprisonment she secretly wrote of her wrongs and her sorrows, pouring out of her grieving heart the love she felt for him. She told him of the persecutions and indignities of which she was the helpless victim; told him of her horror and fear of her husband and begged him to forgive her, for though she was married to the mandarin her love was with him in America.

"The mandarin in a fit of jealousy had one day unwittingly given her a clue to the whereabouts of her lover, when he had taunted her by telling her Ah Wong was married to a maiden in San Francisco. She remembered the address, and with this information she planned to outwit her jailers.

"Secreting some jewels her husband had given her in a vain effort to win her affections to himself, she succeeded in eluding her captors one night and escaped into the streets, going direct to the little shop of her mother's servant. There she related her story, and the two planned to escape together to America during the following week. Wan Loo left the letter and jewels with the old servant, gaining his promise that in case she failed to come at the appointed time he would dispose of the jewels and with the money thus gained go to America alone and deliver the letter to Ah Wong.

"Taught cunning by her many perils, she would not remain at his shop, lest she be discovered there and thus imperil his life and the chance of her mis-sive reaching her lover; so with many



directions to the faithful old servitor she left and wandered the streets in search of a hiding-place.

"Her absence had been discovered and, pursued by the curses and threats of her husband, the mandarin, the servants searched for the missing bride.

"Wan Loo's little, almost useless feet had carried her a long distance and, friendless and alone, she stumbled on and on. She did not know or greatly care where she went, now that her precious letter was safe, for Ah Wong would one day know the truth.

"Staggering and faint she plodded wearily along and turning a corner ran into the arms of her persecutors, who took her at once to her enraged husband.

"Raving like a demon, the old mandarin cursed her and demanded her reason for being away without his consent. She said she had gone to the temple to pray and, becoming confused, had lost her way in the strange city. Heaping untold abuse upon her, he threatened that if she ever again attempted to escape from him he would kill her.

"She was more closely guarded and more than ever a prisoner thereafter, and escape was impossible.

"Realizing that he could not win her affections, the mandarin's love turned to malignant hatred, and he conceived a plot diabolical in its cruelty and cunning.

"He visited his factories and made known that he wished to experiment with a mass of molten bronze, and ordered a caldron of it prepared at a certain hour of the next night.

"On the following night he secretly brought Wan Loo to the laboratory and gloatingly revealed to her the truth concerning her lover; then he threw her into the boiling caldron of molten bronze.

"Summoning his most expert workman, he told him to fashion from the bronze a large gong and to engrave upon it 'The Voice of Wan Loo,' and, as he was experimenting to produce certain tone effects, under no circumstances to use the remainder of the

metal for any purpose, except as he should direct.

"When the workman presented himself to his employer bearing the gong, he said, 'It has a most wonderful tone—hear!' He struck it with the padded hammer, and as the sound died away the mandarin turned ghastly, for above the medley of sounds rang the wail that had issued from his wife's lips as he threw her into the caldron. Turning to the servant, he said, 'It is well, Hop Sing; the experiment is a success. Make of the remainder of the metal a brazen god and put it in the temple of my fathers as an offering of thanks for the success of my experiment.'

"Gloating, he hung the gong in his apartments, and that night he was wakened by it ringing out, again and again, the sound always dying away in the heartbroken wail. At first he laughed fiendishly, then it accused him. It haunted and tortured him; sleeping or waking, the sound rang accusingly in his ears. Every vibration brought forth the shuddering wail. The winds playing across it set it whispering and calling; every jar set it pulsing and moaning, until in his desperation and fear of it—though still vengeful and unrepentant—another diabolical thought possessed him, the hellish desire to have the lover know and feel the torture of the haunting sound.

"Acting upon this impulse, he shipped the gong to Ah Wong with this letter:

Listen, Ah Wong, and you will hear the voice of her you love, as it rang forth that night when she fell into the molten bronze from which the gong is made. She mourned for you always and would not be comforted; and, though I told her you had wed another in America, she would not believe me. She accused me of plotting your ruin, and so—she fell into the caldron. You can hear her tortured cry as the hot metal lapped around her pink flesh. May you ever hear it ringing with her death agony; hear it night and day with every stroke, every vibration, every gust of wind, as she shrieks her agony! Her soul is imprisoned in the gong. I promised she should follow you soon. Cherish this precious gift from—your guardian—Chang Sen.

"I was in the restaurant one night

about three months ago when a bent and decrepit coolie slouched in. Going direct to Ah Wong he said something in Chinese, handing him a small package. Ah Wong, greatly agitated, retired to a small room in the rear, and when he emerged he was ghastly, and a host of demons gleamed from his half-closed eyes. He went quietly among his guests, speaking some pleasant word to each, and stopping at my table, said in an undertone:

"I want velly much see you in mornin'. I get gift an' letter from China. I go back home. You my fren'. I give you some tloken. I never come back here.'

"I went the next morning and Ah Wong, more ghastly than the previous night, presented me the gong, telling me its history and reading me the letters he had received from the mandarin and his murdered love.

"You been my fren'. I leave her with you. I go back to China.'

"I knew what was seething in the Oriental's brain and I tried to persuade him not to go, but he wouldn't listen,

and I knew if he ever reached China again there would be one mandarin less in the Kwang Tung province. When he shook my hand at parting, he said:

"You hear from me in t'ree mon's,' and—by Jove! What day of the month is this? The time must be nearly up. I almost hope he succeeded in reaching China; he was the whitest Chinaman I ever knew and— Come in!"

An attendant presented on a silver salver a cablegram. It read:

I have killed him. My soul goes now to dwell with Wan Loo in the bronze gong of the good American.

AH WONG, Sin Yuen, China.

As the door closed the bronze gong slipped from its hook and went crashing down on the tile of the mantel with a medley of sound deafening in its intensity.

A superstitious feeling possessed us both as Herriott picked up the gong and struck it gently. Again the sounds rolled forth and died away—not in the wail of a tortured soul, but in a low, soft, jubilant duet of sweetest melody.

## A PRAYER

By BLANCHE FARGO GRISWOLD

DEAR Lord, for love's romantic joy I ask Thee not—  
 For earthly love grows cold, its vows too soon forgot—  
 Nor do I pray for wealth—for wealth so oft takes wings  
 And bears with it, alas, whate'er its glitter brings.  
 And neither do I long for what the world calls fame—  
 For worldly praise too often aids an empty name.  
 And length of years I care not for—since pitiless  
 The world's cold heart, when life survives its usefulness.  
 But, Lord, dear Lord, with all my heart, I pray Thee for  
 The strong uplifting word, that courage shall restore  
 Unto repentant hearts who find no charity. . . .  
 Give Thou, in sacred trust, this greatest gift to me!

# LIFE'S AFTERNOON

By ARTHUR REICHMAN

WHILE he waited for Mrs. Chesterton to join him on the veranda he looked about him with a smile. If his friends could see him now, what would they say?

Below him lay the immaculate velvety lawn of Mrs. Chesterton's grounds; the arbor that led from the right wing of the house to the hedge at the edge of the lawn was a perfect reproduction of one she had admired near Florence; and behind him the mansion—for, in spite of its summery pretensions, it *was* a mansion—bore the mark of Mrs. Chesterton's taste. Everything, in fact, spoke of her, uttered her name, and he remembered how his friends had also uttered her name when he told them of his intention to spend the summer on Long Island.

Their deductions, he had to admit, were logical. For two years, ever since his divorce, Wessley had been the most loyal of New Yorkers. He never left the metropolis for more than a week at a time. Invitations were tendered him—some to spend a few weeks in cruising, some to join friends who were paddling about Maine lakes, but all were declined. His sudden determination, therefore, to buy a house on Long Island and his haste in making preparations to live there awoke their suspicions. "It's been a hard winter in the Street and I want to be with my horses and dogs," was his explanation, but this was laughingly rejected. Horses and dogs were all right in their way, and it was true that Wessley had been an ardent sportsman in his single

days, but a more obvious explanation was at hand. All winter Wessley had been attentive to Mrs. Chesterton; what more natural then than that he should follow her to Long Island? He had plenty of money, and that part of Long Island where the late Randolph Chesterton's house stood was most attractive. Bartley Fellaman expressed their composite view when he said to a group of Wessley's intimates: "Oh, yes, he's very sensible to do it. There are lovely trees and flowers, the finest roads in the State and—Mrs. Chesterton."

As Mrs. Chesterton joined him she seemed a little more serious than usual. The scant enthusiasm she bestowed on the topics brought up, as well as the superfluous touches she gave to her hair, awoke his suspicions. She suddenly remarked that she had seen his former wife.

Wessley received the announcement with an exclamation of annoyance. "Where?" he asked.

"Here. She has taken a cottage on White street."

He bit his lip. "That's too bad," he said.

"I've known it now for a week," Mrs. Chesterton continued, "but I couldn't decide whether to tell you or not. I thought perhaps you wouldn't like to hear it."

"You're right," he replied; "I don't. It won't be pleasant to run into her when people are about. If I had known she would be here I wouldn't have come."

"Oh," said Mrs. Chesterton, "you needn't be troubled about that. You won't meet her often."

He well understood. Mrs. Wessley wasn't likely to be met in the houses he frequented. But he asked, nevertheless, "She isn't—popular?"

"Popular! Good heavens, no. But surely you must know that?"

"I know very little about Mrs. Wessley. The truth is, I don't care to hear very much."

Mrs. Chesterton was silent, but Wessley could see that the remark meant a great deal to her. He had told her some of the circumstances of his married life—that great, glittering failure—and the fact that he cared so little about Mrs. Wessley's future must strike her, he felt, as a proof of his bitterness.

Some days later they were again on the porch and while they sat enjoying the cool of twilight, a relation of Mrs. Chesterton, a garrulous old woman who was spending a few days with her, joined them.

She was an interesting type, Mrs. Bainbridge. Having moved to New York from her home in the West only six months before, her chief concern at present was in maintaining the illusion that she was thoroughly familiar with New York society. With this object, she discussed everybody possible, repeating whole phrases that she had picked up, and introducing, with the greatest show of intimacy, the names of people she knew by reputation alone. Suddenly she startled them with the exclamation, "Oh, there's that woman again!"

Both Mrs. Chesterton and Wessley looked in the direction indicated. A phaeton drawn by a fine, showy cob was coming along the road, and in it were a man and a woman. As Wessley looked, a hot blush suffused his face and he hastily turned away.

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Bainbridge raising her lorgnette.

"Why do you ask?" said Wessley quietly.

"Because she's a very foolish young woman. She was formerly a very nice girl, I am told, but of late she is quite

impossible. The man with her is a gambler or something of that sort, and they're always together. Nobody looks at her nowadays."

"She was once my wife," Wessley said slowly.

Mrs. Bainbridge gasped.

"Then you—oh, Mr. Wessley, I didn't know—" she cried in tragic confusion.

"It doesn't matter," he said indifferently. "We are separated now."

"But the things I said! Can you forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive. We haven't met in two years, and I assure you our interest in each other is quite dead."

When Mrs. Bainbridge left them, Wessley turned a melancholy face to Mrs. Chesterton.

"I wanted to hear what she had to say," he explained. "After all, when a woman bears one's name—"

"Oh, I can understand your interest. And as to Mrs. Wessley, I doubt if that will continue to be her name very long."

"Indeed?"

"Mr. Ivor, I hear, is very attentive."

"Ivor?"

"Yes, Ralph Ivor. I don't know that he's a gambler, but he's something equally outside the pale."

"And Dora's going to marry him," groaned Wessley. "I'm sorry."

"Why?"

"Because it will mean the end of her. Any chance she had of becoming 'somebody' will be lost. Besides, her good looks can't last forever, and if this fellow shouldn't care for her—"

Mrs. Chesterton shrugged her shoulders. "After all, it doesn't make much difference what her end is, does it?" she asked.

Wessley flushed. He disliked hearing women speak ill of each other, and Mrs. Chesterton's speech jarred him.

"I know what people say of Mrs. Wessley," he retorted; "but I am sure they are mistaken."

"Ah, how noble of you!" Mrs. Chesterton's eyes sparkled in a way that almost made him forget his irritation. "Even though she has proved so unworthy, you still defend her."

Wessley shook his head. "It isn't nobility," he replied. "It's simply that I cannot believe these things of her. Dora is frivolous and pleasure-loving, and even before our marriage she was—well, a little foolish in some ways; but that, I am sure, is all." He spoke earnestly and Mrs. Chesterton bit her lip. "I shouldn't like you, of all people, to misjudge her."

His companion was silent a moment. She looked at his face, and the expression there held her.

"One cannot help believing what one sees. A man like Ivor! But"—and her voice dropped lower—"I shall believe anything you wish me to."

"Then please believe she is indiscreet, but nothing more."

## II

FOR two people to live in the same summer resort and never to meet is well-nigh impossible. The roads are few, the places permitting general congregation are limited in number, and everybody, practically, does the same thing at the same time. It was natural, therefore, that Wessley should meet his wife. The first time was on the road—he was in his automobile, speeding along the level stretch that led to a resort near the sea, and she was sitting with Ivor in his phaeton, her head banked against a parasol, whose edges fluttered in the breeze. Her face was alive with smiles and she was looking in his direction, but he passed without a bow, pretending to be intent on the road. The second time, however, such pretense was impossible. In the throng at the Casino, with Mrs. Chesterton on his arm, he had met her face to face and had bowed gravely and with dignity, and she had responded in her own gravest manner.

They never met to speak, however. At first there seemed a possibility of this—the Cowleys and the Winthrops showed an inclination to take her up; but as the weeks passed she became less and less identified with the people he knew. She became identified, in-

stead, with a different set—a less exclusive, less carefully scrutinizing one. But she became chiefly identified—and this, for Wessley, had the sharpest sting—with Ralph Ivor.

From mere curiosity Wessley made a few inquiries concerning the man. It was his habit to run into town one day each week to look after his business interests, and on one of these excursions he arranged to stay over night and take dinner with Charley Griffin. The latter was a young man whose propensities led him to know many people of the sporting stamp, and Wessley hoped he would give him some information. His hope proved well founded: Griffin not only knew Ivor, but knew his career. A successful man who had retired—this was the picture he drew of him; one without an actual stain, but with more than one suspicion clinging to his name—a perfect type, in short, of the cool, suave, competent "sporting man."

Wessley returned from town to hear still more of Ivor's career. The first news to greet him as he paid an early afternoon call on Mrs. Chesterton concerned the man in question and Mrs. Wessley.

"You know of the bazaar that is being organized," his friend began. "It seems that Mrs. Wessley applied for a booth. The committee thought favorably of her petition and was about to grant it, when she made the ridiculous request that Ralph Ivor be allowed to help her. You can imagine the result: the committee could find no place for her."

"What a little fool she is," said Wessley.

Mrs. Chesterton laid her hand on his arm—a way she had of focusing his attention on herself.

"I want you to do me a favor," she said in a low tone. "I want you to give me back a promise I made you." He looked at her, not comprehending. "I told you I would believe anything you wished me to of Mrs. Wessley, but—I can't."

He tried to smile. "Is it so hard?"

"It is impossible."

"Why, what are people saying?"

"Oh, dreadful things. They're saying now that Ivor *won't* marry her."

Wessley rose and paced the porch in silence. She saw he was deeply moved.

"You're not angry with me?" she asked.

"No, my dear friend, I am not."

"You see, everybody cuts her now, and in the face of an opinion so general one cannot hold out forever."

They did not revert to the subject, but Wessley was far from forgetting it. To him it was a blow—a heavy, deadening blow—to know that his name was being dragged down. When the woman he had loved sufficiently to marry proved herself of so low a type, a reflection was cast not only upon her, but upon him as well. And if he made a mistake once, he was capable of making a mistake again with regard to any other woman he might admire. His feelings ran so high at this time that he even thought of speaking to Mrs. Wessley. But after all, what right had he to interfere?

The opening of the bazaar was highly gratifying. On the first night the crowd gathered early and a steady stream of visitors flowed through the gates.

Mrs. Chesterton had one of the most attractive booths. It was filled with Japanese ware, and the decorations were tasteful and appropriate. Her own touch was evident, and when Wessley saw the booth he was warm in his praise. From the black cloth decorated with gold dragons to the wistaria that climbed the poles, everything blended in a truly artistic effect.

He lingered over the counter this first evening in high spirits. Mrs. Chesterton always had a way of making him forget everything but the subject of the moment, and he enjoyed himself immensely. In the midst of their conversation a light laugh sounded at his elbow, and he turned swiftly. He knew the laugh and was not mistaken. Passing at the moment was his former wife. She was on the arm of Ralph Ivor.

His spirits fell. As he saw the girl—

for that was all she was—a peculiar sensation came over him. She was so young and so pretty, so slim and so frail, that it seemed a pity she should be with such a man. In spite of his resentment, he could not help feeling that something should be done to save her.

The notion took hold of him during the evening. After all, what people said of her might not be true, and there might still be time for her to retrieve herself. It was even, in a way, his duty to help her make the attempt.

Reflecting in this way, he presently found himself on the outer edge of the park. He was about to return to the others when he saw the figure of a woman near-by. Her head was lowered, but the reflection of lights from a near-by tree was shed on her, and he saw that the woman was Mrs. Wessley. An impulse seizing him, he made for her side.

She looked up and her eyes grew wide with surprise.

"Why, John!" she said.

He bowed gravely. The situation was delicate and he did not know what to say.

"See what has happened," she said ruefully. "Some clumsy man stepped on my dress and it's all torn. Mr. Ivor has gone for a needle and thread."

"Then perhaps it is fortunate that I came along. It wouldn't look well for you to be seen here alone," said Wessley.

"It couldn't create more talk than if I were seen with you."

"Do you mean that I should go?"

"Not unless you wish to; but I shouldn't like to keep you if you would rather go. People will talk."

"I don't mind what people say."

"Is that why you have so consistently shunned me all summer?" she asked.

"I haven't shunned you," he replied quietly; "but I could not see what was to be gained by our meeting."

"Then why prolong our meeting to-night?"

"Because there is something very particular I wish to say to you."



"Will it take long?"

"That depends on the spirit in which you receive it."

She looked a little puzzled, and in the silence that followed he saw that she was as pretty as she had ever been. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks had lost none of their freshness and bloom.

Presently she said: "I don't know what you have to say, but whatever it is this isn't the place to say it. Mr. Ivor is likely to interrupt us at any moment."

"It is Mr. Ivor that I wish to speak of."

She looked at him searchingly and appeared to understand.

"In that case it *will* take long."

On the edge of the crowd he saw the tall figure of her escort moving toward them.

"Mr. Ivor is coming now," he said. "When can I see you?"

She thought an instant. "Say tomorrow, at tea?"

"I am sorry," he replied; "but I've promised Mrs. Chesterton."

"Ah, you lucky man; she looks beautiful tonight."

He flushed a little from the consciousness of her taking so much for granted. But Ivor was bearing down on them, so he said hastily: "Will tomorrow morning do as well? Say, at eleven?"

"That will be splendid; don't be late."

The next instant he was being introduced to Ivor, and then came the consciousness that with this handsome man and his former wife he was distinctly *de trop*. Bowing and uttering some formal speech he took himself off.

### III

THE next morning was extremely hot. A rainless spell of long duration had left the roads very dry, and the bushes and trees, as well as the grass, were yellow with dust. Not so, however, the foliage about Mrs. Wessley's house. There was not much of it, but it all had a freshness that showed

the owner's solicitude and gave the house a pleasant, welcoming air.

What most struck Wessley as he mounted the narrow path was the absence of anything suggesting expense. The house was pretty, but very small and quite near the railroad. He could not help seeing his own part of this. When they were first married he had opened his purse and dumped its contents for his wife's pleasure on the table between them; later, after the rupture, he had tightened the strings. He felt no remorse. It might be hard for Mrs. Wessley to give up the luxury she had enjoyed, but if he gave her regularly the amount agreed, what more could she expect? Besides, she had not been such a good wife to him that he need feel she was not getting her deserts.

Mrs. Wessley was on the veranda as he approached, dressed all in white, and her smile was one of real expectation and pleasure. The moment he came, moreover, she pressed on him some cooling drink and produced matches for his cigarette. She was apparently not in the least embarrassed.

"You came to speak of Mr. Ivor?" she finally began.

Wessley looked at her very straight.

"Yes, I did," he replied. "Are you going to marry him?"

She laughed at the suddenness of the speech.

"What a question!" she cried.

"Well, are you?"

"How should I know?"

"Surely you know your own mind."

"But if he hasn't asked me?"

"I am sure he has. You're together morning, noon and night. If you'll pardon my saying so, it looks—'raw.'"

Mrs. Wessley, smiling and dimpling, clasped her hands.

"So you're going to preach again," she cried. "Ah, do! I haven't heard a sermon in—let me see—two years, isn't it?"

He made no reply. To jest about anything so serious as their separation seemed to him in bad taste, and he refused to encourage her. He waited, instead, until her spirits dropped again. "I suppose you know his record?"

"Whose?"

"Mr. Ivor's."

She colored. "Remember, please," she said, "that you are speaking of a friend of mine."

"There is no danger of my forgetting it," Wessley assured her. "It's just because I remember it so well that I am here today."

"To talk against him?"

"To tell you what I think of him."

"Well?"

"In the first place," he said, "he is a gambler. I don't mean by that to say he gambles occasionally, but gambling is his actual profession."

"You are slightly misinformed," Mrs. Wessley replied. "He *was* a gambler; he is retired now."

"Ah, then you know?"

"Of course."

"And yet you go with him so constantly?"

"Why not?"

"Because, for a woman like you it is a very unwise course. A man who has once led the kind of life he has—and I assure you it wasn't the cleanest—seldom, if ever, changes. He may form good resolutions, he may even live up to them for a time, but sooner or later he goes back to it. And that isn't all. The woman who marries a man like that forfeits the respect of all her former friends. I'm not arguing now on a point of ethics—whether the world's attitude is right or wrong—but I simply state facts. You are laying yourself open to criticism all the time."

Mrs. Wessley shrugged her shoulders. "Don't you think I know all this?" she said.

"Then why don't you change?"

"Because I have a right to do as I please. You think I am unwise; I think differently."

"I am not alone in thinking as I do," he said. "Others agree with me."

"That means Mrs. Chesterton, I suppose?"

He faltered and his confusion increased when she asked him the very question he had asked her, "Are you going to marry her?"

He tried, as she had done, to laugh the question aside.

"I'm using your own methods," she continued, and repeated the question. He made no answer, but she tightened the screws. "If you haven't proposed yet, you ought to. You're together morning, noon and night. If you'll pardon my saying so, it looks—'raw.'"

There was a short silence. He was annoyed by her levity, exasperated by the indifference with which she received his protests. What a poor, helpless little fool she was!

Presently he rose. She was still smiling, but as she saw him pick up his hat, the mirth vanished and she looked very grave. Hopeful of some result, he said to her: "I wish you would tell me exactly how matters stand."

She drew herself up.

"I don't admit your right to ask."

"Surely, though," he went on, "you can see that I am interested. After all, you still bear my name, and when people speak of you they refer to you as my former wife."

"Is that such a terrible thing?" There was a quaint little quiver in her voice.

"It is annoying sometimes. You've been very indiscreet."

Her look now had something of weariness in it. "If I have—" she began—"but—well, never mind," and leaving him, she entered the house.

#### IV

"SHE's like a bit of driftwood. She doesn't steer her course; she simply drifts with the current."

It was the last evening of the bazaar, and Wessley was standing at Mrs. Chesterton's booth. Mrs. Wessley had just passed with Ivor.

"That's a poor excuse for one's errors," replied his friend, smoothing a piece of *habutaye* that lay on the counter.

"I'm not advancing it as an excuse. I'm simply mentioning it as a fact."

"Oh, in that case, I agree with you."

Only the current has a remarkable way of carrying her to Mr. Ivor."

Wessley nodded in assent. Yes, it was Ivor who was at the bottom of it all. She loved him and her passion blinded her to everything else. But he felt he had not made his point clear—the point that Mrs. Wessley was not so much to blame; and he said: "I really cannot believe the things that people say of her. If she has passed through so much, why doesn't she show the effect of it? She looks just as fresh, just as blooming as she ever did."

"Ah, well, why not? Nothing affects that kind of a woman; she doesn't feel."

"I think you misunderstand the cause. If Mrs. Wessley doesn't show the effect of worry, it's because there's no reason why she should. She hasn't done anything reprehensible."

He was embarrassed the moment the words were out for the vehemence of his manner. He had spoken as though his interest was paramount; a husband, sweetheart or brother could scarcely have put more force into the final phrase. Hotly conscious of the fact, he tried to change the subject, and a moment later took himself off.

He was glad, however, as he thought the matter over, for the way he had spoken. A speech like Mrs. Chesterton's hurt him severely, especially when it came from her: the effect was too much like watching a weaker antagonist kicked and cuffed. But he had to admit that she had grounds for what she said. Mrs. Wessley's conduct certainly was suspicious. He ground his teeth. Why hadn't she been frank? Why hadn't she given him an inkling of the hidden truth?

He stopped with a queer shudder. His feelings were running high. Was it possible that—

He laughed at the grotesqueness of the notion. After all he had passed through, and with so many months between, the thing was absurd. Absurd or not, however, it alarmed him. To feel too much sympathy, to see too much pathos in Mrs. Wessley's outcast form, was a dangerous thing.

For the next few days he was with Mrs. Chesterton constantly. Instead of weakening the bonds between them his interest in the other woman strengthened them. He was ashamed of his feelings, ashamed of holding a woman so unworthy in such tender regard; and this threw him more and more upon the widow. With her he found absolution; she was so totally different, so splendid and unsoiled, that the mere fact of association gave him back his self-respect.

He reflected deeply, these days, on Mrs. Chesterton's attainments. He had known her for many weeks and they had been intimate almost from the first hour; but he had never looked upon her as he now did. Formerly he was conscious of her virtues, but had not thought particularly about them; now he gave each its distinguishing name and heaped them up.

His reflections led at length to a decision to propose. She expected it, their friends had already anticipated the event with a most persistent rumor, and he had long regarded it as the most sensible thing he could do. But somehow, he held back. He was so sure of her, the task was so easy, that he never felt the need of haste. But the wisdom of marrying her was apparent. Whatever else happened, he knew his ground: he need not, this time, fear the possibility of a mistake, or feel that he was stumbling blindly—as he had once done.

This thought was in his mind one evening when he visited her. She looked charming as she sat before him, sipping the liqueur she always served and chatting in her usual entertaining way of the latest social developments. Wessley was unusually silent; and presently she asked: "You've heard of Noeline Sherman's engagement?"

Wessley replied that he had.

"She was a friend of Mrs. Wessley, wasn't she?"

"A very dear one; she was one of her bridesmaids."

"So I heard; that is what makes the present circumstance so peculiar. Mrs. Wessley is not even invited to the reception."

Wessley changed color. "Indeed?" he said indifferently.

"They're ignoring her entirely."

"That's very unkind of them."

"Oh," said Mrs. Chesterton, "after all, one must protect oneself."

"Protect oneself!"

"Yes; from criticism. One cannot invite Mrs. Wessley anywhere nowadays without incurring that. You're not offended with me, are you?" she cried suddenly, noticing the look in his eyes.

"No," he replied; "only I'd rather you didn't speak of her again."

Why he did not ask her to marry him was a mystery. She was handsome that evening. But somehow the words stuck in his throat. He had the sense that she was speaking ill of Mrs. Wessley with a purpose, as though she wanted to bring out her own superiority over the other woman; and the idea jarred him.

It was a beautiful moonlight night. The rain that had held off so long had fallen in heavy streams during the week. The air was fresh, the breeze that rose to his nostrils had in it the salt scent of the sea, and Wessley felt too much awake to turn in. He decided, instead, to take a stroll.

Moving along aimlessly, he came at length to the corner of the street where Mrs. Wessley lived. He was unconscious of the fact at first, not being familiar with the locality, but he recognized the street before he passed on, and a strange impulse seized him. He wondered if she were up, if she had not yet retired. He had heard that she and Ivor took long walks at night; they might be on their way back from one of them now. After a moment's debate, he turned into the street.

Mrs. Wessley's house was the third from the corner. As he came near, he made out, standing close together on the porch, a man and a woman. He could not doubt who they were and his limbs turned cold.

What Wessley did now was a contemptible thing. Eavesdropping was a habit he despised cordially, but the fates had prepared his temptation too well. With an irresistible desire to

sift the whole matter to the bottom, he crept into the shadow of the house near the porch. He could hear them speaking, and he listened with bated breath.

At first their voices were low and the conversation inaudible. He could not catch the man's low words, but the woman's reply was clear and distinct. She said:

"Hush, Ralph; you mustn't say things like that. I've told you so many times of late."

"I know you have, but I can't help it. Will you marry me?"

"No, Ralph, I cannot. Please don't ask me again."

The porch shook with the violence of the man's stamp. "By God, you will though," he exclaimed, and a cry broke from the woman's lips.

Involuntarily, Wessley raised his head. In the moonlight he could see that the man had his arm about Mrs. Wessley's waist and was pressing his lips to her cheek. A fury seized the watcher. He forgot who he was, forgot the need of remaining concealed, and with the blood coursing madly through his veins dashed to the front of the house. He bounded up the steps and, before he knew it, was tearing Mrs. Wessley from Ivor's grasp.

Ivor was taken by surprise. As he saw who it was, he uttered an oath. "Damn you!" he cried, and his fist flew out.

Wessley dodged the blow. "You cur!" he cried.

Ivor made a rush at Wessley, but the other stepped aside and, with all the fury within him, dealt his opponent a blow between the eyes which sent him spinning down the steps.

Ivor lay an instant, almost unconscious; then he picked himself up. He could hardly stand, and grasped a post for support. In this position he hurled a string of epithets at Wessley. The veneer he had worn during the last few weeks rubbed off and disclosed the man as he was.

Wessley was still trembling with the violence of his emotion. It had all happened so quickly: the sight of these two, the mad rush of blood to his

brain, his interference and the scuffle, that he scarcely realized what had taken place. It was not until Ivor staggered to the path and disappeared down the road that he began to think clearly.

Then Wessley turned to look for the woman. Through the open door, where a dim light shone forth, he heard the sound of sobs.

To the left the narrow hall led to a small parlor, and here he found Mrs. Wessley. It was dark, only the light from the hall relieving the gloom, and she was seated at a table, her head in her hands and her body shaking with sobs.

There was no pity in Wessley. Anger burned hot in his breast and cruel words rose to his lips.

"I hope you're satisfied now," he said. "I'm almost sorry I was here to interfere. It's what you deserve, nothing more." She said nothing, only sobbed, and he continued: "You've brought it all on yourself, every bit of it. You might have seen it coming if you hadn't been blind and stupid. A woman like you deserves no sympathy, not a bit."

He spared no words in his denunciation of her as a light, frivolous woman. He just stopped short of the word "vicious," and was even in his gathering fury coming to that; but he heard her low moan, "Don't; for God's sake, don't!"

The appeal halted the sweeping storm. He realized, as the piteous tone struck his ears, that he was letting himself be carried away. Checking the words that had risen to his lips, he began pacing up and down the room. Presently he said: "Why don't you marry him?"

Mrs. Wessley raised her head and looked at him, her eyes full of tears.

"I couldn't marry *him*," she said.

In her voice was neither anger nor defiance. She had never been shrinking, yet now she positively cowered before him. None of the resentment he expected, none of the indignation at his tirade was discernible in her. She looked broken and crushed.

"If you didn't intend to marry him,

why did you go about with him so constantly?" Wessley asked.

She wrung her hands.

"I had to have something to do. Life gives so little, and it is hard to cast that little aside."

"Then you don't love him?"

"Love him!" Her tone was almost a shriek. "Love him! No, no! I love you, you, only you!" Her face was white, and she dashed her handkerchief across her eyes. "Ever since then—two years ago—I haven't known what love is. I was a fool—I didn't understand until too late. But I understand now. How could I love him? All the love I had I gave to you and I have none left. Oh, my God!"

He stared at her, stupefied. She was trembling with emotion, and sobs choked her utterance. Then, in a final gust of passion, she cried: "Now you know all. I swore I wouldn't tell you, but I did and I don't care. I couldn't bear it any longer; it was burning me up. Now you know, and I am glad!"

She buried her head in her hands, sobs shaking her body. He looked at her as she sat, her small, girlish figure bent with grief, the loosened hair tumbling like a yellow cascade over her tear-washed face, and something within him snapped. He fell on his knees and caught her hands.

"Dora!" he whispered.

She shrank back, drawing her hands away from him.

"You pity me," she cried. "Oh, I don't want your pity, I don't want it."

"No," he said, and his voice was full of emotion; "this isn't pity. I feel as you have felt. I, too, have tried to love elsewhere and cannot. But I *can* love here."

He caught her hands again and pressed the fingers to his lips. Then he leaned closer and his lips touched her face.

"It isn't too late," he whispered. "That was the morning of life and we didn't understand. But it is afternoon now and we have both grown older. Let us be careful this time, lest

we make another mistake; let us forget the past; let us try again."

She uttered a cry full of the pent-up emotion of two long years. Then she fell, laughing and weeping, on his breast. In that instant everything rolled away—the world outside and the

long sad past; he thought of neither the one nor the other. All that he knew was that their old love was revived and a glorious, new day born. He pressed her close; a deep peace was upon him.

"Dora—my wife," he murmured.

---

## A LITTLE WHILE

By NIXON WATERMAN

**T**WAS in the mellow autumn,  
 A haze was on the hill,  
 That perfect day I walked with her  
 And all my heart a-thrill.  
 Through lane and wood and meadow  
 We strayed a happy mile,  
 And all the gold my life could hold  
 Was in that little while.

Her beauty made me silent,  
 My tongue refused to speak,  
 I saw the love-light in her eye,  
 The blush that warmed her cheek.  
 My heart too faint to follow  
 The ways of maids and men,  
 I let her pass unwooed, alas!  
 Till we should meet again.

And never comes the autumn  
 With haze upon the hill  
 But in a dream I walk with her  
 And all my heart a-thrill.  
 Through lane and wood and meadow  
 We stray a happy mile,  
 And all the gold my life can hold  
 Is in that little while.

---

## BUT IF SHE WEREN'T!

**M**ISS BOSTON—And that Minerva! How chaste and pure she looks!  
 MISS BROADWAY—Yes, dear; but she's marble you know.



# THE HARVEST

By T. W. HANSHEW

## CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN PHILIP CAVENDISH (*of the British Army in India*).

LORD STAVORNELL (*an old friend*).

ERIC (*the boy*).

Mlle. FELICE DEFARGES (*companion to the late Mrs. Cavendish*).

MRS. ARMITAGE (*Mrs. Cavendish's mother*).

PLACE: *England.*

PERIOD: *The Present.*

**S**CENE—*Boudoir of the late Mrs. Cavendish at Riverside Cottage on the Thames.*

*A superbly appointed octagon room. Cutting obliquely across at the right, a broad alcove, hung with heavy curtains running on rings. At the left, a large French window, opening upon a stone terrace with a balustrade. In the space between, a lady's writing desk. On the wall, a telephone. Practicable doors right and left. At the right, an open fireplace with white tiled sides. One of the tiles—on the down-stage side—capable of being removed. Near the door, a trunk labeled ready for shipment. A small fire burning in the grate. Time: Approaching evening on an autumn day; light gradually dying out as action proceeds.*

*(At rise of curtain FELICE is discovered searching the drawers and pigeonholes of the desk, while LORD STAVORNELL is excitedly probing the cushioned back and seat of sofa with a hatpin. He suddenly voices a warning "Sh-h-h!" goes hurriedly to door at the left, opens it a trifle and stands with his ear to the crack, listening. FELICE stops rustling the papers and glances at him.)*

FELICE (*in a cautious whisper*)  
Monsieur heard somesing?

STAVORNELL (*ditto*)

Yes, I thought so. It sounded like a footstep.

FELICE

*Ze leetle Eric, no doubt. Ah, le pauvre enfant! He wander everywhere—so lonely—since madame's death.*

STAVORNELL

*It seemed too heavy for the step of a child.*

FELICE (*in alarm*)

*Le bon Dieu! It may be Captain*

*Cavendish already! (Bundles papers into desk and rises hurriedly.)*

STAVORNELL (*impatiently*)

*Don't be an idiot! There hasn't been time for the man to get here yet. Haven't I told you the Ortona only docked at Tilbury this afternoon? I thought it might possibly be Mrs. Armitage. You said she had arrived, didn't you?*

FELICE

*She came down by ze late train. But pouf! What has monsieur to fear from her—a blind woman?*

STAVORNELL

A man in my position has need to fear everyone—even the dead. Go on with the search; it was a false alarm, it appears.

*(Closes door and goes back to sofa.)*

The letters must be somewhere in the house. I tried my best to induce Mrs. Cavendish to destroy them, but she was foolishly romantic and would not.

FELICE *(shrugging her shoulders and smiling significantly)*

Madame was ze mos' careful woman. She knew ze value of monsieur's letters—to monsieur.

*(STAVORNELL stops suddenly and looks at her fixedly)*

STAVORNELL

Am I to take that as meaning that if you should chance upon them secretly you'd hold me up for a good round price?

FELICE *(hypocritically)*

Monsieur is unjust. Have I not been mos' faithful, mos' discreet in all sings? Surely monsieur can trus' me?

STAVORNELL

Don't press me too far on that point. I have my own ideas regarding Gallic fidelity—and they're not very complimentary. If you have a notion that the letters are of priceless worth to me, get it out of your head at once.

FELICE *(significantly)*

Madame has been dead less zan twelve hours, and monsieur offers two hunnert pounds for ze recovery of zem.

STAVORNELL

Quite true. And it's all I ever will offer for them, whether they are found by you or by someone else. So if you've anything up your sleeve, you'd better produce it at once; for I tell you frankly I won't give sixpence for any letter of mine that is not in my hands before Captain Cavendish arrives.

FELICE

Not even if it should be ze letter monsieur wrote to madame on ze day ze leetle Eric was born? It has ze date, monsieur, and ze date will tell so mooch!

STAVORNELL

You devil! Have you got that? What else?

FELICE

Nossing else—but a few receipted bills. If monsieur will make it an extra hunnert pounds for zose sings—

STAVORNELL

I'll make it two hundred pounds for the lot, and not a farthing more. You've had a rather soft nest of it here for upward of five years, Mademoiselle Felice Defarges, but get one thing into your head as quickly as possible—I'm the last man in the world to stand blackmail. If you feel inclined to deliver up that letter *with* the rest—

FELICE *(suddenly)*

I have not ze rest. I know not where madame have put zem. If—

STAVORNELL

If they turn up, I'll pay no more for the additional ones; understand that. Two hundred pounds is the price—take it or leave it, as you feel inclined.

FELICE *(viciously)*

Well, I take him, zen! Bah! You are sooch pig, you Anglais. You have not ze delicacy, ze finesse, ze imagination. You are rosbif hot and rosbif cold; and you sink of nossing but money and ze law!

*(Enter the boy, ERIC, on the terrace outside. The sound of FELICE's voice attracts his attention. He sees her and comes to the window.)*

ERIC *(relieved)*

Oh, mademoiselle, are you here? I thought you were with granny and—  
*(Sees STAVORNELL)*

Oh, Bimbi! I am so glad you've come. I'm so lonesome I don't know what to do.

*(Runs to STAVORNELL, who seats himself on sofa and takes him on his knee, kissing him affectionately.)*

STAVORNELL

Are you, old chap? Well, please God, you'll never know what lonesomeness means after tomorrow, if I can manage things as I hope to do. How would you like to take a long, long cruise in the *Kelpie* and be with me all the time—eh?

ERIC *(delighted)*

Oh, Bimbi!

FELICE *(mockingly)*

"Bimbi!" Ah, ze cleverness of ma-

dame! She shall teach him to use her own pet name for monsieur, and ze world shall have ze dust in ze eye. Zere shall zen be no clue, no suspec'. Ah! le pauvre capitaine! le pauvre capitaine!

STAVORNELL

We can dispense with your marginal pleasantries, mademoiselle. Don't lose sight of the fact that the annuity you are to receive depends not only upon your going back to France, but upon your keeping a tight rein upon that rather unruly tongue of yours. You'd better go on with the work you have in hand—time's slipping.

(To ERIC.)

Well, old chap, what about it, eh? You haven't told me yet whether you'd like to take that cruise or not.

ERIC

Oh, Bimbi, I'd just love it! I should be your boy all the time then, shouldn't I?

STAVORNELL (*with feeling*)

Always my boy, Eric, always—bless your heart! You see, old chap, I'm going to try, when your daddy gets home, to persuade him to let me adopt you; then we'll go away on a cruise together for a few months—

ERIC (*interrupting*)

And will mummie be with us—just the same as when we went to Naples, Bimbi?

STAVORNELL (*embarrassed*)

No, old chap; mummie can't go this time.

ERIC

Why? Is she sleeping still? What makes her sleep so long, Bimbi? I haven't seen her since granny came. What made granny come? Mummie always said she liked best to stop in the blind people's house, where she lives.

STAVORNELL

Maybe she thought she'd like a little change, old chap.

ERIC

But, Bimbi, she don't do a single thing but stop in mummie's room and cry and cry and cry. I can hear her every time I go past the window, when I'm trying to find Higgs.

(*Suddenly excited.*)

Oh, Bimbi! I want to tell you something. Somebody's tooked away my pony cart and mummie's saddle horse, and the stable's just as empty as can be.

STAVORNELL (*uneasily*)

Is it? Well, don't worry about it. Maybe they'll all come back again soon.

ERIC

But, Bimbi, Higgs is gone too—and the groom—and cook—and Emma, the parlor maid. There's nobody left but just Mademoiselle Felice—and she says she's going tonight, too—didn't you, mademoiselle? She says it's 'cause daddy's poor and can't afford things. Why can't daddy afford things, Bimbi? And what makes daddies get poor all of a sudden? Is it 'cause they try to s'prise people, the way daddy did?

STAVORNELL

What do you mean by that? I don't think I quite understand what you are driving at, old chap.

ERIC

Why, don't you 'member when Mr. Harmer the solicitor comed yesterday he said there wouldn't be any need for Mademoiselle Felice to write to daddy, 'cause daddy had writed to him ever and ever so long ago, that he was sailing on the *Ortona* and he didn't want Mr. Harmer to say anything about it to mummie, 'cause he wanted to s'prise her? Don't you 'member that?

STAVORNELL (*uneasily*)

Yes, yes—of course I do—of course.

ERIC

I thought you would. Mr. Harmer said daddy might 'rive any day, 'cause it was a long while since he sailed from India and his ship was all over dew. What made daddy's ship get all over dew, Bimbi? The *Kelpie* didn't when you and mummie and I sailed to Naples.

STAVORNELL

I wouldn't say anything about that, old chap, especially to daddy. It's a secret, you know.

ERIC

Oh, is it? Then I won't tell, of course—till you and mummie say I may. It will s'prise daddy, won't it? Did you ever see my daddy, Bimbi? I didn't. I was borned after he went out to India,

mummie says, so I never saw him. Did you, Bimbi?

STAVORNELL (*half ashamed*)

Yes. We were old friends, Eric, and I used to see a great deal of him once upon a time.

ERIC

Is he nice, Bimbi? You see, I'd like to know, 'cause it's cur'us he never even took one tiny little peep at me when he went to the doctor to order me. You'd have peeped if I'd been *your* little boy, wouldn't you, Bimbi?

(STAVORNELL *impulsively catches the child to his breast and hugs him*. FELICE *laughs softly*.)

FELICE

"If I been your leetle boy!" Oh, he iss funny world, monsieur, and zey are sooch comedians, zese small childs.

STAVORNELL (*fiercely*)

Cut that! When I wish any comments or side notes I'll ask for them.

ERIC

Notes? Oh, is that what mademoiselle is looking in mummie's desk for? Mummie don't keep notes in there any more, Bimbi.

(STAVORNELL and FELICE are immediately interested and glance sharply at each other.)

STAVORNELL

Doesn't she, old chap? Where does she keep them then? Do you know?

ERIC

Why, yes. She always tears them up and burns them—'cept when they're notes from you, Bimbi. She ties all those up with a ribbon and puts them in the funniest place.

(FELICE and STAVORNELL together)

Where?

ERIC

Oh, I mustn't tell *that*—mummie said I mustn't. And you can't do what your mummie tells you not to do, you know.

STAVORNELL

No, of course not, old chap. But—see here! You could get them and let me have a look at them—to see if they are all there—couldn't you, eh? That wouldn't be "telling," you know. I'd like to write a new one and put it in the packet with the others—as a sort of

surprise to mummie when she wakes up and looks at them again. There wouldn't be anything wrong in *that*—would there now?

ERIC

Oh, no, I think she'd like it, Bimbi. And it could be just *our* secret—until she finds it out—couldn't it? *Then* we could tell her; and I'm sure she'll laugh like anything.

STAVORNELL

I'm sure she will. Run and get them at once, there's a good chap.

ERIC

Oh, I can't while you and mademoiselle are here. You'd see—and that would be just the same as telling.

STAVORNELL (*eagerly*)

They are in this room then?

ERIC

Yes. In just the funniest place! You'd never guess. You have to open it with a table knife. I'll run and get one, Bimbi, and you and mademoiselle can go out in the garden and hide somewhere while I'm gone.

(Slips down from STAVORNELL'S knee.)

I sha'n't be long.

(Runs to door at right and dashes out, slamming it after him. MRS. ARMITAGE appears suddenly from the alcove. She is extremely agitated and looks before her with the fixed stare of the blind.)

MRS. ARMITAGE (*agitated*)

Who's there? I heard the door slam. Philip! Philip! Is it you?

FELICE

Ah, Madame Armitage, how you did startle me!

(Pantomimes STAVORNELL to be cautious.)

You come so suddenly out of zat place, I did sink it was madame's ghost.

MRS. ARMITAGE

Oh, is that you, mademoiselle? Who slammed the door? I can hear someone moving! Is he here—my son-in-law? Philip, Philip, poor boy, is it you?

FELICE

No, madame. It is ze—undertaker.

MRS. ARMITAGE

The undertaker!

*(Clutches her hands together convulsively.)*

Oh, yes! There are details, of course, and Philip must be spared those. I hope, Mr.—Mr.—

*(Coming toward center.)*

STAVORNELL *(in assumed voice)*

Brown, ma'am—name's Brown.

MRS. ARMITAGE

Thank you. I hope, Mr. Brown, that when mademoiselle in her great thoughtfulness appealed to you, she made you understand my late daughter's circumstances and those of her poor husband, who is hurrying home from India, in utter ignorance of this dreadful thing. He is a poor man, Mr. Brown. But no doubt the humbleness of this little home will have told you that. It will be a great shock. He loves her so dearly. He will be ready to beggar himself to pay the last tribute, but—

STAVORNELL

I understand, ma'am, and I'll keep the expenses down.

MRS. ARMITAGE

Thank you. There is a child, you know; and he must be put to school and taken care of. Every sacrifice must be made for that. His mother would say so—if she could. But she had no time, poor darling; it was all so horribly sudden. But you've heard of that, of course.

STAVORNELL

Yes, ma'am. Her horse bolted and threw her, three days ago.

MRS. ARMITAGE

Not *her* horse, but one that she foolishly tried to ride, mademoiselle tells me, when she took home some work she had been doing for one of her patrons. I suppose it tempted her—she used to be so fond of riding when she was a girl. You see, her husband never knew that the money he sent home wasn't enough to keep us. She didn't tell him. Just worked—and pinched—and did without things. So, he will want to lavish all that he has upon her now. But we mustn't let

him, Mr. Brown. It isn't just to the child.

STAVORNELL

All right, ma'am; I'll remember, and I'll keep the expenses down. They shan't be too heavy for the poor gentleman.

*(Goes up to window.)*

Good-day, miss. Good-day, ma'am.

*(Pantomimes FELICE he will return, and then exits hurriedly through the window and across the terrace to left.)*

MRS. ARMITAGE

He seems a kind-hearted man, mademoiselle, although his voice is singularly unpleasant.

*(The door at left is dashed open suddenly and ERIC comes running in with a table knife in his hand. FELICE steps forward suddenly and intercepts him.)*

ERIC *(in surprise)*

Oh, mademoiselle, haven't you gone into the garden yet? Where's Bimbi?

FELICE

Sh-h-h!

*(Takes the knife from him.)*

Do you not see, enfant? Ze goot gran'mamma iss sad.

*(ERIC runs to MRS. ARMITAGE and clings to her skirt, looking solicitously up into her face. FELICE lays knife on chair beside fireplace and pretends to arrange mantel ornaments.)*

ERIC

Oh, granny, what makes you cry? Are you lonesome, too? And hasn't mummie waked up yet?

MRS. ARMITAGE

No, dearie, not yet.

*(Smooths his hair.)*

But you mustn't mind granny's tears, darling. It's just a heartache—and heartaches come so often to the old. Mademoiselle!

FELICE

Oui, madame?

MRS. ARMITAGE

Keep him with you. I can't let him go in there. And until my son-in-law arrives—

*(She stops suddenly and turns with her ear inclined toward the window. Faint sound of carriage wheels.)*

ERIC

But, granny, dear—

MRS. ARMITAGE

Sh-h-h! Listen, mademoiselle. Don't you hear? It sounds like the wheels of a carriage.

FELICE

A carriage!

*(Goes hastily to window.)*

Oui! It is a railway fly. I see him now quite clear, and ze cabman he shall drive very fas' indeed. He come now along ze road by ze river. He turn in zis gate! Ah!

*(With wrathful despair.)*

Zis iss too soon; zis iss fate. Two hunnert pound' like zat!

*(Snaps her fingers.)*

*(The sound of rushing wheels increases—stops suddenly—there is the noise of someone jumping out and speaking.)*

CAVENDISH *(outside, and in a tone of utter incredulity)*

No! No! Not here. Man alive! You must be out of your senses to bring me to a place like this.

VOICE *(also outside)*

Riverside Cottage, sir. Saw the name at the gate. There's a young woman at the window. Ask her, sir.

*(Enter hurriedly on terrace—from right CAPTAIN CAVENDISH. He goes to FELICE.)*

CAVENDISH

I say, can you tell me—

*(Sees MRS. ARMITAGE.)*

Mother!

*(Hurries down centre; takes her in his arms. She bursts out crying and lays her face on his shoulder.)*

What a home-coming, dear—what a home-coming for me!

MRS. ARMITAGE

Oh, you poor boy! You poor boy! They told you, when the ship arrived?

CAVENDISH

Yes. Harmer did. He met me at the docks. Oh, cry, dear, cry. I wish to God I could; but there's not a tear left in me. My Kitty! My whole life's hope. And—like that!

*(Mrs. A. puts her hand over his mouth.)*

MRS. ARMITAGE

Hush, dear. The boy doesn't know.

CAVENDISH

The boy? Oh, I'd forgotten him,

mother—I'd forgotten everything but my poor Kitty and you. Is this he? Eric—my little son. And—hers.

*(Lifts the boy and kisses him, then looks at him.)*

Her eyes, dear—just her very eyes, aren't they, mother? Eric, I'm daddy. Don't you know me?

ERIC

I didn't at first. But you're a very nice daddy and I like you. I like you a great deal. I do!

*(Throws his arms about CAVENDISH'S neck and gives him a sounding kiss.)*

CAVENDISH *(laughing through tears)*

My little son! He's a very little fellow too, for his age, isn't he, dear? God bless his little heart!

*(Sets the boy down.)*

One could tell he was a soldier's son by the way he carries himself, mother. And he doesn't know, you say? Poor little chap!

*(A very brief pause.)*

Where is she, dear?

MRS. ARMITAGE *(pointing to alcove and speaking in a choked voice)*

In there.

*(CAVENDISH breaks from her and goes hastily to alcove.)*

Philip!

*(He makes no reply, but enters alcove without allowing audience to see within.)*

CAVENDISH *(in alcove)*

Oh, Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!

ERIC

Now she'll wake, won't she, granny? And we won't be lonesome any more.

MRS. ARMITAGE

Not any more, darling, not any more. Mademoiselle!

FELICE

Madame?

MRS. ARMITAGE

I think it will be better to take him away for a little time. He is too young to know.

FELICE

Madame, I weel take him away and—  
*(Meaningly to the child as she comes down and takes his hand.)*

—we shall go look for somesing to-gezzar—eh?

*(She leans over and whispers something to the child as she leads him up to*



window and out upon terrace. He shakes his head in the negative. She coaxes and cajoles, but he still declines; and, finally, with an angry viciousness, she gives him a shake. Reënter CAVENDISH from the alcove. He comes quietly down centre, but with the quick ears of the blind MRS. ARMITAGE hears him.)

MRS. ARMITAGE

Philip!

(Holds out her hands. He takes them in silence.)

My poor boy, my poor boy!

CAVENDISH

Don't speak for a moment, dear. Just let me get used to it. You see, I've waited so long for this home-coming—I've had three weeks of dreaming over it and reckoning on it and laying plans for it, since the ship started; and to be met at the dock and told it's all useless—told that she's dead—No! I sha'n't break down, mother; I sha'n't break down, dear.

(As MRS. ARMITAGE makes a solicitous movement.)

I'll keep up my courage. I've simply got to keep it up. There's you—and the boy—and there's nobody to lean on but me. And she was such a good wife!—such a good daughter! God bless her!

MRS. ARMITAGE

And she loved you, Philip—oh, how she loved you, dear.

CAVENDISH (taking her face between his palms)

Who should know that better than I? Have you forgotten the great "chance" she gave up for me? For me—a beggarly lieutenant, working for his captaincy and living upon five shillings a day, above his mess bills. And she threw over a fellow who was heir to a title and fifty thousand a year for just me!

MRS. ARMITAGE

And she never regretted it, Philip. She was a creature of impulse in most things, but not in that. She was young and light-hearted and loved pretty frocks, like any other girl; but she never regretted giving up the chance to have them—never, for a moment. No, not even when old Lord Stavornell died and young Anstruther succeeded at

last to the title and estates he'd waited for so long. Or did that happen before you went away? I've forgotten now whether it was before or after.

CAVENDISH

Before, dear. Why, don't you remember? We'd been married two months and we were living in those shabby little apartments in Putney when we read it in the papers. Don't you recollect that Kitty thought I ought to write and congratulate Anstruther? And when I did write, don't you recollect how he came down from London and took us all out to the theatre and to supper afterward? And we had such a jolly evening! Don't you remember? Kitty wore the pink silk she borrowed from the landlady's daughter and I pawned my watch to buy her the gloves and the roses she wanted to wear with it.

MRS. ARMITAGE

Yes, I remember now. I shouldn't have forgotten that night of all others, should I, dear? It was the next morning you got the word that you were to leave for India.

CAVENDISH (in a hushed voice)

And Kitty couldn't go because you and she could live so much cheaper in England, where there'd be no strain of trying to keep up appearances with the wives of the other officers. Oh, how I wanted money then!

(Bitterly.)

And Stavornell spent thirty pounds that night, on dinner, and theatre, and trifles!

MRS. ARMITAGE

And even then Kitty didn't regret her choice, Philip. She had you, and nothing else mattered. Even in our time of greatest hardship—even when she and I had to part—

CAVENDISH

To part? Why, what do you mean by that? Were you parted? Haven't you been living together all the time?

MRS. ARMITAGE

No, dear. My eyes kept getting worse and worse until the sight left them altogether. And Kitty was ill, too—and it cost such a lot for treatment—and there were so many demands on the money you sent us. I couldn't stay

and be a burden—I simply couldn't, dear.

CAVENDISH

You left her, then?

(Mrs. A. nods in the affirmative.)

Why, she never told me that in her letters.

MRS. ARMITAGE

I asked her not to. I knew it would only make you feel bad. And you were doing all that you could. It was hard on Kitty, too. But she bore up bravely, and there wasn't a solitary Visitor's Day that she didn't come to see me—not one.

CAVENDISH

"Visitors' Day"? Where were you?

MRS. ARMITAGE

At Streatham—in the Free Asylum for the Blind.

CAVENDISH

Good God! When did you go there?

MRS. ARMITAGE

Three months after you left for India.

CAVENDISH

Three months after I—three months! And you have been there ever since?

MRS. ARMITAGE

Yes, dear.

CAVENDISH

And where did Kitty live? In the old lodgings at Putney where I always sent my letters?

MRS. ARMITAGE

No, dear. Even that became too expensive. She had to economize, had to learn dressmaking; so she moved out here to this cheap little cottage.

CAVENDISH (*amazed and looking around*)

This *cheap* little cottage!

MRS. ARMITAGE

Yes. You can see for yourself how poor and humble it is. I was never here until I came last night, but she has described it to me so often I can almost see it myself. The dingy old second-hand furniture, the worn old second-hand carpets, the cracked windows and the old brick fireplace that will not draw. And she and mademoiselle living here and working together to take care of the boy.

CAVENDISH

"Mademoiselle"? Mademoiselle who?

MRS. ARMITAGE

Mademoiselle Felice, a French dress-maker who shared the expenses of the house with her.

CAVENDISH (*bewildered*)

A French dressmaker who shared—

MRS. ARMITAGE

The expenses of the house with her. How unkind of me to forget to introduce so good a friend. What must you think of me, mademoiselle?

(*Slightly louder.*)

Mademoiselle! Has she gone, Philip?

(*Calls.*)

Mademoiselle!

FELICE (*on the terrace*)

Oui, madame.

(*The tone is so palpably that of a person of the serving class, that CAVENDISH wheels around quickly and looks at the woman as she advances into the room, leaving ERIC outside, leaning over the terrace rail.*)

MRS. ARMITAGE

Oh, are you outside? Come in, please. I want to make you acquainted with my son-in-law.

FELICE (*coming down centre and eying*

CAVENDISH *nervously*)

It iss ze extreme pleasure, madame.

MRS. ARMITAGE

Philip, this is Mademoiselle Felice, Kitty's friend. Mademoiselle, let me introduce Captain Philip Cavendish.

FELICE (*bowing*)

Monsieur shall figure to himself ze honor.

CAVENDISH (*stiffly upright and speaking in a strained voice*)

Let us hope it is not wholly yours. Mrs. Armitage has given me to understand, mademoiselle, that you are the—friend who shared with my wife the expenses of this miserable hovel.

(FELICE *squeezes her hands together nervously and acts as if cornered. A very brief pause.*)

Is that true?

FELICE (*nervously*)

It shall be quite true, monsieur.

(*Another brief pause. They stand eying each other in silence.*)

CAVENDISH (*suddenly*)

Mother!

MRS. ARMITAGE

Yes, my son?

CAVENDISH

Would you mind leaving mademoiselle and me alone together for a few minutes? If she and Kitty lived together—and shared expenses—there may be some little bills to settle.

(*He takes MRS. ARMITAGE'S face between his palms and reverently kisses her forehead.*)

Just leave us for a little time, dear.

MRS. ARMITAGE (*softly*)

How good you are to me, Philip—my son!

(*She kisses him, then turns and goes slowly up toward alcove, leaving CAVENDISH standing with bowed head; and at this moment, there is heard the distant sound of a church organ playing.*)

CAVENDISH (*looking at FELICE, and indicating the music*)

What's that?

FELICE (*crossing herself*)

Vespers, monsieur. Ze nuns in ze convent across ze river are beginning evening service.

(*Both she and CAVENDISH stand with bowed heads. Exit MRS. ARMITAGE into the alcove. The music of the organ dies slowly away during the progress of the following dialogue.*)

CAVENDISH (*as MRS. ARMITAGE passes from sight*)

Now tell me the meaning of this masquerade.

FELICE

Masquerade, monsieur?

CAVENDISH

What else can you call it? Look at the splendor, the luxury everywhere about us; and yet you allow that poor, blind creature to believe that the place is nothing better than a hovel.

FELICE

Monsieur, no! Zat iss her mistake. Why should one trouble to undeceive her when her heart iss too full wiss trouble to be torture' wiss empty details? It iss true zat monsieur's wife and I—we live togezzer and share ze expense—

CAVENDISH

Share the expense? A mere dress-

maker share the expense of a house like this?

FELICE (*quick-wittedly*)

Monsieur, zis iss not ze house. Ma foil no! Zis iss not ze place where your wife and I we have live so long togezzer—ze wee leetle house wiss ze crack' window and ze shimney shall not draw. *Mon Dieu!* Zis iss not him at all.

CAVENDISH

Not the house? And yet my wife died here.

FELICE

Oui. Zat iss because ze horse shall t'row her near here—because ze accident shall happen joost by ze garden wall down zere. And she shall be carried in here because ze milor zat own ze house he shall say zat you, monsieur, are he' friend—zat he will not let madame be take to ze ozzer house wiz ze crack' window and ze shimney zat will not draw. He say: "No! you shall spare no expense—you shall take her in zere—you shall spend ze money like water and you shall send ze bill to me, Lor' Stavornell."

CAVENDISH

Stavornell! And he came to the rescue like that? God bless his bully old heart!

(*Seizing her hands and shaking them excitedly.*)

Oh, mademoiselle, I thought—oh, I don't know what I thought—but thank you, thank you, thank you! You've taken such a load off my mind. Good old Stavornell! Dear old Stavornell! You didn't forget the old friendship, did you? And at the last she had everything that money could give her. My precious Kitty!

ERIC

(*Shouting out joyously as he leans over the terrace rail with his back to the audience.*)

Bimbi! Bimbi!

CAVENDISH

"Bimbi"? What is "Bimbi," mademoiselle?

FELICE

Oh, a'—dog's name, monsieur. Adieu! I mos' go back to zat ozzer house, now, where I live. But I come

again—oui, I come again some time, sure.

*(Low voice, as she exits at door at right.)*

Two hunnert pound—like zat!

*(Snaps her fingers angrily as she goes out.)*

ERIC *(clapping hands)*

Bimbi! Oh, Bimbi!

*(Enter on the terrace, from left, LORD STAVORNELL, in haste.)*

STAVORNELL

Did you get them, old chap? I couldn't come back any sooner—

CAVENDISH

Stavornell! Stavornell, old fellow!

STAVORNELL

*(Sets down the boy and is about to fly.)*

CAVENDISH

Yes, Cavendish—God bless your bully old heart! Bring him in, Eric. It's like him to do good by stealth and then try to avoid being thanked for it.

*(Goes up and seizes STAVORNELL'S hands, as ERIC drags him in, and shakes them boisterously.)*

Dear old man! 'Good old Stavornell! Mademoiselle has told me what you did for my Kitty in her last hours. What a friend you are! What a brother! It redeems all humanity to find one such man as you.

STAVORNELL *(embarrassed)*

I—I'm sure it's very good of you, old chap, but really, I—upon my word, you know, I've done nothing to deserve it, Cavendish. Nothing that anybody else wouldn't have done, I mean.

CAVENDISH

Don't try to hide your light under a bushel, Stavornell. Don't I tell you that Mademoiselle Felice has told me all about it? Would any man but you have placed this house at my poor girl's disposal at a time like that? Would any other man have said she shouldn't die in that other—that miserable hovel where she and her friend worked? And the flowers in there—

*(Pointing toward the alcove.)*

—they are from you; I know it now. Oh, what a friend! What a friend!

STAVORNELL *(relieved)*

Oh—ah—yes. Don't mention it,

old chap. Really, you know, a fellow would have to be absolutely without feeling not to offer a friend's wife a refuge at such a time as that. And such a dear old friend. It's a sad home-coming for you, Cavendish. I did all I could to lessen the pangs of it, old man.

CAVENDISH

Do I need to be told that? Don't your acts tell it for you? Yes, it is a sad home-coming; it's an awful home-coming. I'm trying to bear up for the poor old mother's sake, but—it hurts. Oh, my God, how it hurts!

STAVORNELL

Cavendish!

CAVENDISH

Yes; I know. It's pitifully weak of me to break down, Stavornell, but you can't nail a living thing to a cross and expect it to go on suffering in silence forever. The strongest of us is only human, and, sometimes, a man is *most* a man when he shows the weakness of a woman. If you only knew how long and how often I've dreamt of this home-coming; how I've lain awake nights, out there in the hill country, thinking of the day when I should be back in England and holding my Kitty in my arms again. If you only knew the joy when she wrote me and told me there was to be a child—the deeper joy when she wrote again and told me that the child had come and—it was a son!

*(He chokes up; walks over to the fireplace and stands there, with his hand on the mantelpiece, looking down into the grate.)*

ERIC *(in a whisper to STAVORNELL)*

I got a nice daddy, haven't I, Bimbi?

STAVORNELL *(to Cavendish)*

Dear old man, if I could do anything to lessen the blow—

CAVENDISH *(still looking into the grate)*

You'd do it—I know that without your telling me. But you can't. Nobody can. It's one of those things a man has to bear alone. But it's pretty hard to face the world with all the life crushed out of you and the whole

world as empty as an eggshell. And I was such a fool in my happiness. Such a fool! Such a fool! I used to shout out sometimes in the middle of the night, "Kitty's got a son! I've got a son! There's more than ever to go home for now!" And in the end, I came home for—this.

*(A moment's pause. Then he pulls himself together suddenly.)*

Oh, well! I mustn't think of it any more. I mustn't let myself give way. There's still the little blind mother—

STAVORNELL

And the boy.

CAVENDISH

Yes, and the boy.

*(Looking up.)*

He's a bonny little chap, isn't he?

*(Notices how ERIC clings to STAVORNELL's leg and how the latter holds the boy close to him.)*

Why you and he seem to be famous friends, Stavornell. The little beggar clings to you and looks up into your face as though he really loved you.

ERIC

Oh, I do, daddy—indeed I do. We're the bestest friends in the world, aren't we, Bimbi?

CAVENDISH

"Bimbi"? And is this who "Bimbi" is?

STAVORNELL *(slipping his hand up with pretended carelessness and covering the boy's mouth)*

Yes. It's a sort of pet name the little chap has invented for me. You don't mind, do you?

CAVENDISH

Mind? Why should I, old man? But mademoiselle told me it was a dog's name. But she couldn't know, of course.

STAVORNELL

We've seen a lot of each other of late, the boy and I, Cavendish, and I've grown to love him as I never thought it was in me to love anything. I've somehow got to feel as though I wouldn't know how to live without him. A fellow does get to feeling that way, you know, when he's all alone in the world and has everything that money can buy, and all that sort of thing. And

this morning, when I heard for the first time that you were on your way back to England—Eric, old chap, just toddle away for a few minutes, won't you? I want to say a few words to daddy alone.

ERIC *(eagerly)*

Is it about the cruise, Bimbi?

*(STAVORNELL nods in the affirmative.)*

It is? Oh, I am glad!

*(Runs up to the window and stops suddenly.)*

Oh, Bimbi, look. It's getting dark. And mummie never lets me go out when the dark's coming. Will it do if I go 'way over there *(points toward right)* and cover my ears so I can't hear?

STAVORNELL

Yes.

*(Eric runs to right and seats himself on a chair beside trunk, covers his ears with both hands and sits there, swinging his legs.)*

ERIC *(looking at STAVORNELL)*

I can't hear one single thing, Bimbi. My "hearer" is all shut tight.

*(CAVENDISH crosses and looks back at him affectionately.)*

CAVENDISH *(half to himself)*

Dear little chap!

STAVORNELL

Cavendish, old fellow, what do you intend to do, now that things have taken this terrible turn? Do you purpose stopping in England until your term of leave expires?

CAVENDISH

No. England isn't England any more, Stavornell, now that Kitty is gone; and every day in it will be so much added misery. I shall go back to India by the first P. and O. it's possible to book passage on. I'll take the little mother and the boy with me, and I'll find a home for them there—somehow.

STAVORNELL

Phil, India is no place to rear an English child. Where will he get his schooling? What will his future be, if you drag him down to a life like that? Who will be his associates? All the other officers' children are here—in England—at school. You won't wish

yours to be brought up among Urasians and the offscourings of the barracks; will you?

CAVENDISH

God! I hadn't thought of that.

STAVORNELL

But you must think of it now, Phil—you simply must. The boy can't grow up out there, with half-castes and the sweepings of Whitechapel. He must stay here in the mother country and be brought up like a gentleman. You'd prefer that yourself, wouldn't you?

CAVENDISH

Prefer it? What father wouldn't? But it can't be done, Stavornell. Some day it may, but not now. It'll take years of pinching and saving before that day comes—for if Kitty's left any debts, these debts I must pay—but I'll pinch and I'll save for an end like that—be sure I will.

STAVORNELL

It's only money then that stands in the way? Only that?

CAVENDISH

A pretty big "only," don't you think, for a man who's got but one hundred and sixty pounds in all the world? No, it can't be done just yet, Stavornell. I've neither the prospects nor the cash.

STAVORNELL

Then let me furnish it, Phil. No, don't pull yourself up like that, old man. I don't mean to insult either you or him by offering charity. I tell you I love the boy, Cavendish. He's grown to be more to me than anything else in the world. Give me the right to do for him—the right to educate him—the right to leave everything but my title to him when I die.

CAVENDISH

Why, man alive—

STAVORNELL

Let me adopt him, Cavendish. Let me save you and him from the mortification of having people say that he ever owed anything to charity—ever received anything he wasn't legally entitled to. If I adopt him, it will be my duty to do for him, and neither you nor he need ever feel under obligation to anybody.

November, 1908—9

CAVENDISH (*laying his hand on STAVORNELL'S shoulder and looking him in the eyes*)

Would any man but you have thought of that kindly way out of it? What a friend you are, Stavornell! What a dear, true friend you are! But to give up my boy—

STAVORNELL

You won't have to give him up, Phil. He sha'n't forget you. I'll take him out to see you every year of his life.

CAVENDISH

Oh, don't tempt me, old man. I'm weaker than water tonight, Stavornell—weaker than water! Your goodness to Kitty has put me under lasting obligation to you, but—to part with my boy!

STAVORNELL

It's your duty, Phil, in a case like this. You wouldn't take the boy out there and have him grow up like a weed? You wouldn't have him feel—as he *will* feel, in after years—that you stood in the way of his prospects? That your selfish weakness and pride ruined his future and spoiled all his chances in life?

(CAVENDISH *lets his hand slip from STAVORNELL'S shoulder. He turns his head and looks silently over at ERIC.*)

Phil! For the boy's sake—

(*No response.*)

For my sake, old man. If you feel that you owe me anything, pay it like this.

CAVENDISH (*softly*)

My little son. Mine and—Kitty's! (*A deep sigh.*) The world's a pretty hard place for a poor man, isn't it, Stavornell?

STAVORNELL

Then why not take means to prevent the boy ever becoming one? Let me have him, Phil. Won't you, old man?

(*A slight pause. CAVENDISH, still looking at the boy, puts out his hand and slips it into STAVORNELL'S, nodding assent.*)

Thanks, old fellow—thanks from the bottom of my heart! You'll never regret it—I'm sure you never will. Now, if you wouldn't mind scratching down your consent on a bit of paper, I'll get



my solicitors to see that the agreement is properly stamped and recorded and everything done in proper legal form. Luckily there's a desk here, so we sha'n't have to look far for writing materials.

(*Goes to desk and begins rummaging. CAVENDISH remains looking silently at the boy.*)

I'll have everything ready for you in a twinkling, old chap. It's getting a bit dark for writing purposes, however. But there are candles on the mantel. Would you mind lighting one and bringing it here with you? You'll find matches there, too.

(*CAVENDISH goes mechanically to the mantel and lights candle; takes it up abstractedly, tosses burnt match away with his left hand; remembers himself, and, with candle in hand, stoops to pick it up. As he does so, he notices the label on the trunk—beside which he has thrown the match. He bends over and reads it.*)

ERIC (*uncovering his ears*)

That's mummie's, daddy.

CAVENDISH

Yes, so I see. But what is a box of your mother's doing here? And labeled "Care of Maxwell and Howard, Solicitors, Bedford Row"?

ERIC

I spec' mademoiselle forgot to send for the outside porter to come and take it to the station, daddy. She said she was going to, when she packed it this afternoon.

(*CAVENDISH tries the lid of the trunk, finds it unlocked and mechanically opens it. Sees something surprising, reaches in, and draws forth a superb evening dress. He stands staring at it aghast.*)

STAVORNELL

All right now, old chap. Got everything ready—

(*Turns. Then, under his breath, as he sees the dress.*)

Good God!

CAVENDISH

Stavornell! Look!

ERIC

That's mummie's last new ball dress, daddy. It come home yesterday and she hasn't weared it yet.

CAVENDISH

Mummie's what? Stavornell, do you hear what the boy says?

STAVORNELL

Yes, old chap. No doubt it's some cock-and-bull story mademoiselle has told him. The woman's a dressmaker, or something of that sort, I believe. Come along and let's get that bit of writing over, there's a dear fellow.

CAVENDISH

Yes, but this dress—

STAVORNELL

Never mind it, old man. I dare say mademoiselle will be able to explain it all right. Come along and let's get the writing done.

CAVENDISH (*looking into trunk*)

Stavornell! There are others! The box is full of them. And they are hers—they are! For here's her name inside the bodice—hers and the maker's.

(*Hurrying to him with the ball dress and setting the candle on the desk.*)

Look! Do you see? There! There! "Mrs. Cavendish." And here—see! "Madame Lucille, Robes et Manteaux. Bond street."

STAVORNELL

Well, that's odd, isn't it? But no doubt mademoiselle can explain it when you see her. So never mind about it for the present, Phil.

CAVENDISH

Never mind about it? But I must mind about it. She couldn't have been so cruelly, so wickedly extravagant. Why, her poor mother— Oh, it's a mistake—it must be a mistake. Kitty couldn't—Kitty wouldn't!

STAVORNELL

No, of course she wouldn't, old man. So put the thing away and don't worry about it until you see mademoiselle.

CAVENDISH

But I can't wait until then. I'd go off my mind if I tried to. I must know now—now! Wait a bit! I know! What's that name, again?

(*Looks inside bodice.*)

"Madame Lucille."

(*Throws the dress across chair, takes down telephone book and hurriedly turns leaves.*)

STAVORNELL (*agitated*)

Cavendish, don't be a fool! You're surely not going to ring up the dress-maker?

(CAVENDISH, *who has found the number, throws aside book and takes down receiver of telephone.*)

Man alive—

(CAVENDISH *puts up hand and motions him to silence.*)

CAVENDISH

Hello! Yes! Seven-eight-three-double-O, Mayfair.

STAVORNELL

Cavendish, what sense is there in a thing like this? What end is it going to serve?

CAVENDISH

The setting at rest of a doubt, the making or unmaking of a fear. If she really did order these things—if she was mad enough to do it—she can't have paid for them; and God help me, I must.

STAVORNELL (*relieved*)

Oh, if that's all, of course you're right in inquiring old chap, of course you are. It never occurred to me before, but if there's a bill you must, naturally, be worried over it.

(*During the ensuing scene ERIC, who, the very moment CAVENDISH turned away from the trunk, has slipped down from his seat and wandered up to the fireplace, suddenly spies the knife lying on the chair where FELICE left it. As he sees it, he takes it up and shows by his smile and his swift look toward STAVORNELL that it recalls to him his forgotten promise, and, secure in the knowledge that no one is looking, steps over the fender and, unseen by either man, begins to pick out one of the tiles in the down-stage side of the fireplace.*)

CAVENDISH (*replying to STAVORNELL*)

Still I can't believe; I won't believe until— Hello! Yes.

(*Answering telephone.*)

Is this seven-eight-three-double-O, Mayfair? Thanks. This is Riverside Cottage that's calling. What? No! Not Mrs. Cavendish's home; merely a place where she— What? I said no; she never lived here. Never mind, never mind. Now listen: There are

a great many very elaborate costumes here bearing your name as maker— Yes, dead! No, no, no! Don't torture me with condolences; simply answer. Were those costumes made to Mrs. Cavendish's order?

(*In horror.*)

They were? God! What does the bill amount to? No, no, no! The bill, the bill. B-I-double-L, bill. That's it. I want to know how much Mrs. Cavendish owes you. Owes you. What? What's that? *Nothing!* What do you mean by "nothing"? It's *what?* Paid! Every farthing paid?

STAVORNELL

There, old chap, that's the end of your fears. Now let's—

CAVENDISH (*waving him to silence and still talking into 'phone*)

How was it paid? What's that? By cheque? Whose cheque?

STAVORNELL

Oh, for God's sake, man, give the thing up—

CAVENDISH

Whose cheque, I say? Who paid the bill? *What!* My God, say that again. "It was paid by Lord Stavornell!" (*As he speaks he whirls and looks at STAVORNELL, hangs up receiver and for a moment there is a tense silence. Then he speaks in a low, level voice.*)

What is the meaning of this thing? My wife dies in your house and they say at the dressmaker's that her bills have always been paid by you. I want to know the meaning of it. Do you hear? What are you? A man or a cur?

STAVORNELL

Dear old chap—

CAVENDISH

Cut that! I want an answer to my question, and I want it at once. Tell me what—

(*The tile which ERIC has picked out falls with a clash upon the fender. Both men look over at the fireplace and see the boy standing there with a bundle of letters tied with a blue ribbon in his hands.*)

ERIC (*as they look around*)

Oh, Bimbi! It slipped. And now you've found out where mummie keeps them, and she will be cross.

(*Comes forward toward centre.*)

CAVENDISH

What's that you've got there?

ERIC

Bimbi's letters to mummie, daddy.

(CAVENDISH *snatches them and looks at them.*)

CAVENDISH

Bimbi's letters, eh?

STAVORNELL

Cavendish, for the love of heaven—  
(*Starts toward him.*)

CAVENDISH

You damned dog!

(Knocks STAVORNELL down. ERIC screams out in fright and starts to run to him, and at precisely the same moment MRS. ARMITAGE calls out from alcove.)

MRS. ARMITAGE (*in alcove*)

Philip! Eric! What's the matter?

(CAVENDISH *plucks the boy to him and stifles his cries against his body—the boy struggling all the time.* MRS. ARMITAGE suddenly looks out from alcove and calls.)

Philip! Oh, Philip, what was that dreadful noise?

CAVENDISH (*still standing over STAVORNELL*)

A bit of the "hovel" furniture that I knocked over, dear, that's all.

ERIC (*getting his mouth free for a moment*)

Bimbi! Bimbi! Bimbi!

(CAVENDISH *stifles his cries again.*)MRS. ARMITAGE (*alarmed*)

What is Eric crying out like that for? Is he hurt? What does he mean by that word, Philip?

CAVENDISH

Nothing, mother. It's only a dog's name! A pet dog of his that I'm getting rid of.

(The organ notes peal forth again and, dim in the distance, the nuns are heard chanting the "De Profundis.")

MRS. ARMITAGE

Oh, Philip, do you hear, do you hear? Out of the depths!

(Clasps her hands and bows her head over them.)

CAVENDISH

"Out of the depths, O Lord, to Thee we call." It doesn't apply to—Kitty, mother. There can never be any depths, you know, to a soul so pure as hers.

Go back to her, dear, and—wait for me.

(MRS. ARMITAGE *covers her face with her hands and goes slowly back into the alcove. During all this STAVORNELL lies upon the floor, looking up at CAVENDISH.*) STAVORNELL (*as MRS. ARMITAGE disappears, and speaking in a terrified whisper*)

Cavendish!

CAVENDISH (*also in a whisper*)

Get up. Don't be afraid, you worm. For that poor mother's sake I daren't do what I should. You damned scoundrel! I think I understand now why you wanted the boy. He's younger than I thought, isn't he?

STAVORNELL (*who has risen, speaking huskily*)

Yes. By almost a year. Oh!

(*With repressed fierceness.*)

You had no right to come between us. She was mine first. We were made for each other, we two.

CAVENDISH

I can well believe it! And between you, you sold your birthright for a mess of pottage. Well, who breaks, pays! Eric, say good-bye to this man—and let him go with his conscience, if he has one.

STAVORNELL

Cavendish! You won't give him to me then? You know now that I have a right to him and yet you won't give him to me?

CAVENDISH

No—I will not. I'll put no child's clean soul under the guidance of such a man as you! Say good-bye to him and get out.

(*Goes up.*)

STAVORNELL

Eric! Eric, old chap! My God, Cavendish, kill me and be done with it. This is too hard a punishment.

CAVENDISH

Is it?

(He blows out the candle and going to the alcove, sweeps back the curtains; then comes to centre.)

What punishment is too hard for that?

(The parting of the curtain reveals the interior of the alcove. On a bier piled with flowers a beautiful woman lies,

robed in white. Beside her, a vast stained-glass window through which a mellow light comes. Tall candles burn at the head and at the foot of the bier; and before it, with her back to the audience, kneels MRS. ARMITAGE in an attitude of prayer.)

CAVENDISH

Look what you spoiled—look what you took from me! You sowed the wind, and the whirlwind's harvest is about you.

(He reaches forth and plucks away the boy, then points to window.)

That's the way. Get out while I'm weak enough to let you go.

(STAVORNELL hesitates a moment, then goes slowly to window and passes out, leaving CAVENDISH standing with the boy. He looks over his shoulder at the alcove, wavers uncertainly for a moment, then stoops and kisses ERIC.)

CAVENDISH (very softly)

My little son!

(Voices of the nuns swell louder. He takes the boy by the hand and leads him slowly toward the alcove.)

CURTAIN.

## TEARS

By ELSA BARKER

'TIS not because of any lack in thee,  
 Belovèd, that I weep, nor any pain  
 The wisest lover ever could explain  
 In terms of human sorrow. But I see  
 In Love's immortal garden a dark tree  
 Whose name I know not, and the winds complain  
 Forever through its leaves in lone refrain;  
 Even the birds avoid it silently.

But I believe if I should ever dare  
 To lie beneath that tree a whole night long,  
 That in the morning I should know the song  
 God sang when Eve was tempted, and the prayer  
 That made the Galilean pity-strong  
 In the night watches when no man was there.

## VIEILLE LISE

Par JEAN NESMY

Où donc est le temps où Janquet  
 M'appelait sa douce promesse?  
 L'amour, hélas! ne me tient plus caquet;  
 On ne dit plus Lison, mais Vieille Lise.

# AMIS?

Par J. MARNI

MADAME BALISTE, 49 ans.

MICHEL LOUDUN, 42 ans.

Cinq heures du soir, au printemps, dans l'avenue des Champs-Élysées.

Mme. Baliste n'a jamais dû être une très jolie femme, mais elle fut désirable, et, malgré les rides et les meurtrissures d'un visage à traits irréguliers, elle est agréable encore, avec sa bouche restée fraîche, ses petites dents blanches, ses yeux clairs sous des paupières bistrées.

Elle vient du Cours-la-Reine et va traverser l'avenue pour se diriger du côté de la rue Boissy-d'Anglas, lorsqu'elle s'entend appeler: Madame Baliste! Madame Baliste! Elle se retourne et voit Michel Loudun qui vient à elle, et très respectueusement l'aborde, le chapeau à la main.

**M**ADAME BALISTE — Tiens! c'est vous?

MICHEL—Oui, c'est moi! Vous êtes étonnée?

MADAME BALISTE, *un peu saisie*—Ah! par exemple! oui! Si je m'attendais!... Mettez donc votre chapeau!

MICHEL, *mettant son chapeau*—Merci!

MADAME BALISTE—Je ne vous demande pas de vos nouvelles, vous êtes frais comme une rose, vous avez une mine admirable!

MICHEL—J'ai cependant eu l'influenza, la meurtrière influenza... mais, vous voyez, je m'en suis tiré.

MADAME BALISTE—Triomphalement, comme de tout... A propos! mes compliments pour votre dernier volume.

MICHEL—Il vous a plu?

MADAME BALISTE—Beaucoup. Vous avez élargi votre manière, renoncé à la roserie, à l'odieuse blague... c'est très supérieur à tout ce que vous avez écrit ces dernières années.

MICHEL—Ca me fait rudement plaisir ce que vous me dites là.

MADAME BALISTE—Et puis, une chose m'a ravie; vous avez osé être ému...

MICHEL—C'est que, au fond, je suis un tendre, vous savez...

MADAME BALISTE—Et un nerveux... Là, maintenant que je vous ai couvert de fleurs, au revoir! (*Elle lui tend la main, en souriant.*)

MICHEL—Comment! c'est fini de causer nous deux, déjà?

MADAME BALISTE—Dame!...

MICHEL—Encore une petite minute!

MADAME BALISTE—C'est que... je vous dirai que je suis un peu pressée...

MICHEL—Où allez-vous donc ainsi, belle et pimpante?

MADAME BALISTE—D'abord, je vous défends de vous moquer de moi. Je ne suis pas belle, et je serais désolée d'être pimpante... Pimpante! Voyez-vous cette dame mûre, à cheveux gris, pimpante?... Je vais au télégraphe de la rue Boissy-d'Anglas.

MICHEL—Envoyer un petit bleu?

MADAME BALISTE—Non; un message téléphoné.

MICHEL—Oh! ce n'est guère mystérieux, cela.

MADAME BALISTE, *ton froid*—Je n'ai aucun mystère dans ma vie.

MICHEL, *petit sourire dubitatif*—Vraiment?

MADAME BALISTE, *même ton*—Faites-moi l'honneur de n'en pas douter. (*Silence assez court.*)

MICHEL, *respectueux*—Voulez-vous me permettre de vous accompagner jusqu'au télégraphe?

MADAME BALISTE—Volontiers. Vous me ferez traverser l'avenue... Imaginez-vous que, toute Parisienne que je suis, j'ai une peur horrible des voitures!

MICHEL—Je sais. Autrefois aussi, vous en aviez peur. Vous aviez éga-

lement le trac des ivrognes, des masques, des croque-morts, des souris, des araignées et de votre mari... Il va bien, votre mari?

MADAME BALISTE—Assez bien, merci! Justement, l'autre jour, quelqu'un parlait de vous devant lui. "Comme c'est bizarre, s'est-il écrié, pendant des années un homme fréquente assidûment chez vous, et puis, brusquement, non seulement il ne vient plus, il disparaît de votre vie, mais encore, quoique habitant la même ville, le même quartier, on ne le rencontre jamais! Ainsi, Loudun, qui est notre voisin, je ne le rencontre jamais!"

MICHEL, *imperceptiblement railleur*—Et il témoignait quelque regret?

MADAME BALISTE, *grave*—Oui. Il a l'amitié tenace, lui!

MICHEL, *répétant le mot*—Lui! (*Il la retient par le bras.*) N'allez pas si vite... C'est le moyen de vous faire écraser. (*Ils traversent l'avenue très lentement.*) Lui! Voilà un petit pronom personnel que j'appellerai une flèche lancée d'une main sûre.

MADAME BALISTE, *riant*—La flèche du Parthe, alors, car je ne veux pas vous déranger de votre chemin plus longtemps.

MICHEL—Vous ne me dérangez pas... C'est plutôt moi, je le crains, qui... Franchement, est-ce que cela vous ennuie que je marche à côté de vous?

MADAME BALISTE—Mais non, au contraire!

MICHEL—Bien vrai?

MADAME BALISTE—Bien vrai!

MICHEL—C'est que voilà deux fois que vous voulez me semer...

MADAME BALISTE—Par discrétion.

MICHEL—Quelle drôle d'idée! Vous ne sentez donc pas que je suis enchanté de vous revoir?

MADAME BALISTE—Je le sens... vaguement...

MICHEL—Vous étiez si intuitive, autrefois. Vous ne l'êtes plus?

MADAME BALISTE, *réservée*—Plus beaucoup.

MICHEL—C'est dommage.

MADAME BALISTE—Que voulez-vous? En vieillissant, on perd comme ça des

tas de choses précieuses: sa taille, sa fraîcheur, ses cheveux, son intuition...

MICHEL—Ne dites donc pas que vous êtes vieille; vous n'avez jamais été plus charmante!

MADAME BALISTE, *vivement*—Oh! non, hein? pas vous! Ne me servez pas cette phrase aumônrière, vous! Les autres, ça m'est égal; mais vous, ça m'humilierait! (*Ils sont arrivés avenue Gabriel; un lourd camion est arrêté devant la porte d'un café-concert. Les deux chevaux attelés à ce camion sont deux vigoureux normands. L'un d'eux appuie sa tête sur le col de son camarade.*)

MADAME BALISTE, *montrant les chevaux à Michel*—Vous vous souvennez?

MICHEL—Non... de quoi?

MADAME BALISTE—De rien.

MICHEL—Si, si, je me souviens. "Les bons vevaux." Quand vous mettiez votre cou sur le mien et que vous disiez, en bêtifiant si gentiment: "Nous sommes comme les bons vevaux qui, attelés ensemble, reposent leur tête fatiguée l'un sur le collier de l'autre..." Je me souviens... Il était même promis, quoiqu'il puisse advenir jamais, nous continuerions cette caresse confiante et pure.

MADAME BALISTE, *songeuse*—"Les bons vevaux!" On dit ça, on est de bonne foi... et puis... la vie, n'est-ce pas?... (*Petit silence, lourd de pensées.*) Souvent, je me suis demandé, après notre rupture, avec qui vous faisiez les "bons vevaux"...

MICHEL—Avec personne, je vous l'affirme, avec personne... Certes, j'ai eu des liaisons; en ce moment même, je ne vous dissimulerai pas que je suis violemment épris...

MADAME BALISTE, *calme*—De Mlle. Beaume, une très spirituelle actrice.

MICHEL—Vous savez? Qui vous a raconté?

MADAME BALISTE—Mais... tout le monde.

MICHEL—Eh bien, je puis vous jurer...

MADAME BALISTE, *riant*—Que vous ne lui proposez pas d'appuyer son cou contre le vôtre? J'en suis persuadée... Elle trouverait cela un peu ridi-

cule et ne comprendrait pas le symbolisme de ce geste . . . Et puis, vraiment, vous avez mieux à faire avec cette amusante fille.

MICHEL—Oui, quoique . . . Si vous saviez comme je me sens seul, parfois, isolé, étranger au milieu de ceux qui m'entourent! Quel désir intense me prend alors d'une amie telle que vous, intelligente, compréhensive, avec laquelle, *moralement*, aux heures tristes, je ferais "les bons vevaux." (*Un temps.*) Gilberte! voulez-vous? Voulez-vous que nous soyons amis?

MADAME BALISTE, *nettement*—Non!

MICHEL, *surpris*—Non? Pourquoi? (*Fat.*) Vous m'avez trop aimé d'amour, probablement . . . C'est ça, n'est-ce pas?

MADAME BALISTE—Ce pourrait être "ça," en effet, mais, loyalement, ce n'est pas la raison vraie.

MICHEL, *vexé*—Ah! laquelle, alors?

MADAME BALISTE—Vous voulez la savoir?

MICHEL—Je vous en prie!

MADAME BALISTE—C'est que . . . je crains qu'elle ne vous soit désagréable.

MICHEL—N'importe, dites toujours.

MADAME BALISTE—Eh bien, voici: vous êtes un détestable ami, mon pauvre Michel!

MICHEL—Moi? Allons donc!

MADAME BALISTE, *affirmative*—Vous! oui! Vous n'avez ni serviabilité, ni indulgence, ni sûreté. Et puis, ce serait tout le temps votre tour de me conter vos soucis, et, lorsque je voudrais, moi, vous confier mes peines, savez-vous devant qui je me trouverais? Je me trouverais devant un monsieur indifférent, ennuyé et railleur! Or, si, lorsqu'on est jeune, cela n'a pas grande importance de se tromper dans le choix d'un ami—tant d'autres affections consolent de cette déception-là!—à mon âge, c'est une douleur cruelle. Songez que, lors-

qu'une femme n'a plus d'amant, l'amitié d'un brave homme est tout ce qu'il lui reste pour alimenter sentimentalement son cœur! Enfin, si j'avais la sottise de vous prendre comme ami, je serais inexcusable, car, depuis dix ans que je réfléchis sur votre caractère, j'ai eu le loisir de me faire une opinion.

MICHEL, *aigrement*—Et cette opinion, je le vois, est que je suis un misérable.

MADAME BALISTE—Pas un misérable le moins du monde, non, non! . . . Un mauvais ami seulement.

MICHEL, *insolent*—Etes-vous bien certaine de ne pas vous tromper de mot? C'est peut-être, c'est sans doute: "mauvais amant," que vous voulez dire?...

MADAME BALISTE, *voix très douce*. —Oh! je ne confonds pas! Je serais bien ingrate de confondre. Ne vous calomniez pas! Vous étiez un amant délicieux, mon cher Michel, un amant de tout premier ordre! (*Ils sont depuis un moment devant le télégraphe.*)

MICHEL, *un peu sombre*—Vous êtes méchante.

MADAME BALISTE—Je suis sincère.

MICHEL—Je regrette presque de vous avoir rencontrée . . .

MADAME BALISTE—Une vieille maîtresse, c'est, pour certains superstitieux, comme un curé: ça porte la guigne. (*Elle rit.*) Prenez garde! Qui sait ce qui va vous arriver?

MICHEL, *sérieux*—Je m'attends à tout. (*Hochant la tête.*) Ah! il est loin le temps où vous m'aviez surnommé: "le plus-que-parfait du suggestif!"

MADAME BALISTE—Le temps des "bons vevaux," oui, il est loin . . . Allez! il faut se séparer . . . Adieu, Michel!

MICHEL, *lui serrant la main*—Adieu! (*Elle entre dans le bureau; lui poursuit sa route.*)

## THE PROBABLE REASON

"PAPA, why do brides wear long veils?"

"To conceal their satisfaction, I presume, my son."



# AN AUTOMOBILIST'S VOCABULARY

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

THE first time I ever met Henley was at a tea in Paris. I was just stepping off one train on to another—I remember I had been standing on a pink silk one, when it occurred to me that that lady might want to move soon, as I had been standing on her train for fifteen minutes, and I picked out a black satin train that I thought would match my patent-leather shoes better—and while I was transferring from one to the other my hostess brought Henley up and introduced us. So Henley stepped upon the handiest train—it was purple silk trimmed with lace, and belonged to old Mrs. Gadaboy, who is quite stout—and we might have had a nice conversation, but just then Mrs. Gadaboy moved away and carried off little Henley as if he were part of her trimming. He waved a sandwich at me as he disappeared. So I turned to a lady who had, I remember, the most charming nose, and we talked about how great Art was, and I never imagined I should ever see little Henley again. But I did.

The next time I met him was at another tea, and as both he and I had been in Paris a whole week and were not artists we were pushed into a corner and forgotten. We had a chance to talk then, and he told me he had just finished an automobile tour of France, and that if ever I wanted to know what real highway robbery was I need only make an automobile tour in France. He said he was absolutely disgusted with the automobile; that he would give his to anyone who would take it off his hands, and he said he supposed

I was an artist and liked Paris and would never go back to America. Before I had an opportunity to tell him he was jerked away, and I never imagined I should see him again. But I did.

The next time I met him was at another tea. The minute he saw me he came running across-trains, and shook me tremendously by the hand. He dragged me into a corner, and he was so glad to see me that for two cents he would have kissed me on both cheeks.

"Why didn't you say you were going to make a tour of France before you went home?" he demanded. "Great Scott! I do hate a man who is so infernally reticent! Why, man, do you know what almost happened because you didn't speak out? Why, you almost made me let you go off and make a tour of France by train! Actually by train!"

"That is how I am going to make it," I said.

"No you are not!" cried Henley. "Not if I can help it. Do you think I am going to meet an American citizen—a real American citizen—over here in a foreign country and let him waste his time by touring France in a railway train? Do you think—" he threw up his hands in absolute dismissal of the idea. "Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed; "you can't think it."

"I am going by train," I said firmly. "I have my wife and child with me, and I cannot expect them to make a pedestrian tour."

Henley threw up his hands again.

"Pedestrian tour!" he cried. "Now you are talking foolishness! Who said

pedestrian tour? I didn't. No, sir! There is just one way to tour France, and that is in an automobile!"

"But I thought you said—"

"Pleasantries!" he exclaimed, *slapping me on the shoulder*. "Just some of my pleasantries. You don't know me or you wouldn't pay any attention to what I said. That is just like me—always will have my little joke. I'd joke about a funeral or Napoleon's tomb. Why, my own father used to say— But no matter! Let that go! You *must* take that tour in an automobile. I won't let you take it any other way. I won't have it said that Henley let an American citizen—Are you from New York?"

"I am a New Yorker," I said proudly.

"Hear that!" exclaimed Henley, stepping back and looking at me with loving pride. "I am a New Yorker, too. I won't have it said that Henley let a New Yorker—you don't happen to be a member of The Players, do you?"

"That is my club," I said, yanking Henley forward so the train he was standing on could move away.

"That is your— Now, will you hear that!" he cried. "Why, man, I am a Player, too! And I will not—I cannot have it said that Henley let a fellow-Player tour France except in an automobile! Touring France! Why, man, you don't call bumping along in a stuffy, dirty French train—you don't call that touring France, do you? That is committing slow suicide. Now an automobile—"

He talked about it until the candles burned down and our hostess turned us out, and he talked about it all the way down the seven flights of stairs, and the more he talked the more enthusiastic he got. I began to feel enthusiastic about it myself, and he took me off to a café and talked automobile for two hours longer.

"Now you go home and think that over," he said, when we had settled our score. "You go home and talk it over with your wife. Tell her Henley insists. Tell her Henley made the tour in an automobile and he knows what he

is talking about. Why, man, I won't let an American citizen and a New Yorker and a Player—"

He threw out his hands in a gesture of utter self-abnegation.

"I'll tell you what I'll do!" he exclaimed. "I'll sell you my own automobile! No, stop! Don't say you won't accept the sacrifice. I *will* sell you my automobile! I hate to do it. I hate to part with a machine I have loved and tested and repaired—and got into perfect condition, but for you I will. Yes, sir! It sha'n't be said that Henley left anything undone that he could do to make you take an automobile tour of France. You shall have my automobile! You shall have it for just half what it cost me three months ago. No! No thanks! No demonstration of gratitude, if you please! If I didn't like you—if I hadn't taken a shine to you—I wouldn't part with that machine for any money—not for any money! But I liked you the minute I set eyes on you. I want you to have that automobile. I don't need it. I'll be glad to get rid of—I'll be glad to have it in your hands."

I went home to dinner glowing with enthusiasm for an automobile tour of France. I realized that the one thing I had always wanted to do was to take an automobile and glide smoothly along the superb roads—as Henley described them—looking at the scenery and never bothering a minute about changing cars or transferring luggage. I realized that that was really what I had come to France for, and I almost shed tears as I thought of the unselfishness of Henley in offering me his tried and tested automobile at half price. Then I went out to buy a cake of soap and some postage stamps. A couple of hours after that I came home again, floppy and worn out. In two hours I had used up all my French and the nearest I could come to soap and postage stamps was to get a package of stove polish and a dozen lamp-wicks that wouldn't fit any lamp that I ever saw, and all the change I had left out of a ten-franc piece was a lead five-franc piece and some small money

that I haven't been able to pass since. I began to realize that I hadn't the kind of vocabulary that would carry an automobile through France, and my enthusiasm for an automobile tour began to wane.

It is all well enough for a man to go into a restaurant in Paris and point to three lines on the bill of fare. If it turns out that he has ordered the date line, a glass of water and "Please pay at the desk," he can jab at other lines until he finally gets a square meal, but with an automobile it is different. If you run over a cow it does no good to say "*Bien obligé*," if that is all you know how to say. No man, when he has just killed a small child, would look right saying something that turned out to mean, "Waiter, a plate and some butter, if you please." There are things that happen to an automobilist that do not happen in a properly conducted dining-room. I knew this, and the more I thought it over the less I felt like taking a large, red touring car and cutting loose from my nearness to the "English spoken here" signs of Paris. I realized that I had not even picked up a good supply of French swear words. I wasn't at all fitted to auto in France.

When I met Henley on the street the next day I told him so.

"Henley," I said, "you will have to count me out. I have been thinking this thing over and I haven't the kind of French to buck up against this population with. I realize the weakness of my French. I have gone without a bath for weeks at a time here in Paris because I didn't know how to ask for one, and I may have got rather used to going into a place to have my hair cut and coming away with my nails manicured instead, but I can't risk my French on an automobile. I am not proud, and I can stand going around with hair looking like a prophet in Judea, and not kick if my nails *are* manicured an inch or two below the quick—I don't need finger nails anyway; they are a relic of barbarous times—but I cannot take out an impetuous red automobile into the wilds of France on three French words and a shrug of

the shoulders. You may have been able to do it and get back to Paris, but I couldn't. I am not a genius, and I have a wife and child depending on me for life, liberty and food three times a day. I can't do it."

I thought Henley would wilt at that, but he didn't. He pulled me back two inches farther on the sidewalk—the whole sidewalk was only five inches wide—and just grinned.

"I know!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "I know just how you feel about it, for I felt that way myself. I wasn't going to risk it. I had no French. But Swan's book fixed that all up. Don't you worry about French. Swan's book is all you need for an automobile tour. And I'll tell you what I'll do! I'll *give* you my Swan. I'll throw it in with the automobile!"

He stood off and looked me triumphantly in the eye. I could see that he had solved the problem. My confidence returned.

"Henley," I said, "I can't let you do this! This is too, too much. Even from a fellow-Player from New York this is too much! I can't let you give me your Swan. I will buy one."

"No," he insisted, "I will give you mine! I will hand it to you as my parting gift as you start on your tour. Rest easy. Pack your luggage and— and get your cheque ready—" He looked at the other side of the five-foot street with a far-away gaze. "You had better have it certified, the cheque," he added.

"Meet me at Maxim's tonight," he said.

There are some moments too joyous to put on paper, and that was one of them. I stole away with my joy. For years I had wanted to sit in the front seat of my own automobile and squeeze the bulb of my own honk-honker. All my friends had abetted me in the idea. "A man," they used to tell me, "who smokes cigars that smell like those you smoke is the very man to have an automobile. You ought to get an automobile and take trips with it—long, long trips—out

into the country or up mountains, anywhere out of town."

Henley had said the same thing in other words, only, being in Paris and having associated with Parisian cigars, he did not object to mine. He thought they were extra good. Everyone in Paris complimented me on them. The Parisian cigars are the kind that, if a stranger happens to mention them, someone is sure to lean over and whisper: "Hush! There are ladies present!" So Henley did not object to my modest American cigars, but he bore down hard on the economy of owning an automobile.

"Why!" he would exclaim, "you have to feed a horse! Just think what a horse eats—corn and oats and hay—awful expense. And bedding! You have to bed a horse down every night. You don't have to bed down an automobile. If you did, an automobile wouldn't appreciate it. And curry? Just think how you have to curry a horse and brush it and rub it down! Why, I swear to you that I never used a currycomb on my automobile once during my whole tour of France! Don't talk to me of touring with a horse. Think of all the things you would have to take along—a wagon of hay, a wagon of oats, a wagon of corn, a wagon of straw, a wagon of currycombs—why, you would look like a country circus on the move! But an automobile—that is different. Just hop in and pull the lever and honk a few honks and glide away. Skim over the country—that is what you do."

You can't wonder that I felt indebted to Henley. I was glowing all over with gratitude, and I wasn't going to have Henley do all the sacrificing. I wasn't going to let him make me eternally indebted to him, giving me his automobile at half price and then throwing in his Swan's book. I would show Henley that I could be generous, too; I would buy a Swan's book for myself. So I went down to a book-store and bought one.

All I can say about that book is that anyone who has one in his pocket has all the French a self-respecting Amer-

ican citizen ought to have. It lays open the French language and shows you the inside works with all the little wheels and jeweled movements. The title tells you just what it is. It is one of those pretty little titles—short but sweet: "Travelers' Colloquial French; a Handbook for English-speaking Travelers and Students. Idiomatic French Phrases with the Exact Phonetic Pronunciation Represented on a New System Based upon a Scientific Analysis of French Sounds, with Other General Information Useful to Travelers in France. By Howard Swan."

As soon as I got that book in my hands I knew why I had not been able to speak French like a Frenchman the moment I landed in Paris—I hadn't had Swan's book. I opened it up, and the minute I laid my eyes on the pages I saw that Swan had fathomed the French language and bored down into its vitals and rolled it out thin so that any man could see through it at a glance. There it all was, laid out in three columns—all the phrases that any sane man could hope to use in France. In the first column was the English of it, as: "Is this the train for Auteuil?" Then in the second column was the French for it, the way French looks when printed: "*Est-ce le train d'Auteuil?*" That is where the ordinary French conversation manual would stop, but not Swan's. Not much! Swan's went ahead with a third column, the "exact phonetic pronunciation,"—"Aiss le ttran doh-toe-ee?" Isn't that simple? Anybody could pronounce that.

And every phrase a man could want was there. My hair, for instance. My hair was getting so long that I had to do it up at night with hairpins to keep it from tickling me in the middle of my back, just because I couldn't ask a barber to cut it. I was dying to have my hair cut. I turned to the page that gave phrases to use at the barber's. Well, evidently Swan didn't know there were barbers in France. Maybe Swan was bald and had never needed a barber himself. No matter, let it go. I didn't really need a hair-cut.

Never mind, I will buy a silk hat instead. That is how a man has to do in France—if he can't ask for what he wants he takes what he can ask for. I went into a hat shop and tried Swan on it. I had a silk hat already, but a man mustn't mind a little thing like that. I knew a man who lost nearly all his clothes in a fire in Paris—neckties and all—and he had set out in a cab to buy a new outfit. It was the middle of winter, too, and when he reached the clothing store—over here they give clothing stores pretty names, like The Pretty Gardener, or the Pug-nosed Rabbit—when he reached the Pug-nosed Rabbit all he could remember was the French for straw hat. So he bought a straw hat and told the cabby to *allons* along to the next shop and he would try to remember the word for socks as he went, but he couldn't remember it. All he could remember was the word for straw hat.

So, as I couldn't get a hair-cut out of Swan's conversation book I bought a silk hat. I found the phrase on page 104.

"I wish to buy a silk hat."

Although I didn't really wish to buy a silk hat, I let it go at that. I ran my finger along the page and read off the French-as-it-is-written:

*"Je voudrais acheter un chapeau de soie."*

I tried this on the clerk. I read it to him as any sane American would read if he met it in his morning paper. For a minute the clerk looked startled. Then he screamed and threw up his hands. They had to pour a bucket of water on him before he came to. I saw why my French had always been looked upon coldly in the best Parisian *salons*. I had not given it the phonetic pronunciation. So, when they had partly resuscitated the little clerk, I ran my finger along to the phonetically spelled phrase and read it off as if that was what I had been used to doing all my life.

*"Zhe voo-drae-zahsh-te—oen shap-po d' swahl!"*

Well, you never saw anything work so well and so promptly in your life!

Silk hat! They not only offered me a silk hat, but they offered me every hat in the place. The whole crowd of proprietors and *garçons* and cashiers and clerks crowded around me and begged me to take the stock—to take the counters and the cash register and the front of the store if I wanted it—to take anything I wanted, just so I would take the Swan book with me when I went away. They offered to throw in a theatre-ticket and the lady bookkeeper if I would go immediately. It was too good an offer to refuse, so I pulled out Swan again to look up the phrase, "I will accept," so I could give them the phonetics of it, but they did not wait. They helped me out of the store. They must have thought I had an immediate engagement with Henley and did not want me to miss it. As I went I heard the proprietors remark:

"Sacred blue! One thousand pigs! Camels! One hundred thousand thunder!"

These are all intense French curses. They are not given in Swan's book. When used phonetically they indicate what the French would call "of the startlement much—of the anger a plenty." I couldn't understand it.

That evening I went to Maxim's to meet Henley. As soon as he saw me he arose from his table and grabbed me by the arm. The way he yanked me out of that restaurant was as if I had tried some of Swan's phonetic French on him. His face was pale and had a drawn, scared look, and every time I rattled a couple of keys in my pocket he put up his arm and dodged. I learned afterward that that is the natural custom with anyone who has dined at Maxim's. I had a friend who went in there and ate a peach—just one peach—and he had to give up a trip to Asia and economize for a year. So Henley led me around the corner to a place where we could get a cup of coffee and a bun for five cents. He said he did not mind being liberal, but he hated to spend a whole automobile for a glass of water and a toothpick.

"Now," said Henley, "we can settle this whole thing in about ten minutes.

It is just a matter of simple exchange. I have the automobile and you have the certified cheque—"

I noticed that his voice trembled when he said "cheque," and he looked at me rather eagerly. There was something like a gurgle of triumph in his tone. He tried to hide the glad glare in his eyes by holding a china plate in front of his face, but I suspected that he was too happy over the pleasure in store for me, and hated to have me see his emotion.

"All that is necessary," he said carelessly, "is for you to hand me the cheque and I will hand you the automobile. Nothing could be more simple." He stopped and looked at me anxiously. "You—you have the cheque, haven't you?" he asked.

"I have," I said.

He got up and danced around the table, trying to pat himself on the back, and ended with a whoop of joy. Then he suddenly became sober and looked at me suspiciously, but I was looking the other way. I never saw a man so happy over the happiness in store for another man as Henley was.

"Oh, you will enjoy it so!" he cried. "Such easy traveling! Such perfect rest! Not a thing to trouble you! And with that book of Swan's—when I give you that book of Swan's—"

"Henley," I said, "I must not deceive you. You have been too kind. I couldn't let you part with your Swan book. I couldn't think of it. I have bought one."

I saw I had made a mistake. I had offended Henley. He turned pale and choked up.

"Thousand million sacred blues!" he remarked. "Million thousand camels!" or the English translation of it—a free translation. He got up and walked up and down, pulling out handfuls of his hair. I never saw a man so worked up.

"Then you don't want the automobile?" he said.

"Now, Henley," I said soothingly, "who said anything about not wanting automobiles. Be sensible. All I said was that I had bought a Swan book."

"It's the same thi—" he began, but I did not hear him say it, his voice was so full of emotion. I had to cheer him up some more.

"I bought the Swan book," I said, "and I am madly in love with it. It works like a self-acting cherry-seeder. It is wonderful! It is grand! It makes French easy for man or beast. Of course I want the automobile. I want a riding machine that will work as smoothly as Swan's conversation book. An automobile *does* work as smoothly as that, doesn't it?"

For a minute Henley looked at me dully. Then he drew himself together with a start.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Glide over the smooth roads—skim over sunny France—no hay—no currycombs—"

I saw he was not just himself, so I ordered something to brighten him up. In five minutes he was himself. He was talking automobile touring as flowingly as a peanut floating down the river. We both had something to keep us from taking cold in the night air, and we both grew enthusiastic. I was sorry the automobile was not there to hear the nice things we said about it. Then I pulled "Swan's Phonetic" from my pocket. Henley chilled almost immediately. He donned an air of haughty reserve. I never knew such a changeable man.

"What I like about this book," I said, "is the simplicity of it. It is well planned. No throwing of all sorts of phrases together. No 'Have you seen the cat of the grandmother?' run in next to 'Waiter, how much is my bill?' No, sir! Everything classified and arranged. Here we have 'On Board'—all the needed phrases in a group. Here we have 'The Railway,' everything any reasonable man would want to say." I flipped the pages over in airy fashion. "'The Hotel,' 'In Town,' 'At the Restaurant,' 'At the Post-office.'" I read them off. Henley sat back and seemed uninterested. "And here we are!" I exclaimed. "Page 132, 'Phrases for Automobilists.' This is what interests us, Henley."

I laid the book on the table between us.

"I wish to put up my car for the night—*Je désire remiser mon automobile pour la nuit*," I read. "Great! Fine! Hear that, Henley? *Mon automobile*, if you please. *My automobile*! Why, a child could manage a tour of France with this book.

"Before leaving I shall want some *pétrole*, some lubricating oil."

"Of course," said Henley, "there are some small expenses connected with a car. A man has to have gasoline and lubricating oil."

"Certainly," I said. "Everyone knows that." And I read some more phrases:

"You will have to charge the generators of my acetylene lamps.

Straighten the lamp bracket.

Put in a new glass.

Fill up my paraffin lamps."

"Any man who knows anything about automobiles knows he has to spend a little money on supplies," said Henley, as if I had said a man didn't. "But there is no expense for curry-combs—" I read on:

"The cover of my tire wants repairing.

The air tube requires a patch.

The front axle is bent; it must be straightened.

The back axle is broken; it will have to be changed.

The sparking-plug is broken; put in a new one.

The feeding-pump does not work properly; see to it.

I have lost my starting handle.

I want a new one."

"What a man ought to consider," said Henley, "is that an automobile doesn't have all those horse diseases. Never! Who ever heard of an automobile having botts or glanders or ringbone—" I read on down the phrase book:

"My steering gear is out of order.

My brake does not act.

The piston does not work.

The radiator leaks; it wants soldering.

This part broke because there was a flaw in the steel.

This connecting rod is bent; it will have to be straightened.

My carbureter floods."

"This looks as if it would be a mighty valuable book to an automobilist,

Henley," I said. "I suppose Swan had an automobile himself."

"Why?" said Henley. "Any idiot—I mean any automobile owner could have—Go ahead with your reading, if you must read that book!"

"The carbureter jet is choked up.

The carbureter float leaks.

The valves want grinding.

The inlet valve is broken.

The exhaust valve stem is too short.

The clutch slips.

The clutch grips too fiercely.

The commutator does not get proper contact.

The coil trembler will not work.

The sparking-plug is sooted up.

I cannot get the proper mixture.

The engine knocks a great deal when going fast.

The governor does not work."

"I'll tell you what I will do," said Henley, as I paused to get breath. "I will let you have that automobile for just one-third what I paid for it. That is the same as giving it to you for nothing. It cost me that much for repair—But go ahead!" I read on; I like that book:

"The governor spring keeps coming off.

The inlet springs are too weak.

The exhaust springs are too strong.

The clutch spring is too weak.

This pipe leaks.

The gear changes with a noise.

The chains want tightening and cleaning.

The starting-gear pin is broken."

Henley brightened up. He even smiled at me.

"That is the one thing on my car that never hap—" he began, but drew himself up short. "All I have to say to you," he said, "is—do you want that car at one-fourth what I paid for it?"

I looked at him coldly. I began to have a feeling that Henley was the sort of man who would deceive a fellow-citizen of the United States. I read on:

"The front tire leaks.

The back tire is too soft.

New springs will be required in the commutator.

The leather is worn off the pump-wheel.

The water joints on the pump are leaking.

The exhaust-pipe joints are leaking.

The gear case wants tightening."

Henley arose. I think he saw that I was beginning to lose confidence in



him; that I was beginning to think he would take advantage of a New Yorker if he had a chance. I saw he was trying to restrain himself, but that Swan's "phrases for automobilists" were having a strange effect on him. He glared at me with a glassy, fevered eye.

"Horses don't eat currycombs," he muttered. I read on:

"Please add a lock nut.

Something gone wrong with the balance gear.

I have broken one mud guard.

My reversing lever is bent.

The step has been torn off in a collision.

I have had a breakdown.

Could you come with a car and a tow-rope?"

I looked up because I heard a groan. Henley had keeled over and lay like one dead. Probably memory had been too much for him. But I did not care. I saw that he was the sort of man who would rob a fellow-Player. I raised my voice and read the rest of the "phrases for automobilists." There were only a

few left. The list was getting down to disconnected words, such as a mangasps out in pain. I could see the owner of Swan's handbook lying with a forty-horsepower motor on his chest, with one leg draped over a near-by tree and the other floating down the Seine, and all the debris of a once excellent life rapidly fading away, and I could see him cast a last lingering glance at the book and read:

"Throttle valve.

Safety valve.

Embankment.

Slope.

Steam car.

Electric car."

Swan's is a good book. Its list of "phrases for automobilists" contains everything in the way of language needed for a tour of France. At least that was what Henley told me once. Somehow, after reading the list I did not make an automobile tour of France.

## IN CAPTIVITY

By ANNIE E. P. SEARING

**A** CAPTIVE once,  
I wore the ball and chain—  
Free man at last,  
I would be slave again!

Freedom's bought sweets  
Have got a bitter taste—  
The world, so coveted,  
Is but a waste!

The gyves of youth  
Sustain our later years,  
The lash, the bitter bread—  
Aye, even our tears!

## A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT

**B**ELLE—Did Fred find marriage as elevating as he thought it would be?  
**JACK**—No; it failed to lift him out of debt.

# THE OLD GATE MADE OF PICKETS

By MADISON CAWEIN

## I

**T**HERE was moonlight in the garden and the chirr and chirp of crickets;  
There was scent of pink and peony and deep syringa thickets,  
When a-down the pathway whitely,  
Where the firefly glimmered brightly,  
She came stepping, oh, so lightly!  
To the old gate made of pickets.

## II

There were dew and musk and murmur, and a voice that hummed low snatches  
Of a song, while there she hurried, through the moonlight's silvery patches,  
To the rose-grown gate, above her  
And her softly-singing lover,  
With its blossom-tangled cover  
And its weight and wooden latches.

## III

Whom she met there, whom she kissed there, 'mid the moonlight and the roses,  
With his arms who there enclosed her, as a tiger lily 'closes  
Some white moth that frailly settles  
On its gold and crimson petals,  
Where the garden runs to nettles—  
No one knows now or supposes.

## IV

Years have passed since that last meeting; loves have come and loves departed.  
Still the garden blooms unchanging; there is nothing broken-hearted  
In its beauty, where the hours  
Lounge with sun and moon and showers,  
'Mid the perfume and the flowers,  
As in days when these two parted.

## V

Yet the garden and the flowers and the cheerily chirring crickets  
And the moonlight and the fragrance, and the wind that waves the thickets—  
They remember what was spoken,  
And the rose that was a token,  
And the gentle heart there broken  
By the old gate made of pickets.

# "RINGING UP" ON THE THEATRICAL SEASON

By CHANNING POLLOCK

**H**OOP-LA! Here we are again! "We," in this instance, refers to the makers of the theatrical season, which began in August and was well under way by the middle of September. Within the space of five weeks Broadway witnessed twenty-two premières, which means that for once the man with the hoe took second place in the labor procession behind the man with the opera glass.

Personally, there is nothing I dread more every year than the coming down of the boards in front of our theaters and the going up of their curtains. Once reestablished in the habit of play-seeing, I take a positively juvenile delight in witnessing every performance that comes along, but it is always a bit of a wrench to be exiled from the land of real things to the world of make-believe. In the early autumn, when the sunsets over the sea show their richest tints of mauve and purple, when the woods are golden and creature creation has just reached the third act of its perpetual drama, I hate the necessity of listening to the call of the whiled, who are waiting to joy in canvas-back forests and the electric-lighted platforms upon which self-sufficient ladies and gentlemen strut and mouth and pretend.

However, there are livings to be earned, reputations to be made, and material necessities that are none the less genuine because they are provided for by mock emotions simulated on account of fancied experiences. The season of 1908-9 commenced with a

well-nigh unprecedented piling up of seeming successes, many of which undoubtedly proved to be more pleasantly recorded in the scrapbooks of authors and actors than in the ledgers of their managers. Our critics have been unusually kind, contributing bountifully to the literature of the billboard and the ashcan. Reviewers generally are most lenient at the beginning of a season; probably for the same reason that you and I enjoy the first bite of dinner infinitely better than those that come after.

THE PRINCIPAL EVENT of the theatrical year, thus far, was the reopening of the Stuyvesant, which Blanche Bates accomplished in a new play, "The Fighting Hope," by a new dramatist, William J. Hurlbut. On this occasion were present the familiar features of a Belasco first night—the brilliant audience, the smooth performance, the star in pantomimic despair over her inability to find her manager at the end of the "big" act, and finally David Belasco, fingers on forelock, being dragged into view with as much reluctance on his part as though he had not been standing in the wings all the time.

"The Fighting Hope," probably without any knowledge of the fact in the mind of its author, is an interesting blend of "The Lion and the Mouse" and "Paid in Full." Robert Granger, cashier of the Gotham Trust Company, has been sentenced to imprisonment in connection with the overcertification of a check for so large a sum that its

mere mention, in these troublous days, is almost enough to cause a panic. There is a very general suspicion that Granger was ordered to certify the check by Burton Temple, president of the Trust Company. Accordingly, Granger's wife, Anna, comes into the Temple home as a stenographer, bent upon securing evidence that will liberate her husband and send her employer to the penitentiary in his place.

Anna Granger remains with Temple a month without enlightenment on either side. Then comes a letter upon which Temple, who by now has been indicted, depends to clear himself. Anna is given this letter with instructions to lock it in the safe, the combination of which Temple has conveniently forgotten. She obeys orders, but subsequently reads the communication. It proves conclusively that her husband is guilty. Swayed by impulse, moved by the recollection of her two sons, she burns the epistle. At about this moment Temple tells her that he loves her, and Anna realizes that she loves Temple.

But this is not all. Anna has hardly confessed the destruction of the epistle, and been forgiven as freely as though the consequences were a slap on the wrist instead of disgrace and imprisonment, when enters Robert Granger, L. 1. E. Robert proves to be a contemptible cur, beside whom the husband in "Paid in Full" was a Harlem Peter Cooper. He insists to his wife that he is innocent of the crime of which he was convicted, until Anna stops him short with the announcement that she has discovered his guilt. Nevertheless, for the sake of the boys, she promises to help him. Then she learns that the amount with which he was rewarded for overcertifying the check was spent on another woman. To save himself from her natural resentment, Granger declares that unless she comes to his rescue he will charge her with intimacy with Temple. In the full spirit of the common or garden loafer he threatens to take her children away from her. Alarmed by this threat and moved by pity as well,

Anna hides her husband when those great allies of the playwright, the police, arrive to take him back to prison. Then an officer kindly shoots Granger, and the curtain falls on the suggestion that Anna is to find happiness and Temple a half-grown family.

The play leaves in the mind no doubt of the dramatic sense and great ability of Mr. Hurlbut. All the virtues that anyone has the right to expect from a new author are in "The Fighting Hope." The faults one does not expect, when the author has been edited by a manskilled as Mr. Belasco, are there, too. Up to the end of the second act the faults are predominant. After that the virtues win.

"The Fighting Hope" is big and strong and virile. Fundamentally it treats of real emotions, of things clingly close to the human heart, exerting a broad and universal appeal. Several of its situations, notably that in which Anna discovers her husband's guilt and those growing out of her meeting with that husband, are vigorous and stirring. The characters, with a single exception, are well drawn; the dialogue is at once natural and witty, and the devices by which the story is translated into drama are ingenious.

But the faults are as conspicuous as the virtues. Until the beginning of the third act the whole story is bogged in a morass of words. It is a French axiom that every fact in connection with a play should be related three times. Every fact in "The Fighting Hope" is related three dozen times. Anna's belief in Granger, the influence exerted upon her by her children, the importance of the burned letter are underscored so often that one grows weary. Then, too, from its very commencement the end of the play is glaringly obvious. The long arm of coincidence is stretched until its joints crack. The author is never honest with his audience, expedient following expedient and improbability stepping on the heels of improbability.

One might catalogue the plainest of these expedients as follows:

1—Temple's home close to the prison

that holds Granger, making it possible for characters to look out of window and give vent to occasional remarks upon hard fate of said Granger.

2—Anna's acquaintance with Temple's former secretary, which enabled her to gain admittance to his home.

3—Anna's friendship with Temple's housekeeper, which makes it possible for her to remain there.

4—Anna's having met Temple years and years ago, when she concluded that he was the man of her dreams.

5—Anna's husband having been for some time cashier of the Gotham Trust Company without Anna ever having seen its president.

6—Anna's knowledge of the combination of the safe after having served for a month as Temple's secretary, when Temple had forgotten said combination and Marshfield Craven, his confidential adviser for ten years, had never known it.

7—Anna's fear of being accused of intimacy with a man in whose home she had lived under the very nose of an elderly housekeeper, and Craven's certainty that the newspapers would print the accusation if it were supplied them by a convicted felon, known to have been the lover of another woman.

8—Insistence of the housekeeper, Mrs. Mason, three years in the hire of Temple and supposed to be burdened with a Puritan conscience, that her innocent employer be permitted to go to prison in place of the guilty husband of her friend. Also, circumstance of this interesting proposition being made in the presence of Temple.

9—Granger's appearance, immediately after his escape from prison, at the home of Temple, certainly the spot of all spots where he might expect to be given into the hands of the police.

As I have said, I don't blame Mr. Hurlbut for any of these lapses from logic. They are mistakes bound to be made by the inexperienced playwright, who does not understand that the theater-going public has learned much since the time when it was perfectly willing to accept the statement that the moon was made of green cheese as "dramatic license." I do blame Mr. Belasco. He is old enough to know better.

Whatever requires to be said of the play, there can be no two opinions about the acting, which is admirable throughout. Miss Bates, looking slim and wonderfully young in a Directoire gown, presents the rôle of Anna with simplicity, sincerity and sympathy. Impressively quiet in her moments of

repose, she interprets the emotional passages with fire and powerful effect. Miss Bates is not only one of the best actresses on our stage, but she is the best typist ever seen behind the footlights. In fact, she is the only stage stenographer I ever saw who behaved as though she might approach a typewriter without a letter of introduction.

Charles Richman's performance of Temple is the best modulated, the most mobile and convincing portrayal he has shown since his appearance at the Empire in "Mrs. Dane's Defence." If acting is the art of concealing one's own personality, instead of parading it, John W. Cope's work in the part of Craven is a masterpiece. Beneath the crusty cynicism of his impersonation of the bachelor confidential adviser, it is almost impossible to recognize the man who last season was Kinkaid, the land jumper, in "The Rose of the Rancho." Howell Hansell makes Granger appropriately contemptible, and Loretta Wells does with the rôle of Mrs. Mason all that can be done with a singularly unsympathetic and inconsistent part. The one setting in which the action occurs is Belasco-ishly beautiful.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM is a gentleman whose first play, "Jack Straw," set London to crying for more so Oliver Twistily that, during the course of a single season, four works from his pen were set running in the neighborhood of the Strand. About the middle of September we had the first sprinkling of Mr. Maugham, who is scheduled to be a regular dramatic cloudburst before the end of the winter. "Jack Straw," presented by John Drew at the Empire, introduced Mr. Maugham to America, and the remainder of his quartette will trail along later in the year. Ethel Barrymore has already produced the second of the lot, "Lady Frederick," on the road.

"Jack Straw" proved to be a clever comedy, without making quite clear why it should have set fire to the Thames. Its story is an ingenious rearrangement of "The Lady of Lyons,"

from which the author has evolved a number of decidedly funny situations. The structure of the play, however, is clumsy, the characters are crudely drawn and there is a great quantity of foggy, soggy, boggy British humor. The piece is entertaining and laughable, but one leaves it with a distinct sense of not having been satisfied. "Jack Straw" is an illy-cooked pie—the ingredients are all there, and the diner finds plenty of agreeable tid-bits in the filling, but the crust has been only half baked.

Of course you recall the story of "The Lady of Lyons," or if you don't, of course you will pretend that you do. Claude Melnotte had a grouch against a certain damsel named Pauline, and in order to avenge himself he courted her under the name of the Prince of Como. This is exactly what Jack Straw does to Ethel Parker-Jennings, only Jack Straw proves in the end to be honestly and truly the nobleman whose name he was supposed to have borrowed. Humor is given to this situation by the fact that the Parker-Jenningses, root, branch and family tree, are parvenus of the worst type. Lady Wanley, vexed at their behavior to her friend, Mrs. Abbott, suggests to a waiter in a restaurant that she present him to the Parker-Jenningses as a certain Grand Duke of Pomerania. The waiter, Jack Straw, consents because he has been much impressed with Ethel. Jack Straw goes down to the Parker-Jennings place, where he is introduced to all the gentry within reach, literally thrown at the head of Ethel and generally made much of until the disclosure that his last field of activity was the Grand Babylon Hotel in London. When all the fun possible has been extracted from this situation, Jack Straw qualifies as the genuine article in dukes, title blown in the bottle, and goes back to Pomerania—wherever that may be—with Ethel slated to be his Grand Duchess.

The most enjoyed feature of the first act was the appearance of Mr. Drew in waiter's togs and a beard. John Drew has been John Drew for so long that

bearding the lion in his den could not have occasioned the surprise provoked by bearding John Drew in the Empire. Except for this hirsute comedy, the first act aforesaid is devoted principally to characters who never reappear and to jokes lugged in by the heels. The second and third acts are much better, those scenes in which Mrs. Parker-Jennings is shown in helpless wrath, utterly unable to get rid of the supposed waiter without confessing her mistake to the neighborhood, being uproariously comic.

Mr. Drew, as Jack Straw, is seen to far better advantage than he has been in many years. The rôle requires nothing much beyond ease and finesse, and these qualities have always been his chief assets. One cannot help fancying how delightful Charles Hawtrey, who played the part in England, must have been in certain passages suggesting unction and a sense of humor, but then Mr. Hawtrey really is an inspired light comedian, and his double is not to be had for the asking. Rose Coghlan is Mrs. Parker-Jennings, the only other character in the play that amounts to anything, and her impersonation, though rather too broadly drawn, is quite irresistible. Mary Boland, as Ethel, seems fearfully smug, wooden and Maud Mullery. Walter Eaton, in *The Sun*, describes Miss Boland as the only actress in America who can say "I love you" and "I hate you" with the same tone and expression. Edgar L. Davenport, Frank Goldsmith, Mario Majeroni, Fred Tyler, Edwin Micander, E. Soldene Powell, Adelaide Prince, Helen Freeman, Grace Henderson and Vivian Blackburn compose the remainder of an adequate cast.

EVERYWHERE in the theater except on the stage it is the unexpected that happens. "Jack Straw," looked forward to as an assured delight, turned out to be only a fairly pleasing farce, while Billie Burke in "Love Watches," an expected failure, amazed everyone by scoring the greatest success of the season. Miss Burke herself struck squarely in the bulls-eye of popular

approval. Last year I differed with everybody else regarding this young woman's performance in "My Wife," insisting that Marie Lohr, who had her part in England, began where she left off, but now—well, green Alpines off to Miss Burke in "Love Watches." With her wiggly little curls, with her baby-blue voice, with her great eyes and her lovely face, Miss Burke is quite the most adorable young person behind our footlights. Sharing the universal and righteous opinion of "Johnnies," I could spend the rest of my life writing "mash notes" to Billie Burke and waiting at the stage door for her to come out.

"Love Watches," adapted by Gladys Unger from the French of De Flers and Caillavet, is not less dainty and whimsical than its star. The piece is based upon the attempt of an innocent and ingenuous young person to seem very wicked. Jacqueline, an orphan, has grown up in her own sweet way under the protection of her uncle, Monsieur Carteret. Before the play begins, the Count André de Juvigny has been literally thrown at her feet by a refractory steed. Jacqueline has fallen in love with him and, early in the piece, tired of waiting for the usual course of things, we see her proposing to the man of her choice. The count accepts.

They are married and fairly started on the way to living happily forever after. The glimpse of their honeymoon given in the second act is a greater missionary effort than all the pensions offered by the French Government to promote matrimony. Count André, however, has had a Past, and the Past has called him Snoodles. Jacqueline learns of this and is greatly distressed. She tells her husband that if she ever hears of his continuing his attentions to the Past she will embark upon a Present of startlingly scarlet complexion. Count André, much against his will, is thrown into the company of the Past soon after, and Jacqueline starts in to roll up a scandal.

Now it is quite impossible for a woman to be wicked without masculine assistance, and if "it takes two to quarrel," it also takes two to be naughty.

Jacqueline doesn't know anybody likely to be the partner in her adventure excepting a bookworm named Ernest Augarde, who has long been in love with her, and so she chooses Ernest and repairs to his lodgings. Apparently the kind of worm given to turning does not belong to the book variety, and Ernest is terribly at a loss when he finds a pretty girl in his rooms. He gives her warm champagne to drink and manufactures an amorous record of scanty material, but Jacqueline is frightened at the touch of his hand and wholly unable to do anything the least improper. One need not be a mathematician to figure the distance between two people, neither of whom will meet the other halfway. Nothing more droll than the meeting of these innocents could be imagined. The visit of Jacqueline ends without so much as a kiss, and, Snoodles having established the harmlessness of his meeting with the Past, the play ends in a laughing reconciliation.

"Love Watches" bristles with bright lines, captivates with its quaint episodes and presents a fascinating collection of interesting characters. It is a summer breeze of comedy, hardly more tangible than a cobweb and as difficult to describe as a rainbow. Miss Burke's rippling Jacqueline has already been mentioned. It remains only to be said that Ernest Lawford, the Captain Hook of "Peter Pan," blends humor and pathos charmingly in his exquisite delineation of the bookworm Augarde. The incident of the visit he carries off beautifully, leaving his audience uncertain whether to laugh or cry at the unlucky cavalier who exhibits a packet of letters rejecting him and resenting his advances as the amorous missives of lovelorn ladies. Cyril Keightley lacks the ease and finesse to be an agreeable Count André, while W. H. Crompton contributes a portrayal of an old priest reminiscent of and quite as good as W. H. Thompson's well-remembered Cardinal in "A Royal Family." Louise Drew, a singularly soulless young actress, is stiff and monotonous as the secretary, Charlotte Bernier, who really



cares for Augarde. Also, she yields to the feminine weakness in the matter of clothes, wearing gowns quite impossible to a virtuous secretary whose compensation is not in excess of union rates. This passion to be wonderfully dressed on the stage seems to present an insurmountable temptation to actresses cast for rôles of poor but honest ladies. I shall never forget the diamonded fingers of Odette Tyler as a peasant girl in "Phroso," nor did the admirable work of Margaret Illington in "The Thief" erase from my mind the recollection of the costly frock which she wore as the economical wife of the clerk, Farrington, in "A Maker of Men."

PERHAPS the most conspicuous feature of the present season has been its multiplicity of Salomes and Devils. Henry W. Savage, secure in the belief that he had a monopoly on His Satanic Majesty, was leisurely preparing for a production of Franz Molnar's Hungarian drama, "The Devil," when on a Saturday morning, Harrison Grey Fiske announced that he would produce the same play at the Belasco Theater the following Monday. Mr. Savage immediately got together a company and performed the almost incredible feat of offering the piece after two days' preparation, which is to say on that same Monday, at the Garden Theater. Subsequently this manager avenged himself by sending out other companies in all directions. The gentleman who, according to St. Mark, cast seven devils has been put completely in the shade by Mr. Savage.

In spite of this competition, "The Devil" cannot be written down a great play. An interesting one it surely is, and it may boast the novelty of presenting the arch fiend in modern dress and guise. As a matter of fact, the hero—may one call the Devil a hero?—of the piece really is a materialized thought, an embodiment of the temptation supposed to beset two young people, one married, each in love with the other. "The Devil," in other words is symbolic drama, though The Lady Who Goes to the Theater with Me insists that I must be wrong on this

point, because I know what the play is about.

An artist, in one version called Sandor Tatray, in the other Karl Mahler, has been deeply enamored of a lady, known respectively as Jolan and Olga. The lady has married a millionaire, and six years have passed by without mishap, when Jolan-Olga goes to Sandor-Karl to have her portrait painted. The Devil arrives to put into words the temptation that comes to the pair. He is an insidious demon, though it must be admitted that he might have found a task worthier of his efforts than the union of two people quite willing to be united. However, he puts his shoulder to the wheel, playing upon the emotions of jealousy and passion until he has accomplished his purpose, and the separated lovers leave the stage with their arms about each other. The audience's enjoyment of the piece arises from watching the subtlety with which the task is performed, and the cunning with which the evil spirit, faultlessly attired in evening clothes, performs his labor.

The theme is one with which a really great dramatist might have worked wonders. The possibilities of satire will be seen at once—of putting into the mouth of the principal character biting and witty speeches about conditions with which we and he may be supposed to be familiar. Instead, Franz Molnar's Devil devotes himself entirely to the case in hand and contents himself with epigrams that sound as though they had been picked from *Puck*. Oliver Herford, who made the version of the piece offered at the Garden, is particularly an offender in this respect, having strained to live up to his reputation for smart sayings, but Alexander Konta and William Trowbridge Larned, authors of the adaptation on view at the Belasco, have taken occasion to drag in a dozen or more irrelevant jokes, some of them, like Oscar Wilde's famous line about the man who "could resist everything but temptation," being none too new. Both plays have the fault, common to pieces taken from the German or

French, of long speeches, and both are frequently dull to the yawning point.

The difference between the performances is the difference between a chromo and a miniature. After witnessing the Fiske production, that of Mr. Savage seems unspeakably cheap and obvious. It is a primerized edition of the other production, an enactment in words of one syllable. George Arliss, a fine artist, shows audiences at the Belasco a Satan cynically vicious, unctuously polite, clever, plausible, agreeable. Mr. Stevens's Devil does not move in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. He is dressed almost like the familiar fiend of "Faust," "armed and accoutred," as Browning remarks, "horns and hoofs and tail." He is a creature of red tie, busy right hand, drooping eyes, grimaces and lagging voice. His is not a Devil who could pass current in good society.

Both supporting companies are mediocre, but that at the Belasco has infinitely greater talent than that at the Garden. Grace Elliston, who plays Jolan, is doomed to go through life as an adequate actress. She is nothing less and she will never be anything more. Her deepest emotions seem to come from her palate. Dorothy Dorr, as Olga, looks an adventuress and gives a portrayal singularly hard and unsympathetic. There is little noteworthy in either organization, except that one doesn't offend, while the other does, and that Mrs. Arliss, in the rôle of an artist's model who hasn't even gas in her room—only a kerosene lamp—wears a dress which, upon the authority of *The Lady Who Goes to the Theater with Me*, couldn't have cost a sou under two hundred dollars. Even in New York one can buy a good deal of gas for two hundred dollars. Both wives, Jolan and Olga, disrobe on the stage, but this feature of the entertainment is a trifle tame after an autumn of Salomes.

IF THERE IS A LAW against the incorporation of original ideas in racing melodrama, it is probably the only

statute in existence that has never been violated. In these stories there is invariably a horse on which every good person in the piece has wagered all his or her available cash, a villain to corrupt the jockey and so place in jeopardy the finances of these venturesome people, and a hero or heroine who succeeds in bringing the horse in first anyway. "Wildfire," by George Broadhurst and George V. Hobart, in which Lillian Russell appears at the Liberty, is no exception to the rule. It is a machine-built play, full of bombast and what vaudeville people call "sure fire hokum," by which is meant material tried so often that there no longer is any doubt of its reception.

The only thing in the world that saves "Wildfire" from being a greater bore than the reading of the Declaration of Independence is a young man named Will Archie, who has all the really spontaneous humor in the piece and who makes so much of it that he quite puts Miss Russell into the shade. This figuratively, not literally, for Mr. Archie is a Lilliputian whose displacement can't be more than three cubic feet. He is hilariously funny in the rôle of Bud, a tough stable-boy, who knows that the waving of a handkerchief is a signal for his jockey to win, but can't save the race because he never owned a handkerchief. Miss Russell, who looks exquisitely beautiful and dreadfully uncomfortable, has a comic opera entrance, a Lady Gay Spanker speech, and so much emotion that, on the first night of the play, she nearly spilled her Marcel wave in trying to give vent to it. Joking aside, Miss Russell is entirely adequate as an actress, and very, very lovely to look at. The remainder of the cast, excepting only Sydney Booth, distinguishes itself principally by constant effort to get applause for every exit. Annie Buckley is so great an offender in this respect that I do not remember ever having had to struggle more valiantly with a desire to strangle anybody.

YOU KNOW THE OLD STORY of the two

friends at the concert. A soprano was singing cadenzas. "That's very difficult," said one friend. "I wish it were impossible!" replied the other. Well, it must be very difficult to write a play with four characters, and I'm quite sure the average theater-goer wishes it were impossible. Four characters is short measure. Few stories can really be enacted by four people, and even in the case of the exception the sight of the same quartette is sure to become tiresome. One begins to long for a maid—for a butler—for anything or anybody to relieve the monotony. A play with four characters is a stunt, purely and simply, like standing on one's head or crossing one's legs behind one's neck.

"The Mollusc" is a play of four characters. It created a sensation in England, where Sir Charles Wyndham was seen as Tom Kemp, but at the Garrick Theater, with Joseph Coyne in the same part, the piece proves only mildly amusing. It is smart, polite, and occasionally witty and ingenious, but it is not the sort of play of which one says: "Oh, my dear fellow, you positively *must* see that!" Mr. Coyne's Kemp demonstrates that he has not forgotten his musical comedy days. Alexandra Carlisle, a new beauty, is bewitching and capable in the opposite rôle, while Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, an admirable actress, is seen to advantage as a governess. The story of the piece concerns a thoroughly idle woman, called "The Mollusc" because of her inertia, and the fashion in which her brother, Tom Kemp, induces her to activity through her jealousy of the governess, Miss Roberts, who afterward becomes Mrs. Kemp. "The Mollusc" is preceded by a maudlin curtain-raiser entitled "The Likes o' Me," which evidently was meant to be another "Hop o' My Thumb," and isn't.

"THE MAN FROM HOME," by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, now on view at the Astor, is a dramatic attempt to prove that Kokomo, Indiana, is a greater center of culture than Lon-

don, Paris or Berlin. Also that most of the good people in the world come from Kokomo. The piece was a great hit in Chicago, and it will be a knock-out when it gets to Kokomo. In New York, where the eagle doesn't scream quite so brazenly, the work scored only a partial success, and that chiefly because of the excellent acting of Will Hodge, as Daniel Vorhees Pike, who saves his ward from marrying a wicked musical comedy foreign nobleman by marrying her himself. Henry Jewett's performance of a Grand Duke, traveling incognito, whom the unconscious Pike called "Doc," deserves special mention.

"FATHER AND SON," by Edgar Selwyn, was revealed at the Majestic and proved to be a good old-fashioned rural melodrama, with considerable interest in its third act. James Forbes's new comedy, "The Traveling Salesman," offered first at the Liberty and then at the Gaiety, is a bright, chatty little play, and quite as good entertainment as anything in town. Three utter failures were "The Regeneration," in which Arnold Daly acted at Wallack's; "Diana of Dobson's," which presented Carlotta Nilsson at the Savoy; and "The Call of the North," which reintroduced Robert Edeson at the Hudson. A small crop of musical comedies has not turned out particularly well. "Algeria," by Victor Herbert and Glen MacDonough, at the Broadway, has charming music but a very dull book. "The Girls of Gottenberg," at the Knickerbocker, has a clever little English woman, named Gertie Millar. "Fluffy Ruffles," with Hattie Williams in the title rôle at the Criterion, has moments of fun. "School Days," at the Circle, has noise and nothing else.

The season's offerings at the Hippodrome are "Sporting Days," "The Land of Birds," and "The Battle in the Skies." It is a great show, which would be greater if it were only half as great. In other words, the performance, which lasts nearly four hours, is too long, and its middle feature is by so

far its best that everything afterward seems pure anti-climax. This feature, "The Land of Birds," is the most wonderful ballet I have ever seen in my life, far surpassing the best productions of London, Paris or Vienna. It is a riot of color, a whirl of movement, a frozen poem, a melted painting. "Sporting Days," with its baseball game, its cir-

cus performance and its horse race, is interesting. "The Battle in the Skies" is bad melodrama which presents one splendid picture. But the ballet at the Hippodrome would be worth seeing if it were the last act of a continuous performance made up of all the bad plays of the season and there were no door checks.

## THE TRAITORS

By GEORGE VAUX BACON

UNTO my mind I said,  
 "Thou art not mine but God's,"  
 And a still whisper answered in my head,  
 "'Tis true—I am not thine but God's,  
 For whatsoever thought I weave for thee  
 Is but an atom of the destiny  
 That moves all time and is eternity."

Unto my flesh I said,  
 "And whose art thou?"  
 Which answered, like a ript vein slowly bled,  
 "Thine once, then this one's and then that, and now  
 The warring subject of thy tyrant mind  
 Unmercifully strong and weakly kind."

Unto my heart I said,  
 "Strange thou, and whose art thou?"  
 Whose answer, like sweet tears in laughter shed—  
 "No master in thyself do I allow  
 Hold sovereign dominance o'er smile and sigh.  
 Thou rulest mind and flesh; but I,  
 The will of thee, thou canst not e'en call thine—  
 A sorry master thou!"

And lo, I found my mind and flesh had gone  
 Rebellious with my heart and had betrayed  
 Me to the bondage of a fair-haired maid,  
 While I stood dreaming on the sunlit lawn.

## A BENISON

BETTY (*angrily*)—Look here, sir! You are sitting on my hat!

GRIMSHAW (*coldly*)—You should be thankful, then, that your head is not in it at this particular moment.

# THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE BEST SELLERS

By HENRY L. MENCKEN

PLATITUDES have their uses, I have no doubt, but in the fair field of imaginative literature they have a disconcerting habit of denouncing and betraying one another. Separate a single platitude from the herd, and you will find it impeccable, inviolable and inevitable; comforting, amiable and well-mannered. But then lead out another, and try to drive them tandem; or three more, and try to drive them four-in-hand; and you will quickly land in the hospital—your collar-bone broken, your head in a whirl and your raiment muddy and torn.

Consider, for example, the ancient and pious platitude that it is wrong for the rich to rob the poor, for the strong to exploit the weak. Examining it from all sides, you are bound to admit that it is true. It is the fruit of countless ages of hard thinking and bitter experience; it appears in Holy Writ; it is embalmed in the platforms of all the great parties; it bears the O. K. of your pastor and of Mr. Roosevelt, and your own experience with gas companies, beef trusts and janitors convinces you of its eternal verity. But just attempt to harness it with some other platitude—say, for instance, with the one which announces that only the poor are happy and see where the two will carry you. You will have, then, (a) the doctrine that it is wrong to make the poor poorer, and (b) the doctrine that the poorer a man grows the happier he becomes. Now, let  $x$  equal the word "poorer" and  $y$  equal the word "happier," and try a little equation, thus:

(It's wrong to make the poor  $x$ )=  
(The  $x$  a man grows the  $y$  he becomes.)

An inspection of the second part of this equation, in its original form, shows that  $x$  and  $y$  are exchangeable terms. Therefore, let us substitute  $y$  for  $x$  in the first part. This gives us: "It is wrong to make the poor  $y$ ," which, being restored, becomes: "It is wrong to make the poor happier."

I have a suspicion that there is some truth in this last hybrid, as there is in all untruths, but of that it is best to say nothing. The real point is that our two platitudes have led us to a conclusion which, whatever its logical soundness, is undoubtedly impossible, not to say immoral.

But what have platitudes to do with the divine art of literature? And, in particular, what have they to do with Upton Sinclair's new romance, "THE MONEYCHANGERS" (Dodge, \$1.50)? Simply this: that hordes of the *bacillus plitudæ* have entered Sinclair's system and are preying upon his vitals. They have already consumed his sense of humor and are now fast devouring his elemental horse sense. The first result is that he is taking himself and the world seriously, and the second result is that he is writing tracts. Saving only explanatory programs for symphony concerts, tracts constitute the lowest of all forms of literature. To write a play, a novel, a poem or even a newspaper editorial, one must first ensnare an idea. To write a tract one needs but leisure, a grouch and a platitude.

If Sinclair were a natural tractarian, born to the vice, it would be scarcely worth while to waste space upon him. But he is not, for his past performances upon the literary turf—and his present

book, too, in more than one place—prove that he has a genuine gift for writing better things. His feeling for form and climax is sure; he sees the essential thing in the heap of unessential things; and—though he doesn't always do it—he knows how to write simple, straightforward, natural dialogue. When he started out he loomed big. There seemed to be something of the vigor of Frank Norris, even of Zola, in him. He appeared to sense the sheer meaninglessness of life—the strange, inexplicable, incredible tragedy of the struggle for existence. But then came the vociferous success of "The Jungle." The afflatus of a divine mission began to stir him, and he sallied forth to preach his incomprehensible *jihad*. Today he is going the road of Walt Whitman, of Edwin Markham, of the later Zola, all of whom began as artists and ended as mad mullahs.

"THE MONEYCHANGERS" is the second volume of a trilogy which began with "The Metropolis." Its hero, Allen Montague, is a young Southern lawyer who goes to New York to try his fortune. He soon finds, however, that in the money marts of Manhattan, the chivalry of the Confederate States has no place—that it is impossible, in brief, to make a million there and yet remain a Southern gentleman. So he abandons his original enterprise and sets up shop as a sort of virtuoso of virtue in the midst of the jackals. They pass before him in review, scheming, swindling and betraying, dog eating dog. He sees them at close range, in their homes and in their offices, at their play and at their trade. Over all the muck of promoters, liars, thieves, robbers and seducers towers the epic figure of Dan Waterman, master of Wall Street. Waterman preys upon the lesser jackals, and these, in turn, feast upon the people. It is a grim and moving picture, and despite its melodrama, it somehow bears an air of truth.

Mr. Sinclair's story, indeed, is passionately and riotously veracious. It purports to show how certain money kings caused the panic of last autumn—and

it shows all this more clearly and plausibly than any Presidential message or leading article yet inflicted upon the public. It purports to show the evil influence of money madness upon the human soul—and it shows. It purports to show that, when the dollar barons fight, the common people die in the trenches—and the proof is there. But why show and prove such things? Why demonstrate the obvious? Why go over ground that is trodden smooth by every campaign spellbinder and magazine muckraker? Why mouth platitudes and draw the willing tear with banalities?

Carried away by his notion that his own sophomoric theory of human existence is a Mosaic revelation, and his secondary, but equally virulent, notion that all other theories are criminal and of the devil, Mr. Sinclair has hopelessly confused the functions of the novelist with those of the crusader. His story, despite its interest and its craftsmanship, is not a moving picture of human passions, not an analysis of the human soul under suffering, but a somewhat florid thesis in sociology, with conclusions that were stale in the days of St. Augustine. His characters are at once too familiar and too elusive. Very evidently they impinge upon his own consciousness, not as real persons, but as incarnations of the more elemental virtues and vices. To the reader they appear as mere names in a brief for the prosecution, and in reality and vitality they are one with John Doe and Mary Roe.

Let Mr. Sinclair, after his trilogy is done, choose between crusading and writing. If he yearns to go down into history with Marx and Debs, Mohammed and Dowie, Billy Sunday and Sam Jones—well and good. But if he wants fame to know him as an anatomist of the human soul—as a novelist comparable with Norris of "The Octopus," for example—let him remember that an economic struggle, to make material for fiction, must be pictured, not objectively and as a mere bout between good and evil, but subjectively and as some chosen protagonist sees and ex-

periences it. A novel as well written as "THE MONEYCHANGERS," but with Dan Waterman filling the picture—a novel laying bare his mind and showing us why, how and by what manner of ratiocination he arrives at his deviltries—would be a novel of the first rank. And by the same token a novel showing, specifically and with insight, the exact manner and means whereby Waterman's deviltries blast some given poor man—John Smith or William Brown—would be of the first rank, too. For in the novel, as in the drama, the interest lies, always and inevitably, in some one man's effort to master his fate. From the acts which make up this effort, the reader may hope to deduce some syllable of philosophy for his own use. But out of a tract he can get nothing but a platitude—a platitude which he knows to be true, and which he also knows to be untrue.

Mr. Sinclair may maintain that Allen Montague is the protagonist in "THE MONEYCHANGERS"—that the drama is played in his soul—that the philosophy is distilled from his lips. If such is his notion, it may be well to recall to his mind certain things he was taught at college about the Greek drama, and particularly certain things concerning the difference between a protagonist and a chorus.

Against the Sinclairian pessimism, the pessimism of William Salisbury in "THE CAREER OF A JOURNALIST" (Dodge, \$1.50 net) seems almost genial. The book is not a novel, but a record of nine years in the author's life, told in simple, unpretending English. These years were spent in journalism, and the record seeks to reveal the sad state of that profession in the United States today. It is a depressing picture, certainly, but I fear that it cannot be called a false one. Its defect lies in the fact that Mr. Salisbury often too eagerly generalizes from insufficient facts. He seems to believe, for example, that all American newspapers, without exception, are irresponsible and corrupt. This is an overestimate, for here and there, sometimes in the large cities, but

oftener in the small ones, you will yet find a journal of the old school, still prosperous and still a power, whose editorial office is neither a circus ring, a furnished room, nor the antechamber of a trust. Such honest papers, like the books of the South, mourned by deathless Cooglar, are "growing fewer and fewer," but where they stand at all, they stand steadfast—virginal, austere, unravished. They constitute, I should say, about one-tenth of one per cent. of the nation's public prints.

Mr. Salisbury has a discursive style and a fondness for non-essentials, but his book, despite its bulk, is engrossing to the end. There is, indeed, some flavor of old Goldoni's garrulity in him, and something of Mary McLane's ingenuousness. His philosophy, a sort of aloof pessimism, is unmistakably that of the average reflective journalist. He sees that the public is an ass—that the plain people, no matter how ruthlessly they are exploited, quickly forget and then rush eagerly to kiss the heel that has ground them in the mire. He sees all this and gently deplores it, but he harbors no fantastic yearning to reform the world. On the contrary, he seems to sense the fact that this must needs be the fate of the plain people forevermore—that the class led to the slaughter by Cæsar, enslaved by the medieval barons and taxed by the money kings of today, must plod on in its harness ever heavy-laden and ever uphill until the end of time.

No such sore problems and philosophies afflict the reader of "THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE," by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.50). Miss Rinehart is a new writer and her welcome should be loud, for she has managed to achieve a story of mystery with both thrills and humor in it. "THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE" deals with a murder, but it is far from gruesome. A delicious lightness of touch, indeed, keeps you in good spirits until the unexpected dénouement knocks you breathless at the close. Miss Rinehart, for some occult reason, has called her villain Paul Armstrong, thus adding



another sorrow to the heavy stock of the dramatist of that name. If she ever meets the real Armstrong she will give her felon a new appellation, for the author of "Salomy Jane," for all his train-robber aspect, is really the gentlest of men. I have seen him moved to tears by a Kipling ballad, and his worst vice is an indecent fondness for shelled walnuts.

Next, dearly beloved, we come to "HOLY ORDERS," a new novel by Marie Corelli (Stokes, \$1.50). It is the fashion among reviewers, I believe, to dismiss a new novel by Miss Corelli with a superior sneer, coupled, if the inspiration comes, with a cutting epigram. Unluckily, I find myself unable to follow this honorable precedent, for the book's merits stay my hand. In point of fact, it is a decidedly capable performance, and though it deals with English problems, their interest to Americans is not inconsiderable. At the bottom of it is the old but ever-engaging conflict between the ideals of a soaring soul and the actualities of a dirty earth. The chief character is a clergyman of the sort one sometimes meets, oftenest in a leaky, galvanized-iron church in some smoky parish amid the freight tracks—a man whose Christianity is a real thing, whose highest joy is in service—a steadfast light in the gloom—a true Saviour in his little Judea. This man fights a man's fight against the ignorance, the vileness, the sloth of the swine about him. In the face of calumny, treachery and failure, he keeps his eyes upon his goal. And in the end there comes his day of triumph—a triumph in ancient St. Paul's, splendid and unmis-takable, with thousands to do him reverence.

But this final apotheosis, I suspect, is a mere *coup de théâtre*, contrived to meet the orthodox demands of the Corellian audience. Miss Corelli, herself, there is reason to believe, sees the vanity of it all, and in this very fact lies my excuse for rating her much above her customary valuation. On the last page, after the crowd has

left St. Paul's to its ghosts, and the preacher's voice is stilled, his son stalks gloomily down the street.

"And you, Laurence," says one by his side, "will you also one day be a famous preacher?"

"Never!" cries Laurence. "I shall never enter the Church!"

Miss Corelli qualifies this in the last paragraph of all, and allows her hero's boy a measure of his father's sublime faith in man; but reading it all fairly, one cannot help feeling that some realization of the eternal futility of sacrifice—of the bitter truth that, in the long run, a man cannot do much to help his fellows because they don't want to be helped—is fretting the novelist's mind. One cannot help feeling, again, that Miss Corelli's drab life at Stratford-on-Avon is robbing English literature of interesting things. Were she not so hopelessly superhuman and remote, I should advise her to spend six months in the chorus of a Broadway operetta. It would do her no serious harm, and it might shock her into writing a truly great novel.

In "PETER," by F. Hopkinson Smith (Scribner's, \$1.50), the idealism runs clean and clear. It is a delightful world that Mr. Smith inhabits—a world made up of loyalty, true love and simple faith. Old Peter, his hero (he insists, by the way, that Peter is *not* his hero), is one of the most lovable and poetic of his creations. By day Peter labors in a bank, where he has been handling dollars, without stain, for thirty years. By night and on Sundays and legal holidays, he mingles with genial souls, radiates charity and brings young lovers together. The lover whose affairs particularly engage him is a youngster after his own heart—a young man who will settle down, you feel, into a benign old age and become a second Peter. There is not much plot in the book, but what there is is not without its grip. More important, by far, are the sounds of young laughter, the flash of bright eyes and the scent of old-fashioned flowers. I know a newspaper poet

who on reading the book ascended straightway into the clouds and wrote a poem upon it. But such exalted moods and appreciations in this weary old world are evanescent, just as books like "PETER" are few. Next morning, when the poet found that an honest union printer had mutilated his metre, he swore like a politician.

In "WALDO TRENCH AND OTHERS," by Henry B. Fuller (*Scribners*, \$1.50), one finds seven meandering short stories in the later manner of William Dean Howells. Mr. Fuller deals chiefly

with those queer, dreaming, unhappy Americans who haunt the *pensions* of Florence and Pisa and try to convince themselves that home is not sweet. He has much of Mr. Howells's gentle, dephlogisticated humor, and not a little of Mr. Howells's skill at finding the inevitable word. In his characterizations he is less satisfactory, for the touring Yankees he sends into Tuscany to torture the souls of their exiled countrymen are far from convincing. The stories, as a whole, reveal craftsmanship rather than a vocation. The *tempo* is ever *allegretto con delicatezza*.

---

## AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

### PATTY OF THE PALMS—

by A. C. Haeselbarth. (*Kenny*, \$1.25 net)

A treatise on education in Porto Rico; with love making beneath the palms. Rather hard reading.

### VIEWS AND REVIEWS—

by Henry James. (*Ball Pub. Co.*, \$1.50 net)

Early essays by Henry James—some in the English language.

### THE SPORTING RIFLE—

by Walter Winans. (*Putnams*, \$5.00 net)

A gallery of portraits of the author by himself and other bad artists, with all that is worth knowing about game stalking in the interstices. A scientific treatise. The last word on the subject.

### THE GATES OF LIFE—

by Bram Stoker. (*Cupples & Lee*, \$1.50)

Bram Stoker once retired from novel writing to manage Sir Henry Irving. It is a pity Henry died so young.

### LITTLE STINGS—

by T. W. H. Crosland. (*Luce*, 75 cents)

Uncommonly amusing little parables by the author of "The Unspeakable Scot." The title is from Nietzsche; the philosophy is from the devil himself.

### ENTERING THE KINGDOM—

by James Allen. (*Fenno & Co.*, 50 cents)

A dissertation on virtue, with a road map of Heaven. Good reading for the chemically pure.

**THE LADY IN THE CAR—**by William Le Queux. (*Lippincott*, \$1.50)

Eleven rip-snorting Zenda yarns. Impossible, but not at all improbable. Thoroughly entertaining.

**CAPT. SPINK—**by Morley Roberts. (*Lippincott*, \$1.50)

Six tales of rough-house on the high seas, well told.

**THE REVOLT OF ANNE ROYLE—**by Helen R. Martin. (*Century Co.*, \$1.50)

The story of a girl with three lovers—one her guardian and the other two clergymen. Psychological, serious and refined.

**THE LURE OF THE MASK—**by Harold MacGrath. (*Bobbs-Merrill*, \$1.50)

A dashing young American hears a beautiful voice in a fog. He pursues it to Europe, finds its owner charming and drags her to the altar. A rattling comedy, clean-cut and clean.

**DE NAMIN' OB DE TWINS—**by Mary Fairfax Childs. (*Dodge*, \$1.00 net)

Dialect sketches in prose and verse—not the dialect of Pullman porters, but that of Mark Twain's Aunt Rachel (she who was "one ob de Blue Hen's chickens") and of the real sub-Potomac coon. For Northerners—merely more dialect. For Southerners—a delightful hour.

**COFFEE AND A LOVE AFFAIR—**by Mary Boardman Sheldon. (*Stokes*, \$1.50)

An odd little love story of the South American coffee country. Mild and unpretending.

**BY RIGHT OF PURCHASE—**by Harold Bindloss. (*Stokes*, \$1.50)

The heroine, a gently-reared English woman, is forced by fate into a marriage with a man of the earth, and goes with him to the Canadian prairie to help hew out their joint fortune. The story shows her gradual surrender to his mastery. A vigorous, well-told tale, decidedly worth while.

**FOUND USE FOR IT****H**E—My friend married for money.**S**HE—Does he regret it?

"He doesn't regret the money."

# Rexall

"NINETY-THREE"

## HAIR TONIC

"One of the 300"

An indispensable and delightfully fragrant toilet requisite, for fastidious people.

When you buy Rexall "93" Hair Tonic, distinctly understand that our faith in its superiority is so strong that we promise to return its purchase price—without question—if it does not give you entire satisfaction.

If you use Rexall "93" Hair Tonic according to directions, it will thoroughly cleanse the scalp and hair, relieve irritation, eradicate dandruff, provide the softening, stimulating, nourishing elements so desirable and necessary to stop the hair from falling out. It will prevent baldness, promote a healthy hair growth and keep the hair naturally abundant, soft and silky. Does not gum or stain.

Only one druggist in a place sells Rexall "93" Hair Tonic. It cannot be obtained elsewhere. Look for

### *The Rexall Stores*

They are located in over 2,000 towns and cities in the United States.

Two sizes—50 cents and \$1.00

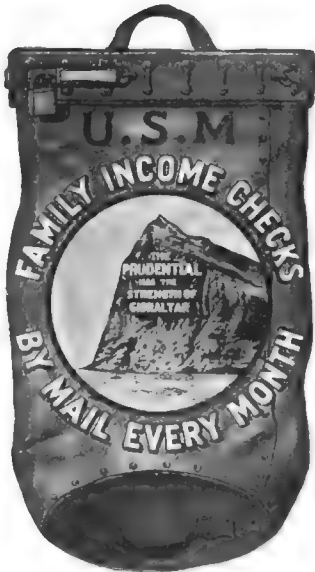
If there is no Rexall store conveniently near where you live, send us \$1.00, and we will deliver to you, all charges prepaid, a large \$1.00 bottle of Rexall "93" Hair Tonic.

Write for free booklet, "Treatise on Care of the Hair"

UNITED DRUG CO., 56 Leon Street, Boston, Mass.



# Leave Your Wife a Regular Income through the New Monthly Income Policy OF The Prudential



The one kind of Life Insurance policy of most practical value to the woman. It is the policy your wife would like, because it gives her a sure monthly income such as she is accustomed to.

## This is the Safest Way

to leave your life insurance. The monthly income cannot be encumbered or depreciated. The principal cannot be lost. All worry about safe investment is eliminated.

Cost of Insuring an Income of \$10 per month for 20 years.

At Age of Insured	Cost Per Year
25 . .	\$29.41
30 . .	33.47
35 . .	38.76
40 . .	45.76
45 . .	55.20
50 . .	68.11

Other monthly sums up to \$500 in proportion. The income is paid for not less than 20 years.

The income can be made payable for life of beneficiary at slightly higher cost.

## The Cost is Low

Write for Rates at Your Age and Learn How You can Provide an Absolute Guaranteed Income for Your Family.

Address Dept. 16

# The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Home Office, Newark, N. J.



# Good Things for Christmas

from our Year Book. Write to-day for a copy

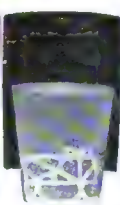
It will help you in your Christmas selections and save you money 250 pages of illustrations of the newest and best things in Gold, Silver and Leather. Many exclusive designs. Our business is the largest of its kind in the United States. :: :: :: :: Founded in 1867



87116 Hat Pin Holder, 4 1/2 in. high sterling silver deposit with gold finish on fine white china 1.75

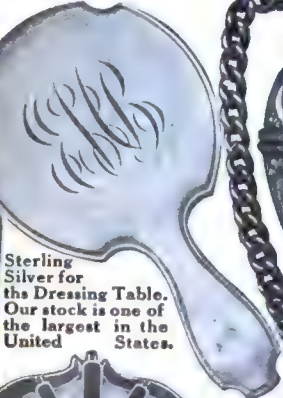


88501 Fruit Knife, length 7 in. sterling handle, saw back blade .75

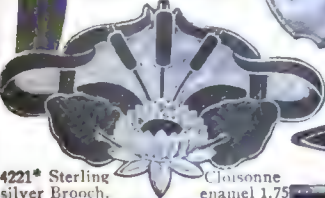


6436\* Crescent Brooch, enameled, 3 pearls 5.75

10533 Drinking Cup, silver deposit on glass, in black leather case, height 2 1/2 in. 1.25



Sterling Silver for the Dressing Table. Our stock is one of the largest in the United States.

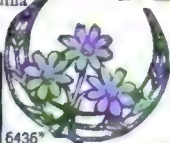


4221\* Sterling silver Brooch. Cloisonne enamel 1.75



270\* Sterling silver Key Ring, extra heavy 1.00

Our Year Book is filled with novelties.



9493\* Bar Pin, 15 baroque pearls 6.00



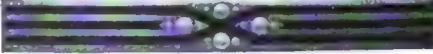
4222\* Sterling silver Veil Pin, finest enamel in colors 1.25



\*2672 Sterling Silver Heart Coin Box with chain for wrist 2.00 Holds 2.00 in change. Without chain 1.50



3725\* Veil Pin, sterling silver .60



4201\* Handy Pin like 4272 .75 4272\* Sterling silver Veil or Belt Pin, red enamel stripes 1.25 Many new pins in finest enamel work in our Year Book.



3729\* Veil Pin, sterling silver .90

Send for one or more of these articles Articles with a \* are shown actual size. We send all Packages PREPAID and Guarantee Safe Delivery. Anything failing to please may be returned for exchange or refund, as purchaser may prefer.

**DANIEL LOW & CO.**  
Gold and Silversmiths  
209 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.



211\* Sterling initial .25



2109 Cheese Knife, sterling silver, 5 1/2 inches long 1.00



7646\* Pendant baroque pearl 2.00



14K Solid Gold Brooch with genuine diamond centre 13.50



10520 Playing Cards with cribbage board, in black seal case 1.25



19671 Almond Dish, sterling silver, glass bottom, diam. 3 in. 1.75

88550 Stand for glasses (19761 without handles) pierced sterling silver, diameter 3 in., glass bottom, used on hard wood tables 1.00

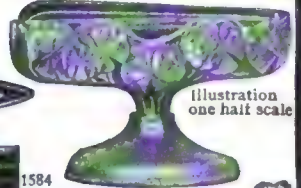
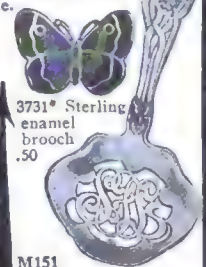


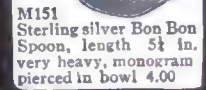
Illustration one hait scale



1584 Sterling Silver Stand holds a dozen emery boards 1.35 A new and useful article for the toilet table.



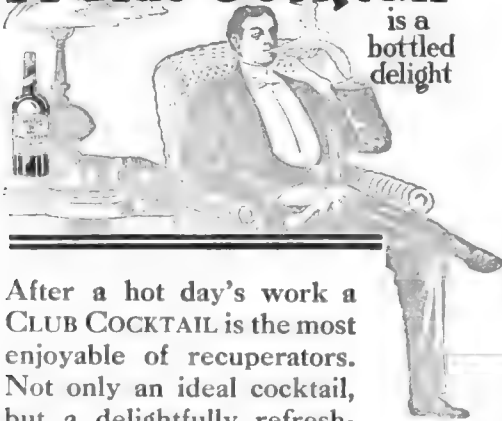
3731\* Sterling enamel brooch .50



M151 Sterling silver Bon Bon Spoon, length 5 1/2 in. very heavy, monogram pierced in bowl 4.00

# A Club Cocktail

is a  
bottled  
delight



After a hot day's work a CLUB COCKTAIL is the most enjoyable of recuperators. Not only an ideal cocktail, but a delightfully refreshing, gently stimulating drink—no fuss or trouble to prepare—always ready for use.

A CLUB COCKTAIL is the best of Summer tonics.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.  
Sole Props.

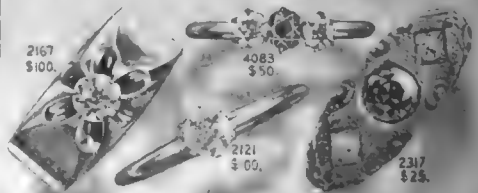
Hartford New York London

7  
kinds.

Manhattan  
(whiskey base)

Martini  
(gin base)  
are the  
most  
popular.

# DIAMOND GIFTS



## 20% Down, 10% a Month

A wealth of suggestions for Christmas gifts is contained in our latest Catalogue, number 5. Send for it today. It will solve the problem of "what to give"—and, better still, how to pay for it.

Every diamond we sell is guaranteed as to price and quality. If your local jeweler can duplicate it at the price, we will take it back and return your money.

We import the rough stones, cut and polish them ourselves, and sell them to you on credit terms at wholesale prices. You save at least two profits. We send goods prepaid for examination. Send for catalogue 5.

J. M. LYON & CO.

71-73 Nassau Street  
New York  
ESTABLISHED 1845

# HOTEL MAJESTIC

West Seventy-second Street, at Central Park, New York

One of the Largest and Most Palatial  
in the World



Perfect in every appointment. Cuisine and Service unexcelled. An ideal Hotel, catering both to permanent and transient patronage. Library contains 3,000 volumes, Sun Parlor, Billiards, Bowling Alleys, Orchestra. No other Hotel can offer the same luxury, comfort and elegant surroundings as the MAJESTIC at so low a cost to its patrons.

Booklet on request.

# THE Keeley Cure

## For Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 29 years

AT THE FOLLOWING KEELEY INSTITUTES:

Hot Springs, Ark.  
Denver, Col.  
West Haven, Conn.

Washington, D. C.  
211 N. Capitol St.

Dwight, Ill.  
Marion, Ind.  
Plainfield, Ind.  
Des Moines, Ia.  
Crab Orchard, Ky.  
Lexington, Mass.

Portland, Me.  
Grand Rapids, Mich.  
265 S. College Ave.  
Kansas City, Mo.  
St. Louis, Mo.  
Manchester, N. H.

Buffalo, N. Y.  
White Plains, N. Y.  
Portland, Ore.  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
812 N. Broad St.  
Harrisburg, Pa.

Pittsburg, Pa.  
4246 Fifth Ave.  
Providence, R. I.  
Toronto, Ont., Canada.  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.  
London, England.





# The Ideal Christmas Present for Your Wife is the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER**

(FULLY PROTECTED BY PATENTS)

Operated by  
Hand

**"It Eats Up The Dirt"**

Or Electric  
Motor

Undoubtedly your wife wishes to be considered among the progressive members of her community. Particularly as regards all that relates to cleanliness, she would not have her habits savor in the least of inferiority.

Toil as she may, urge on her servants as she may, no woman, with broom, brush or carpet sweeper, can maintain in her home the conditions of cleanliness, freshness, sweetness, purity and health now demanded by people of superior habits.

The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER is the perfection of the modern Vacuum Cleaning System—the only system by which dirt, bad odors, vermin, germs and disease can be effectively fought and conquered.

With the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER, your wife will truly have a Merry Christmas, and by the time, labor, strength, health and actual money it will save her, it will indeed give her a Happy New Year.

## Within the Reach of All

Equipped for hand operation, the price of the  
IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER is **\$25**

Equipped with electric motor for direct current, **\$55** For alternating current, **\$60**

One nozzle for carpet or rug cleaning.

Special nozzles for special purposes at low prices.

The hand machine puts absolutely no tax on the strength. Compared with sweeping, it is ease itself. The motor of the electric machine is readily attached to any electric light fixture. The machine weighs only 20 pounds and is easily carried about. It is of the strongest metal construction throughout.

If you wonder how this low-priced machine can contain right within itself all the parts of a thoroughly efficient Vacuum Cleaning System, *actually doing the work better* than the big power plants that cost from \$500 up, let us enlighten you.

Our Catalogue and Illustrated Booklet give full, complete and interesting information about every phase of the cleaning problem.

Time is short. Christmas is fast approaching. Write to us at once.

**THE AMERICAN VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY**



# DON'T STAY FAT.

Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured.

No Charge to try the NEW

**KRESSLIN TREATMENT.**

Just Send Your Address and a Supply Will Be Sent You FREE—Do It To-day.

Fat people need no longer despair, for there is a home remedy to be had that will quickly and safely reduce their weight, and, in order to prove that it does take off superfluous flesh rapidly and without harm, a trial treatment will be sent, free of charge, to



This represents the effect the Kresslin Treatment has had in hundreds of cases.

those who apply for it by simply sending name and address. It is called the KRESSLIN TREATMENT, and many people who have used it have been reduced as much as a pound a day, often forty pounds a month when large quantities of fat were to be taken off. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, arms, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting, or in any way interfering with your customary habits. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. It does it in an ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS way, for there is not a stim in the treatment that is not beneficial to all the organs. So send name and address to the Dr. Bromley Co., Dept. 166 E, 41 W. 25 St., New York City, and you will receive a large trial treatment free, together with an illustrated book on the subject and letters of endorsement from those who have taken the treatment at home and reduced themselves to normal. All this will be sent without one cent to pay in any shape or form. Let them hear from you promptly.

## Morphine

A painless home remedy for the Opium, Morphine, or Laudanum habit. Free trial sent on application.

ST. JAMES SOCIETY,

Suite 320, 1181 Broadway, - - New York.

## ASTHMA

**I WANT TO TELL ALL** who are afflicted with Asthma and Hay Fever what cured me after 46 years of suffering. Write me and learn of something for which you will be grateful the rest of your life.

G. F. ALEXANDER,

215 EXCHANGE STREET, PORTLAND, ME.

## "BOOK

OF LIFE": on Home, Sex, Love, Marriage, Health, Pleasures, Diseases, Treatments, etc. (illus. art plates), 512 octavo pages, \$1.00 (worth \$5.00). Postpaid. (Cat. free.) (Special Offer, \$1.00.) Send stamps, M. O., money or check. S. & S. STEVENS PUB. CO., 123 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Send for free booklet No. 14 advising you how to become **independent for life without capital** in the Mercantile Collection Business. Free forms and stationery supplied for you to start business at once.

L. M. WHITNEY  
WHITNEY LAW CORPORATION



New Bedford, Mass.

## Are You Satisfied

with your present position and earnings? Are you availing yourself of every chance to get on in the world? If not you are not making the best use of your life.

## We Will Help You

to become independent—to establish your own business on our capital and we will teach you OUR business.

We want representatives to look after our constantly growing subscription and circulation interests and we can use men and women everywhere—we can use YOU—in this department. Start out for yourself—do it to-day—by writing to us. Our course in magazine salesmanship is yours for the asking. Write to-day to the circulation manager.

THE SMART SET, 452 5th Ave., New York

## SIMPLE JUSTICE

entitles a man to the fruits of his brains' his labor or his investment.

When an inventor has perfected an invention, be it an improvement in machinery, an article of clothing, a new food product—when he has perhaps put years of hard work and thought into it, the laws of the United States allow him protection under a patent, that he, and he alone, may reap the reward of his labor. That is only reasonable and just.

The man who shields himself behind a quibble of the law, and seeks to take advantage of a trade-marked article's popularity, popularity induced and built up at great cost and founded on the intrinsic merit of the article itself, is little short of a common thief. His punishment lies with the **people**—always the last and final court. His punishment lies with **you**.

Do your duty. Refuse to be led astray by specious arguments of "just as good" and do your part in dealing justice to all. You are spending the money—refuse substitutes; get what you ask for.



*This trade mark on every garment*

## Better Than an Overcoat

**Wright's Health Underwear** is so constructed that it retains the natural heat of the body while it maintains a constant ventilation of the skin without admitting cold. The man or woman that wears

## Wright's Health Underwear

*the Fleece of Comfort*, won't need wraps except in extremest weather—if then. Wright's costs no more than any other good underwear—some at \$1 a garment.

Send for Free Booklet—  
“Dressing For Health”

|| **WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.**  
37 Franklin Street, New York

**XMAS  
GIFTS**

**Diamonds** *on credit*

**For Christmas Presents**

**LOFTIS**

Old Reliable, Original Diamond  
and Watch Credit House,  
BROS. & CO. Dept. M-20, 82 State St., Chicago, Ill.

the Loftis System is a great and timely convenience. It enables you to make a beautiful and valuable gift without the outlay of much ready money. A small cash payment and you can give a "loved one" your choice of the finest diamonds, watches and other articles of high grade jewelry. **MAKE YOUR SELECTIONS** NOW from our handsome Christmas catalog and let us send them with all express charges paid, for your inspection. If you like them, pay one-fifth on delivery; the balance in 8 equal monthly payments. Don't delay. Write for Christmas Catalog Today.

*Eugenie*

**The Originator of the  
Shirtwaist Suit**

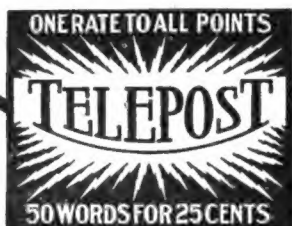
**557 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**

Dainty and exclusive designs and materials in

**Shirtwaists, Shirtwaist Suits, Negligee and Evening Gowns,  
Morning and Street Frocks**

**EUGENIE OUTING SHIRTS**

# NEW ENGLAND GETS FIRST SERVICE



**R**ESIDENTS of Portland, Me., Old Orchard, Me., Saco, Me., Biddeford, Me., Dover, N. H., Portsmouth, N. H., Exeter, N. H., Haverhill, Mass., Lawrence, Mass., Lowell, Mass., Boston, Mass., and adjacent points, are now communicating by wire at rates so low and service so accurate and prompt that they are wondering at their former patience with exorbitant rates and inadequate service.

**Q** New lines will be opened as rapidly as physical and financial conditions permit until every city in the United States will be sending—

**25-word TELEGRAMS, any distance, for 25c.**  
**50-word TELEPOSTS, any distance, for 25c.**  
**100-word TELETYPE, any distance, for 25c.**  
**10-word TELECARDS, any distance, for 10c.**

**Q** An interesting illustrated booklet has been prepared, describing in detail the invention, its operation, its economy, its rapidity and its accuracy. Mailed without cost to anyone asking for Booklet No. 17.

**TELEPOST COMPANY 225 Fifth Ave., New York**

## Looking for a Place?

Copyright 1908 by Life Pub. Co.



A CHOICE SPOT TO LOCATE  
Hand Mounted India Print, 22 by 18 in. \$2.00

On receipt of 25 cents, we will send you the richly illustrated catalogue of **LIFE'S PRINTS** containing 160 reproductions of these famous pictures.

**LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 25 W. 31st St., New York**

## Developing Bust and Chest

Deep breathing helps greatly in developing the chest. Every morning upon rising, and at night before retiring; afterwards massage with **Meloroze Cream** and three times a day take Willard White Co.'s **Vaucaire Galega Tablets**. Drink plenty of cold water, avoid all drinks containing acids, and within a short time the bust measure will have increased to the extent of several inches.—Mlle. Merlyn, America's great authority on health and beauty culture.



We recommend

**Willard White Co.'s**

**Vaucaire  
Galega Tablets  
Bust Developer  
Flesh Builder  
Tonic**

The remedy so highly endorsed by leading authorities on Health and Beauty Culture and thousands of women who have used them.

### For Thin, Nervous, Undeveloped Woman

Willard White Co.'s **Vaucaire Tablets** round out shrunken, hollow parts, develop the bust, create a good appetite, and clear the complexion. If you are **thin**, run down, nervous and weak, take a box of these tablets and note their wonderful effect.

One box of Willard White Co.'s **Vaucaire Tablets** more than equals two \$1.00 bottles liquid. Very soluble; easy to take. Contain no injurious drugs. \$1.00 per box. 6 for \$5.00.

Willard White Company, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago, July 22, 1907.

Gentlemen: Six months ago I started to take your **Vaucaire Galega Tablets**. At that time my weight was 97 pounds and bust measurement 31 inches. I now weigh 126 pounds and bust measures 37 inches. I highly recommend them. Any thin, undeveloped woman should surely use them.

Very truly yours,

MRS. H. L. BURCH, Chicago, Ill.

**CAUTION**—Imitations and worthless nostrums are being offered. See that the name **WILLARD WHITE CO., Chicago, Ill.**, is on each box.

# MELOROSE

BEAUTY CREAM

This is the most dainty and delightful massage and Toilet Cream for removing pimples, wrinkles, blackheads, tan, freckles and sunburn. It is the only known cream that absolutely does not grow hair. Never gets unpleasantly soft or turns rancid. Then too, it has the most delightful odor, not strong and rank, but deliciously suggestive of fresh flowers.

## Meloroze Face Powder

The perfection of Toilet dainties. Has a delightful odor, soft and velvety. "It sticks." Positively the best powder in the world.

Cream or Powder, 50c a Box

## Meloroze Rouge

Unlike and very superior to any other. Comes in jelly form. When applied gives the skin a natural, healthy color. Does not rub off. Greatly appreciated by ladies of refinement. **Price 50c per Jar.**

**FREE** Send 2c stamp for sample of **Meloroze Cream—Meloroze Face Powder**; also booklet. Write to

**Willard White Company**  
1332 Wilson Ave. Chicago, Ill.



# LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

DAINTY DELICIOUS  
EXQUISITE CORDIAL  
OF THE CENTURIES



At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,  
Bäcker & Co., 35 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for the United States:

ESTABLISHED 1875  
A RECORD OF 33 YEARS  
of successful treatment of the  
**DRUG AND LIQUOR HABITS**  
by



The DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.  
Sanatorium at Lebanon, Ohio. Fine location. Large grounds.  
Easily reached by train and electric cars from Cincinnati.  
No restraint. Rates reasonable. Cure guaranteed.

**HOME TREATMENT** - If it is not convenient to take treatment at the Sanatorium, write us for our Home Remedy that has cured thousands who could not come and who had failed elsewhere. Each individual case comes under the direct personal supervision and care of our Physicians. Write for terms, testimonials and full information.

The DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dent, N. S., Lebanon, Ohio

A FIREPROOF HOTEL OF THE  
HIGHEST CLASS

## HOTEL FREDERICK

Broadway at 56th Street  
(Near Central Park)  
NEW YORK CITY



AT MODERATE PRICES  
Special Rates by the Month, Season or Year

ALL ROOMS LARGE AND AIRY  
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN

Situated in the best residential part of the city and  
convenient to all points of interest

**J. HOFFER, Proprietor**  
Late of Hotel Cecil, London; Ghezireh Palace,  
Cairo; Calle Face Hotel, Ceylon, etc.



The United States Postal service handles 700,000 letters every hour of the day, every day of the year. The Whiting Paper Company contributes to this by making 5 TONS of paper an hour, every hour of the working day, every working day of the year. Of the 700,000 letters sent every hour, a large percentage of the best papers have the Whiting watermark in them.

## Whiting's Organdie Glacé

is the most popular linen finished paper on the market to-day and the first linen finished paper made in America.

Have you ever tried Whiting Papers?

*When You Think of Writing, Think of Whiting.*

**WHITING PAPER COMPANY, 148-152 Duane Street, New York**

Chicago

Boston

Philadelphia

Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

## DUPONT BRUSHES

Made of the best Bristles and Backs, by skilled brush-makers, in a clean and sanitary factory, the largest in the world.

**DUPONT BRUSHES**  
Outlast several ordinary brushes, but cost no more.

Hundreds of styles in natural Woods, real Ebony, Bone, Pearl, Ivory, etc., for the Hair, Teeth, Face, Hands, Clothes, etc. If not at your dealer's, kindly write us and we will see that you are supplied.

NAME  
DUPONT  
ON EVERY BRUSH

**OUR FREE BRUSH BOOK**

tells how to choose, how to clean and properly care for your brushes. Send your address and dealer's.

**E. DUPONT & CO.,**  
PARIS, BEAUFORT, LONDON  
New York Office, 48-49 W. Thirty-third St.

No. 4711.



**RHINE VIOLETS TOILET TALCUM POWDER**

*As Dainty as the Flowers Themselves*

ASK FOR

**Forty-seven-eleven.**

A perfect powder, possessing antiseptic qualities, and delicately perfumed with Rhine Violets.

**FERD. MÜLHENS,**  
COLOGNE O/R.

U. S. Branch

**MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK.**

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

PIANOS

have been established over 100 years. By our system of payments even the poorest of circumstances can own a piano. Instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in